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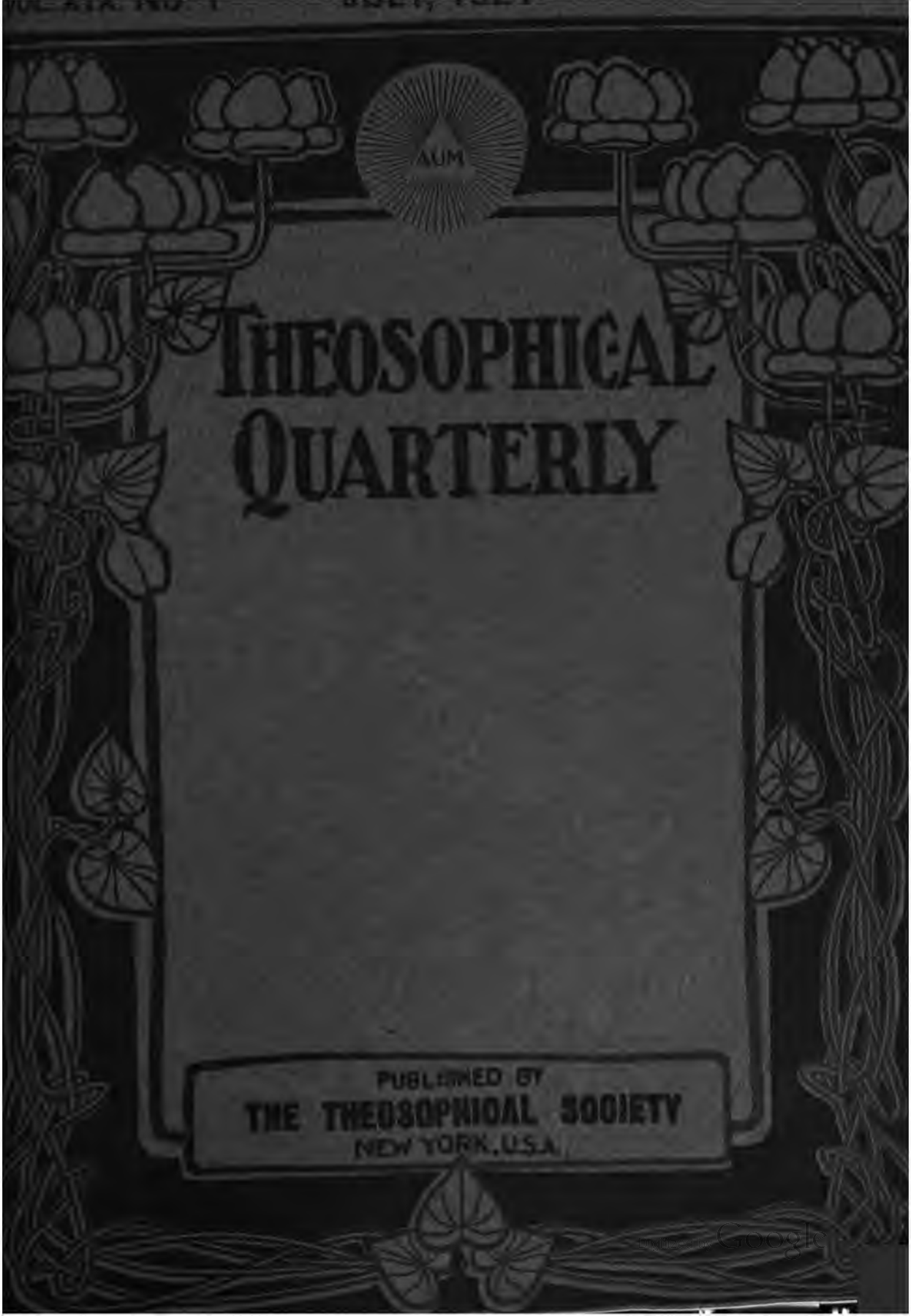
AUM
THEOSOPHICAL
QUARTERLY
PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society at
[illegible] Washington Street, Brooklyn, New York

July, October, January, April

[illegible]

In Europe single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 4 [illegible] Avenue, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price 4s. postpaid.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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Entered July 17, 1905, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JULY, 1921

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The Secret Doctrine and Recent Science

In the Notes and Comments printed in The Theosophical Quarterly for April, 1920, attention was called to the significant fact that a series of forecasts drawn from the teaching of the Adepts, in articles published first in *The Theosophist,* and reprinted in *Five Years of Theosophy* (1885), had been strikingly and completely fulfilled.

Among the passages quoted was the following: "When an astronomer is found in his Reports 'gauging infinitude', even the most intuitional of his class is but too often apt to forget that he is gauging only the superficies of a small area and its visible depths, and to speak of these as though they were merely the cubic contents of some known quantity. This is the direct result of the present conception of a three-dimensional space. The turn of a four-dimensional world is near, but the puzzle of science will ever continue until their concepts reach the natural dimensions of visible and invisible space—in its septenary completeness." (Reprint of 1910, p. 158.)

In the same Reply, we are told that "the 'Adepts' of the Good Law reject gravity as at present explained". Particular interest attaches to these two passages, because of the presence, in the United States, of Dr. Albert Einstein, the Swiss mathematician, who is the most widely known critic of the older conception of gravity, and the most conspicuous, though far from being the first, advocate of "a four-dimensional world". Because of his visit and the brilliant expositions which heralded it, both the idea of four dimensions and the criticism of gravity were daily discussed by the newspapers, with almost startling familiarity. It may fairly be said that the conception of a four-dimensional world is no longer "near"; it has arrived.

Students of Theosophy are interested in this fulfilment of a forecast made nearly forty years ago, for several reasons. To begin with, they are interested in the idea of a four-dimensional space; though they may not think of it in quite the same way as do Dr. Einstein and his fellow mathematicians. We measure in three directions: length,

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breadth and height. The position of any point in space can be determined in terms of these three co-ordinates, as they are called. Einstein insists that, since position in space is not fixed, but relative to moving bodies, and since these bodies move in time, time must be taken as a fourth co-ordinate, or dimension. Students of Theosophy look at the "four-dimensional world" in what may be called a more practical way; practical, that is, as making quite thinkable and possible certain manifestations of spiritual life; such, for example, as the Body of the Resurrection, appearing in the centre of a closed room, without passing through its boundaries; and, in general, as supplying a basis for understanding the activities of the Spiritual Man.

While it is true that his investigations and computations may never lead Dr. Einstein to a deeper understanding of the Spiritual Man, it is also true that the general conception of a four-dimensional world, which he is popularizing, and, even more, his whole thought that the world of space and time is not fixed but relative, may break the bonds of the material mind for many, giving the Spiritual Man a chance to breathe.

Students of Theosophy have a further interest in the fulfilment of the forecasts of the Adepts, and an interest in drawing attention to this fulfilment, because, once again, this may bring aid and comfort to the Spiritual Man, by helping him to burst asunder the heavy shackles of nineteenth century materialism and disbelief: the mood which impelled it to reject the knowledge of the Adepts, offered with so generous a hand. Students of Theosophy are, therefore, interested in the four-dimensional world, because they are interested in the Spiritual Man, who there finds adequate room; they are interested in the forecasts of the Adepts and their fulfilment, because they are profoundly interested in the Adepts themselves.

One of the published reports of Dr. Einstein's views quotes him as saying that time and space are not the fixed realities they had been thought; that both are relative to matter. This may be called a characteristic example of those looking-glass inversions lately discussed in these Notes and Comments. Students of Theosophy would be inclined to say that all three, space, time and matter, are relative to Consciousness; not, of course, the external, personal consciousness of any individual, but what one may call the Consciousness of the Logos, the Oversoul, the universal Consciousness of our system of worlds. But it is evident that the conception of time and space, whether as fixed, or as relative, have their place in consciousness. Where else could they have a place?

As these Notes are written, Madame Curie is on her way to the United States, and the newspapers are full of her visit and of the Madame Curie Radium Fund. Both popular and scientific periodicals are devoting much space to this distinguished woman, a Pole by birth, but now thoroughly identified with France.

Just as Dr. Einstein is the symbol of the four-dimensional world

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and of relativity, so Mme. Curie is the symbol of radio-activity and the new and striking conception of matter. It may, therefore, be both pertinent and interesting to point out that this whole field of discovery was explicitly foretold in *The Secret Doctrine,* and, since these Notes and Comments are written on May 8th, White Lotus Day, they are offered as a partial memorial of the great occultist who died on that day thirty years ago.

Students of Theosophy are interested in radio-activity and the new conception of the atom because they are interested in all truth; but even more, because these conceptions and discoveries mark a stride, and a long one, from nineteenth century materialism toward a more spiritual understanding of the universe. They give more breathing room for the Spiritual Man. They mark a distinct approach to the views held by students of Theosophy during a good many thousand years; notably, they very closely reproduce views put forward in *The Secret Doctrine,* with certain forecasts.

Before we touch on radio-activity and the new atom, there is another exceedingly interesting field of study in which the author of *The Secret Doctrine* has recently been vindicated by modern discoveries: the subject, namely, of former continents, two of which are generally spoken of as Lemuria and Atlantis, and the part these continents played in the development and distribution of life. Need it be said that students of Theosophy are interested in these continents, as in present and future continents, because they are the field of our spiritual development? They are interested in the confirmation of views put forward in *The Secret Doctrine,* because this may make definitely easier the acceptance of that other part of *The Secret Doctrine* which is directly concerned with spiritual life. This confirmation may make it less difficult for some to accept the reality of spiritual life, and to seek to obey its laws.

We come, then, to the former continents and to the distribution of plants and animals upon them. When *The Secret Doctrine* was written, the field was held by Alfred Russell Wallace, who was somewhat stubbornly convinced that the idea of vanished continents was a delusion, and who held that the present continents, with relatively trifling modifications, had held the field since the beginning of geological time. *The Secret Doctrine* took direct issue with Wallace, clearly teaching the existence of a series of former continents, to two of which the familiar names of Lemuria and Atlantis were given, names borrowed from Sclater and Plato.

Speaking generally, Lemuria belonged to what geologists call the Secondary epoch, though it would be better to call it the third, since it is preceded by the Primordial and Primary epochs; Atlantis, at first a northern extension of the west end of Lemuria, belonged mainly to the Tertiary, the fourth geological epoch. Islands, former mountain peaks of both these continents, survive today.

The point which we wish to make is that, in the thirty-three years

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since *The Secret Doctrine* was published, geology, spurred by biology and the distribution of animals, has cut loose from the static views so ingeniously supported by Wallace, and has accepted a theory of former continents very like that of *The Secret Doctrine.*

The views now held may fairly be illustrated by *The Wanderings of Animals,* in The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, by Hans Gadow, who was born in England and educated at Cambridge. This valuable little book was published in 1913, a few months before the beginning of the World War.

In a section on Ancient Geography (pp. 80-85), we are told that the history of the lands and seas since the Carboniferous period, that is, since the middle of the Primary, or second, epoch, may be read as follows: There were two huge masses of land, a high Southland extending from South America across Ethiopia and India to Australia; and a low Northland comprising Canada, Greenland, Scandinavia and Siberia. These two lands were separated by a broad Mediterranean sea, an east and west extension of the Pacific basin. In Carbo-Permian times, that is, in the latter half of the Primary, or second epoch, two new features are indicated: a bridge between the northern and southern continental belts, joining Europe and Africa; and a dividing waterway running northward somewhere near Iceland.

With the Trias, the beginning of the Secondary, or third geological period, this northern waterway was bridged, while Siberia was isolated, the European sea communicating with the Pacific to the north of India. In the later Jurassic, after the middle of this third geological epoch, there are three separate masses of land: first, a northern Atlantic land, uniting North America and North Europe; second, a continental mass connecting Siberia, East Asia and Australia; and, third, the so-called Gondwanaland, South America with Africa, Madagascar and India. In the Cretaceous, the closing period of the third epoch, Western North America is connected with Western South America, continued across the Antarctic to Australia, which is still joined to Eastern Asia and Siberia, the latter joined to North America but separated from Europe. Consequently an enormous ring of land encircled Gondwanaland which was an island continent. During the later Cretaceous, toward the close of the third geological epoch, Siberia joined Europe and Canada, but North America was divided down the centre. Chile and Patagonia were severed from the rest of South America, while Australia was separated from Asia. Consequently, toward the close of the third geological epoch, there was a great antarctic continental area from Chile to Australia, while the rest of the world formed a ring with a gap through North America.

We come to the Tertiary, which is the fourth geological epoch. During the earlier half of this fourth epoch, the North American, European and Siberian lands separated and joined again in various ways. Antarctica broke away from America and Australia. Gondwanaland was divided. India became an island, while South America remained con-

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nected with North-West Africa. Next the African continent was consolidated; the North and South Atlantic oceans joined and South America was isolated. During the Miocene, about the middle of this fourth geological epoch, only Australia, New Zealand and Madagascar were important isolated regions. In the Pliocene, toward the end of the fourth epoch, North America was finally separated from Europe by a northern extension of the Atlantic, but was connected with Asia at Behring Straits.

So far the modern view, much of which is avowedly tentative. But it shows a near approach to what *The Secret Doctrine* taught thirty-three years ago; the great southern areas of the Secondary, the third geological epoch, corresponding with Lemuria, the home of the Third Race; the land connecting South America and North-West Africa in the Tertiary, the fourth geological epoch, forming what we may call Atlantis, with the Fourth Race; then the submerging of Atlantis, continuing through the Miocene period.

Maps would be needed to make this clear; but we can see, on the one hand, the complete cutting adrift from the static view of Wallace, and, on the other, a remarkable approach to *The Secret Doctrine.*

We rejoice in this, first, because we desire the truth to be established; and even more because this vindication may make easier the acceptance of the spiritual history which goes with these teachings, with its direct application to our own spiritual life.

We may now return to the theme suggested by the coming of Mme. Curie: radio-activity and the modern view of the structure and nature of matter. Here again we have a twofold interest: first, that of the subject itself, which touches the ultimate structure of the manifested universe; second, the fact that the new views closely approximate to those put forward in *The Secret Doctrine,* as being held by Masters in Occultism; and the further fact that these new discoveries were definitely foretold in *The Secret Doctrine;* the time when certain results would be reached, was explicitly stated. Let us try to substantiate this by page references to the edition of 1888.

Speaking with warm admiration of the work of William Crookes and his experiments with "radiant matter," the fourth state of matter, following after solid, liquid and gaseous, the author of *The Secret Doctrine* says:

"Chemistry is now on its ascending plane, thanks to one of its highest European representatives. . . . The revolution produced by Avogadro was the first page in the volume of the New Chemistry. Mr. Crookes has now turned the second page, and is boldly pointing to what may be the last. For once protyle accepted and recognized, Chemistry will have virtually ceased to live: it will reappear in its reincarnation as New Alchemy, or Metachemistry. The discoverer of radiant matter will have vindicated in time the Archaic Aryan works on Occultism and even the Vedas and Puranas" (I, 621-3).

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Alchemy was not a popular word in 1888. How does it stand today?

We may answer by quoting from *The Interpretation of Radium,* the able and authoritative work of Professor Frederick Soddy (Revised Edition, 1920, p. 232), prefacing the quotation by saying that an alpha-particle is now recognized to be an atom of helium, while a beta-particle is an electron:

"There is one interesting point that may be referred to, which serves to show how nearly science has approached to the ancient alchemical problem of turning base metals into gold. In these spontaneous changes, if either actinium D or thorium D had elected to expel an alpha-particle instead of a beta-particle, the product would have been an isotope of gold instead of lead.

"Gold occupies a position in the periodic table two places removed from and before thallium, so that if thallium could be induced to part with an alpha-particle, the product would be an isotope of gold. If it was sufficiently stable the product would be gold for all practical purposes. It is true its atomic weight and density would be somewhat greater, but otherwise it would be the same. Or, again, if bismuth could be made to expel two alpha-particles, or lead an alpha and a beta particle, gold again would be the product. This, then, is a list of recipes for the modern alchemist, one and all indubitable, but one and all awaiting a means of accomplishment. It remains for the future to show how the nucleus of an atom can be so influenced as to be caused to eject an alpha or beta particle at will. But it is a tremendous step gained to know for the first time in what transmutation really consists."

In other words, subtract an atom of helium and an electron from an atom of lead, and you have an atom of gold. It is hardly necessary to labour the point that, like the four-dimensional world, the New Alchemy at least as a conception is no longer on the way. It has arrived.

And the New Alchemy or Metachemistry has arrived as the result of remarkable discoveries which have their point of departure in the radiant matter of Crookes. This was clearly indicated in *The Secret Doctrine,* where we are told, in a footnote to the passage on page 621 already quoted, that the new views would be reached "on that day when his discovery of radiant matter will have resulted in a further elucidation with regard to the true source of light, and revolutionized all the present speculations."

This revolution foretold a third of a century ago has already proceeded far. The present view is, that all atoms of all substances, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, are in ceaseless motion to and fro, ceaseless vibration, of an almost inconceivable rapidity. The average speed of a hydrogen molecule at a temperature corresponding with the freezing point of water has been calculated to be over a mile a second. In liquids and solids, the atom vibrates only through a very limited distance, the motion being then reversed, so that it is correct to speak of the "vibration" of

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the molecules. An illustration in a recent work on *The Nature of Matter and Electricity,* by Comstock and Troland (New York, 1919), representing an instantaneous view of a piece of iron or copper a few hundred-millionths of an inch wide, as seen through an imaginary microscope of enormous power, shows the atoms about their own diameter apart, somewhat like the first spatter of rain on a dry pavement. The "instantaneous view" is insisted on, because the atoms, even in a solid, are intensely, ceaselessly vibrating.

It is interesting to compare with this a passage in *The Secret Doctrine:*

"Occultism says that in all cases when matter appears inert, it is the most active. A wooden or a stone block is motionless and impenetrable to all intents and purposes. Nevertheless its particles are in ceaseless eternal vibration which is so rapid that to the physical eye the body seems absolutely devoid of motion; and the spacial distance between these particles in their vibratory motion is—considered from another plane of being and perception—as great as that which separates snow flakes or drops of rain" (I, 507).

In 1888, when this was written, the idea that all the elements recognized by the old chemistry were really mutations of something more primal, was in the air. A brilliant statement of this idea was made by Crookes on February 18, 1887, before the Royal Institution, in an address quoted at length with warmest approval in *The Secret Doctrine,* as being a close approximation to the archaic teaching. "Occult Science," we are told, "adds that not one of the elements, regarded by chemistry as such, really deserves the name" (I, 584).

Crookes suggested the name "protyle" for the primal substance. Since 1887, great progress has been made toward determining its nature. The new light on the structure of the atom has come largely through the study of the radio-active substances. And it is now held to be probable that the atom is made up of a minute, positively charged nucleus surrounded by several rings, or, better, regions of electrons. Since the volume of the nucleus and the volume of the electrons is in all cases very small compared with the dimensions of the system, the major part of the volume of an atom is unoccupied in the ordinary sense of the word. The chemical properties of the different elements are determined chiefly or entirely by the number of electrons surrounding the nucleus, and hence by the charge on the nucleus, which is balanced by the negative charge of the electrons.

All the elements of the old chemistry are, therefore, regarded as systems of positive and negative particles of electric force. The molecule and the atom, in the old sense, are gone; the elements, as elements, have followed. The new atom, formed by groupings of electric particles, is so complex as to be compared with a planetary system, like that of Saturn, or even a solar system. So we come back to the archaic Occult teaching, which sees in every atom a miniature universe.

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It remains to ask the question: Are these electrical particles substance or force? Are we not driven by the sheer weight of these recent discoveries toward the conclusion of *The Secret Doctrine,* that they are the one and the other; that substance and force are two views of one reality?

The same conclusion can be reached from the other end. What is the nature of the forces known to us: electricity, light, heat? Electricity would appear to be substantial; is light so also? *The Secret Doctrine* affirms that it is: "What are Electricity and Light, in fact? . . . The Occultists are often misunderstood because, for lack of better terms, they apply to the essence of Force under certain aspects the descriptive epithet of Substance" (I, 508-11).

Here, we can only touch on the modern conclusion which, so far as light is concerned, is still in a transition stage. But atoms of light, substantial particles of some kind, are already spoken of.

All these discoveries had their point of departure, as was foretold in *The Secret Doctrine,* in Crookes' discovery of radiant matter. This is clear enough. But *The Secret Doctrine* is even more explicit: "Between this time (1888) and 1897 there will be a large rent made in the veil of nature, and materialistic science will receive a deathblow" (I, 612).

The author of this sentence died in 1891.

In 1894, a new era of chemistry was begun by the discovery of the inert gas argon, followed in rapid succession by crypton, neon and xenon. In the next year, 1895, helium, hitherto known only in the sun, was discovered in certain minerals in the earth's crust; it is now held that helium is a fundamental constituent of all the so-called elements. In 1895, W. C Roentgen discovered the X rays. In 1896, Henri Becquerel laid the foundation of all later discoveries in radio-activity, when he found that uranium was radio-active.

By 1897, therefore, all the elements of the modern revolution were known. Subsequent years have brought the marvellous development of these discoveries, as when Mme. Curie isolated radium from uranium ores in 1898. Materialistic science may fairly be said to have received its death-blow, since matter in the old sense has ceased to exist. The solid atom is gone; the "solar system" atom, built of particles of electrical force, has taken its place.

The question may reasonably be asked: How could the author of *The Secret Doctrine* not only foretell these discoveries, but indicate as exactly as we have seen, the years within which they would be made?

The answer is likely to come as a distinct shock to the gifted scientists who have made these discoveries. It is best given in the author's own words:

"The exact extent, depth, breadth, and length of the mysteries of Nature are to be found only in Eastern esoteric sciences. So vast and so profound are these that hardly a few, a very few of the highest Initiates—are capable of assimilating the knowledge. Yet it is all there.

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and one by one facts and processes in Nature's workshops are permitted to find their way into the exact Sciences, while mysterious help is given to rare individuals in unravelling its arcana". This is followed by the reference to the year 1897 already quoted.

Let us suppose that this distinctly startling assertion were accepted. It would only lead to another question: How is it possible for the proficients in the Eastern esoteric sciences, presumably without aids which the modern laboratories have possessed only within the last few years, to reach and even to anticipate the most advanced conclusions as to atoms, electrons and the ultimate states of world material?

The answer is to be found, perhaps, in the juxtaposition of two sentences in passages already quoted. The graphic representation of the atoms of copper or iron, "as seen through an imaginary microscope of enormous power," a view which was, in fact, reached through a long series of delicate laboratory experiments, is practically the same as that affirmed by Occultism when the same matter is "considered from another plane of being and perception." Elaborate apparatus on the one side; awakened spiritual insight on the other.

And, in virtue of this spiritual insight, the Occult view of the atom, and of world material, while it has been in certain respects approached by the latest science, nevertheless in other respects is still an almost immeasurable distance ahead of that science. The modern scientific view does, indeed, see in the atom a miniature solar system, a microcosm of the universe, whose constituent parts are electric particles, positive and negative, moving with inconceivable rapidity and almost incalculable force; particles, therefore, which are at once force and substance. But the eastern science sees in this element of force, even in the atom, a revelation of spirit, a manifestation of the universal Spiritual Life, something akin to immortality.

There is the difference. Knowledge is the goal of the one. Divine life is the goal of the other. And, in the view of students of Theosophy, the scientist, until he gains something of this spiritual outlook and approach, will always be confronted by unfathomable mysteries.

For example: the modern view of the atom would be thoroughly comprehensible—if we knew the real nature of the electric substance to which all elements have been reduced, and if we also knew why like particles repel each other, while unlike particles draw together. There is still "action at a distance," even between electrons; and action at a distance is inconceivable.

The student of Theosophy would seek the solution by beginning with the One, instead of the many; the parts of the One, however minute, are related to each other, because they are related to the One; their common relation to the One establishes between them the interaction, whether of attraction or of repulsion; just as the relations between human souls result from the fundamental oneness of all souls with the Oversoul. This unity may be experienced in spiritual consciousness—the

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Eastern esoteric method; but the chasm can never the bridged by even the most subtle and elaborate physical experiments.

We may, perhaps, illustrate the relation between spiritual power and scientific apparatus in this way: Take two of the modern miracles, the power to see through a deal plank by means of the X rays; and the power to talk across continents and oceans by wireless telephone.

But the outstanding fact is, that just such powers as these have been known and exercised for centuries and millenniums, not through complicated physical apparatus, but through the developed faculties of the human soul.

Take, for instance, the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali: "By bending upon them the awakened inner light, there comes a knowledge of things subtle, or obscure, or remote" (III, 24). "Through perfectly concentrated meditation on the light in the head comes the vision of the Masters who have attained" (31). "Thereupon are born the divine power of intuition, the hearing, the touch, the vision of the Spiritual Man" (35).

Or take the Buddhist Akankheya Sutta: "If a disciple should desire, 'Let me hear with a divinely clear hearing, surpassing that of men, sounds both celestial and human, far and near. . . . Let me with a divinely clear vision, surpassing that of men, discern beings as they pass from one existence to another' "—then let the disciple do certain things.

But the Scriptures of the world are full of traditions of spiritual seeing and hearing; powers Occult only in the sense that they are not yet developed save in the few; Occult, yet purely scientific. They depend, it is true, on holiness of life. But holiness is itself scientific, since it is life in accordance with enduring spiritual law.

These modern discoveries are, therefore, of high interest and value, first, because they confirm the more tangible parts of the body of Occult teaching; and, second, because they tend toward a view of life less densely materialistic, a view of life less incompatible with, less hostile to, the life and growth of the Spiritual Man. Even though indirectly, they make for the spiritual wellbeing of mankind.

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

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FRAGMENTS

A MEDITATION

HEAVEN is a *state* we are told; a state of bliss, of complete realization, of fullest happiness, and enduring happiness,—a happiness which does not pall, never grows stale or old, never loses its keenness. We all wish for heaven, either in the next world or in this.

We are all trying for it. Even the man of evil life is really trying for heaven, i. e., the desire for heaven is the basic desire that is impelling him, though he has blinded himself, and perverted that desire. Without it he would have no mainspring.

If we imagine that we do not wish happiness, we flatter ourselves with a psychic delusion, or have given some psychic twist to the words.

We seek happiness because we seek God and Immortal Life,—the mere fact that we are alive proves it.

So we need to examine ourselves seriously on this matter, and find where we stand in relation to it. Let us ask ourselves two questions:—

(1) Have I a liking for heavenly things: would I enjoy them if I had them?

If so, *why?* (so far as I can discover).

If not, *why?* and what can I do about changing this?

(2) Am I at all aware of heavenly things, or are they only abstractions?

No one can get much personal satisfaction out of an abstraction. Where do I get my personal satisfactions? Never mind about your soul (whatever you consider that to be); God will take care of your soul. You must take care of your personality, and the penalties for not doing so are *terrible*. Naturally enough, since Christ loves it, and *gave his life for it.*

We must then raise the level of our personality so that it can have an appreciation of heavenly things, as well as sensing them in the first place.

If I can only enjoy material things, even though they may be harmless, or even good material things, how can I expect to have any satisfaction in the heavenly world, where material things do not exist? If I can only "see" with my physical eyes, what shall I see when I have no physical eyes? and so on with all the senses.

This world is like the sand pile in an infant school, intended for our instruction,—a perfect and beautiful symbol of life as it exists on all planes. We become so absorbed in the game, that we forget that it is a game, and are lost without it, like the confirmed gambler without his.

How much of my enjoyment in the things I "see," springs from

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mere physical sight, and how much from what lies behind that sight,—the fine appreciations that are gratified by its means?

If I had the highest heaven, Christ and his saints and the angels, would I enjoy it, and would I like them? or would I be bored? so bored that I would quickly fall asleep after the first five minutes of it? (which is what often happens after death).

The answers to these questions are vitally important, for our whole possibility of happiness lies in them.

Some say at this point (and sincerely): O never mind my happiness; that does not interest me, it is the happiness of others that counts. Good: but the same vital questions concern us in the happiness of others. There is no task in all the world so difficult as to make others happy. Even Christ has not been able to do that for us—yet.

How can we bring happiness to others, if only in small measure, or cease to be a cause of unhappiness to others, until we can give satisfactory answers to these questions?

When we have examined much and long, let us remember this for our consolation and encouragement (we shall have need of both):—

Taste for spiritual things can be cultivated, just as taste for material things can be cultivated, and in the same way. How do we usually cultivate taste or tastes for various things in material life, either for ourselves or for children in our care? In like manner we can cultivate a taste for heaven, cultivate a taste for Christ, cultivate a taste for the things that Christ likes and works for and desires. Following in his footsteps,—what is that but fitting our tastes into his, our desires into his? He is the Way to heaven;—for his children, he is heaven.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither can that which is mortal inherit immortality. But the mortal can learn to put on immortality,—can turn its attention to, then take interest in, then transfer its desires to, that which is immortal. Thus we climb by the ladder of ourselves. It is all a matter of this transference of interest and desire; the rest takes care of itself.

But just as heaven is spiritual and immortal, so it is complete. Therefore the whole of us must be transferred,—every interest, every desire; and they must cease to be small and cramped and miserable, they must become generous and forceful and radiant with life. This will be our first reward for the transfer, the first fruits of our labour. That which has been sickly and anaemic, living on reflections, and growing in the moonlight of the psychic world, becomes strong and vigorous in the sunshine of Paradise.

There can be no happiness while one part of the man pulls up, and another part pulls down. That constitutes the crucifixion of consciousness. *All* must be given.

Blessed is it that for the average man his principles separate at death, each to rest in its own sphere: the body to the grave; material desires to fade out in Kama Loka, the haven of dead dreams; and the

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wearied aspiration to the gentle twilight of the Elysian Fields, the Devachanic peace, where effort is unknown, where the lesser gods, the "heroes," meet and converse in undertones of the great deeds of the past, and the victories won. Across their skies the angels pass in drifting masses like summer clouds.

> "Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
> Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

But when the transfer is made the man is complete, his desires are centred, his consciousness is unified. There is no more conflict. Growth is not struggle, but progress, an ever-widening vision, an ever-deepening delight, a fuller and fuller draught of joy. Whether in the body or out of the body, God will know; but the man will hardly know, and surely he will not care. He will be in heaven. What matter the vesture of heaven when the reality of it has been secured!

True life begins for us when we enter heaven, that first heaven to which we one by one transfer our "possessions," those possessions which constitute ourselves. There is much to do then, nearly everything to learn; but no lesson is a task, no labour is a toil. The moments fly by on golden wings, each more precious than the last, each opening new vistas of loveliness, each bringing more splendid opportunity, more power to do and to give, and wider fields of service. So it continues through all the seven heavens and into the higher three which make the ten; on and on, and up and up, into the flaming Heart of God, beyond the vision of the cherubim, beyond the longing of the seraphim, where eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man. For the mortal has put on immortality, heaven has begun, eternity has begun, death is swallowed up in victory.

When we consider the goal, does it seem too hard a task to require of us, denizens of the underworld, that we shall begin to give attention to heavenly things, to cultivate a taste for heavenly things?—little by little, if we can no more, to acquire an understanding of heavenly things, so that something beyond the soft mists of Devachan and its tender reminiscences, may reward our efforts? God's patience is infinite; to each struggler he grants time, and again time, and yet more time. God can afford to be patient for he dwells in heaven. O that terrible patience of God!

But can *we* afford to be patient?

CAVÉ.

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IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH
KATHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

II.

In the heavenly world there is no fear at all; nor art Thou there, nor is there fear because of decay. Crossing over both hunger and thirst, passing beyond sorrow, he rejoices in the heavenly world.

Thou indeed knowest the heavenly fire, O Death! Declare it to me, possessing faith. The heavenly worlds enjoy immortality; this as my second wish I choose.

WE may briefly recall what has gone before.

Nachiketas represents the soul of man, sent by his Father, the Higher Self, into incarnation; there to gain, through the long series of births, a harvest of wisdom and sacrifice and power, to be brought back, in the day of liberation, for the enrichment of the Father. The House of Death, into which he descends, is this present world, which is manifested in the "three times", present, past and future, the three-fold refraction of Eternity, through the prism of Maya, the great Illusion of Differentiation.

Because he is now to be liberated from the "three times", he is given a wish corresponding to each of the three times: a wish concerning the past, a wish concerning the present, a wish concerning the future. Through the desire for liberation, he has earned this threefold gift, which is the single gift of divinity refracted through the prism of Maya. The gift for the past, which expresses itself as the return to the Father, reconciliation with the Father, has already been bestowed.

Further, because the great Initiation is the summing up, the consummation of the soul's long journey, Nachiketas equally represents the soul of the disciple entering the great Initiation. The disciple, through aspiration and sacrifice, has already won the first gift: the return to his Father, the Master on whose spiritual ray he is. In virtue of that return, he is ready to ask for the second gift: the entry into present immortality. Therefore he asks the Initiator for this heavenly fire.

The Initiator replies:

To thee I declare it; through awakening, learn thou of me this heavenly fire, Nachiketas, becoming conscious of it. Behold and know the obtaining of the unending world, the root and resting place, that which is hid in the secret place.

He declared to him that fire, which is the beginning of worlds; what

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are the bricks of the altar, how many they are, and how they are. And he in turn repeated it to him as it had been told him; and Death, well pleased with him, again spoke.

To him, he of Mighty Soul, well satisfied, said: Today I give again thy wish; thine shall this fire be by name; and take thou this garland of many forms.

He who kindles the triple fire of Nachiketas, gaining union with the three, completing the three works, crosses over birth and death; gaining knowledge of the Radiant Divinity, ever to be praised, who knows that which is born of the Eternal, and comprehending it, he goes to the unending peace.

He who kindles the triple fire of Nachiketas, knowing this triad, who, thus knowing, prepares the altar for the fire of Nachiketas, he, escaping beforehand the snares of death, and crossing beyond sorrow, rejoices in the heavenly world.

This is thy heavenly fire, Nachiketas, which thou hast chosen by thy second wish. This fire, men shall call thine. Choose, Nachiketas, a third wish!

Nachiketas asks for the secret of the heavenly world, the heavenly fire. Perhaps it may be said that the Upanishad, in recording the response of Yama, lord of Death, at once conceals and reveals the secret.

For there is no explicit answer, no clear description of the heavenly fire. Yet, in the answer of Yama, much is revealed as to its nature.

It is known through "awakening"; but awakening means the arousing into activity of Buddhi, the divine principle which brings illumination. So we may take it that the heavenly fire is Buddhi active, which has hitherto been hid in the secret place, dormant in the inner chamber of the soul. With the kindling of Buddhi, comes present immortality, for this is the fire which makes immortal.

It is further called the triple fire, or the fire thrice kindled; we may take it that this refers to the three higher principles: Buddhi-Manas, Buddhi itself, and Atma, of which Buddhi is the manifestation.

This triple fire burns on the altar, which is built four-square: the lower quaternary, the four lower principles, unillumined mind, the form body, vitality and the physical body.

After giving this teaching, Death asks Nachiketas to repeat it to him. Nachiketas does this, a symbol, it would seem, of the blending of consciousness in Master and disciple.

Death then bestows upon Nachiketas a garland. This is, perhaps, the crown of life, given to those who are faithful unto death (Rev. 2, 10). It may be more accurate to render the Greek word (stephanos) as wreath, the wreath of bay leaves given to the victor. This would give a more vivid meaning to Paul's comparison: Every one who contends in the stadium constrains himself in all things; they, indeed, that they

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may obtain a wreath which withers, but we, a wreath which withers not (I Cor. 9, 25).

Explaining the phrase: "gaining union with the three", the commentary attributed to Shankaracharya says that the three are "father, mother and Master". But even with this, we still appear to have a hidden meaning, the mother being the past Karma, the sum of aspiration and sacrifice in the past; the father, as before, is the Higher Self, which, through union with the gathered effort of the past, forms the new-born Spiritual Man. The Master guides and safeguards the process of birth and growth.

The Spiritual Man, thus born, escapes from the snares of death before the hour of death has come, and crossing beyond sorrow, rejoices in the heavenly world. So we come to the third wish, the wish concerned with the illimitable future. Nachiketas thus expresses his wish:

This question that there is, in the case of the man who has gone forth; some saying that he is, while some say that he is not; a knowledge of this, imparted by Thee—this, of my wishes, is the third wish!

(Death answers): By the Radiant Divinities even, this was questioned of old! For not easily known and subtile is this law. Another wish choose thou, Nachiketas! Constrain me not, but spare me this!

(Nachiketas speaks): By the Radiant Divinities even, this was questioned, thou sayest, O Death, and it is not easily known! And another like Thee to speak it is not to be gained. No other wish is equal to this!

(Death answers): Choose sons and grandsons of a hundred years, many cattle, elephants, gold, horses; choose the wide dwelling of the earth, and live thyself as many autumns as thou wilt! If thou thinkest this an equal wish, choose thou wealth and length of days. Be thou great on the earth, Nachiketas! I make thee an enjoyer of thy desires!

Whatever desires are hard to gain in the world of mortals, ask all desires according to thy will! These beauties with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be gained by men; be waited on by these, bestowed by Me! Ask me not concerning dying, Nachiketas!

This passage marks the vital turning point in the ceremony of the Mysteries, the great Initiation, which we conceive this Upanishad to represent. It is the final trial of the candidate, the last temptation.

Before considering this trial more in detail, we may bring, for comparison, a similar passage, which is found, in slightly different versions, in the two longest of the great Upanishads.

It forms a part of the story of Shvetaketu, descendant of Aruna, a story at once profound and full of humour. Shvetaketu is a youth, both adventurous and conceited, the son of a lovable father, who is the very essence of humility.

Moved by the spirit of adventure, Shvetaketu betakes himself to the court of the great Rajput prince, Pravahana, son of Jivala, a Master, whose disciples are gathered about him.

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King Pravahana greets the youth graciously, and asks him whether he has learned the teachings of wisdom from his father.

The youth, with complete self-assurance, declares that he has learned wisdom.

The Rajput king then asks him five questions:

Knowest thou how these beings, going forth, depart on different ways?

Knowest thou how they return again to this world?

Knowest thou how that world is not overfilled by so many, thus going forth incessantly?

Knowest thou at which offering being offered, the waters arising speak with human voice?

Knowest thou the approach of the path, the way of the Gods, or the way of the Fathers, or by doing what they reach the way of the Gods or the way of the Fathers?—For the word of the Rishi has been heard by us: "Two paths for mortals I have heard: path of the Fathers, and path of the Gods. By these two goes all that moves, whatever is between Father and Mother!"

These five questions contain, in fact, the essence of the Mystery doctrine, the twin teachings of Reincarnation and Liberation. For the path of the Fathers is the way of reincarnation, while the path of the Gods is the divine way of liberation, of perfected spiritual illumination, the small, old way that leads to the Eternal. Through Karma, whatever binds to self, they go upon the way of the Fathers. Through faith, fervour and service of the Eternal, they go on the path of the Gods. One or other path, as the ancient Rishi said, is followed by all that moves, whatever dwells between Father Heaven and Mother Earth.

So there is the dividing of the ways. Those bound by Karma go to the world of their reward, and then return again to this world. And, because they return again, that world is not filled to overflowing by so many, going forth in death incessantly. And at the sacrifice of human birth, the waters, that is, the currents of Karma, arise and speak with human voice, the voice of the new-born child.

These five questions not only imply the whole teaching of the Mysteries; they themselves supply the answers. The dividing of the ways, asked after in the first question, is clearly indicated in the fifth. The reason why the world of rewards is not filled, is supplied by the question as to the return of beings to this world.

Shvetaketu, however, each time answered, "No!" Whereupon, the King graciously invited him to remain with him as a pupil, to learn the beginnings of wisdom. The youth, his vanity wounded, ran away, and returned to his good father, whom he began to reproach, saying, "Did you not say that you had instructed us? But this Rajput fellow has asked me five questions, and I do not know one of them!"

Very gently, the father replied: "Thou knowest us, dear, that what-

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ever I knew, I told to thee! But let us two go and become the disciples of the wise king!"

"Let your honour go!" the youth replied, his vanity still sore.

So Gautama went to the king's court, where he was graciously received, and bestowed on the king a costly gift. Whereupon the king said:

"We give the worthy Gautama a wish!"

And Gautama replied:

"The wish is promised to me! What thou saidst in the boy's presence, tell that to me!"

But the king answered:

"This is among wishes of the Gods! Speak some wish of the sons of men!"

Gautama answered:

"It is known! For there is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave girls and robes and vestures! Be not thou niggardly, Sire, of the Great, the Infinite, the Illimitable!"

And the king replied:

"Thy wish, Gautama, is a holy one!"

"I come to my Master as a disciple!" answered Gautama, for with these words, those of old came to a Master, for this was the formula of discipleship.

Then the king said:

"So do not thou reproach us, thou and thy ancestors, since this wisdom (Vidya) never before dwelt in any Brahman. But I shall declare it to thee, for who is worthy to refuse thee, speaking thus?"

This is the version of the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad, closely translated. In the Chhandogya Upanishad, there are slight variants:

Gautama came to the king's dwelling, and the king received him with honour. Then early in the morning Gautama, going to the assembly, went up to the king, who said to him:

"Honoured Gautama, choose thou a wish of the wealth of the sons of men!"

But he replied:

"Thine, O king, be the wealth of men! But the word that thou saidst in the boy's presence, tell that, verily, to me!"

The king was constrained, and bade Gautama dwell with him as his disciple, saying to him:

"Never before thee does this wisdom go to Brahmans, for among all peoples it was the word of command of the Rajputs!"

This is exactly the temptation with which King Yama the Initiator tries Nachiketas: "This is a wish of Gods! Choose thou a wish of men! Choose sons and grandsons of a hundred years, many cattle, elephants, gold, horses. . . . These beauties with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be gained by men!"

It is of interest that, by the shortening of a single vowel in the

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Sanskrit (reading hasti for ha-asti), the wish offered to Gautama would be: "Store of elephants and gold, of cattle and horses, slave girls and robes and vestures;" elephants being the symbol of kingly power in India even to this day, when an assembly of princes means also the gathering of a herd of elephants.

Nachiketas is, therefore, tempted by the offer of kingly power, wealth in gold and cattle and horses; sons and grandsons, long lived, to offer for him the sacrifice to the Manes, and all things that allure the sensual man.

These are the things that Prince Siddhartha refused and laid aside when he entered the path of the Buddhas of compassion, coming as his mighty Predecessors had come.

This is, once again, the Temptation in the Wilderness: bread for the hunger of the body; the miraculous flight from the temple, to feed the soul's vanity; the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, to feed the spirit of ambition.

Sensuality, vanity, the pride of kingship and power: the same temptations which every disciple must face and conquer, before he can enter on the Way. Happy is the disciple who is not tempted; who, being tempted, overcomes. C. J.

(*To be continued*)

Nothing can distinguish man from man, in order to beatitude, but choice and election; and nothing can ennoble the choice but love, and nothing can exercise love but difficulty, and nothing can make that difficulty but the contradiction of our appetite, and the crossing of our natural affections. And, therefore, whenever any of you are tempted violently, or grow weary in your spirits with resisting the petulancy of temptation, you may be cured, if you will please but to remember and rejoice, that now you have something of your own to give to God, something that He will be pleased to accept, something that He hath given you that you may give it to Him. For our money and our time, our days of feasting and our days of sorrow, our discourse and our acts of praise, our prayers and our songs, our vows and our offerings, our worshippings and protestations, and whatsoever else can be accounted in the sum of our religion, are only accepted according as they bear along with them portions of our will, and choice of love, and appendant difficulty.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

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DANTE SKETCHES

Many are the wand-bearers, but few the God-possessed.—Plato.

IN a preceding number of the QUARTERLY an attempt was made to show that Dante, as an accomplished scholastic, inherited a tradition favouring mystical writing and the mystical interpretation of both Scripture and the symbols of religion. Further than this, he also proclaimed explicitly that he was such a writer and such an interpreter. We are, therefore, justified in seeking the mystical meaning which Dante may have had in his own mind and experience when he wrote, and in seeking also to estimate how far Dante himself had progressed along the so-called "Mystic Way"—that "small old Path that stretches far away."

In doing this there are two distinct dangers. We are likely to read into Dante the particular thoughts and ideas of our own minds and of our own times, rather than the thoughts which a man of his century and of his intellectual setting would in all probability have had. And we are also inclined, on the other side, to forget that he *had* thoughts which we have not, and that he had an understanding of certain things, his possession of which we today, of a more crude and dogmatically material cast of mind, are very loath to acknowledge. We are not ready to admit that, for all his deep and wide knowledge of scholastic philosophy and theology, Dante actually *knew* more about the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven and the things pertaining to it, than we do. We are not ready to do this because the modern Western mind, even inside the Roman Church, unless particularly trained to an understanding of scholasticism, is inclined to consider it an effete and outworn intellectual system, which has seen its day, and is now superseded by a more liberal theology adapted to the advances of modern science. It is felt that the world has moved a long way in the six hundred years since Dante's death,—and is it not true that the great minds of the Church, such as a Cardinal Mercier, are rewriting St. Thomas Aquinas with a view to rendering him more "up-to-date"?

Nevertheless, St. Thomas Aquinas was himself a mystic; and the heart of scholastic theology is a distinctly mystical apprehension of the universe. So Miss Underhill writes: "As with St. Augustine, the intellectual greatness of St. Thomas obscured his mystical side. Hence it is commonly stated that fourteenth century mysticism derives from St. Bonaventura, and represents an opposition to scholastic theology; but as a matter of fact its greatest personalities—in particular Dante and the German Dominican school [e. g., Eckhart, Tauler, Suso]—are soaked in the spirit of Aquinas, and quote his authority at every turn" (*Mysticism*, p. 550).

These two errors, therefore, of underestimating Dante's achievement,

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and of misreading him, are dangers it is essential that we should avoid, and they can be overcome in two ways. First, by a careful study not merely of the writings of Dante himself, but of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, so as to gain the fullest knowledge possible of the main currents of thought which must have influenced his mind as it matured. In the second place, it must never be forgotten, that if a man says something that is true, it is true for all time, no matter how archaic are the words and terms in which the thought is clothed. To be sure, many people will ask with Pilate, "What is truth?" and further, "How can we know that so and so is true?" They might recall Christ's answer, given in the Gospel of Nicodemus: "Jesus said, Truth is from heaven. Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth. Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those, who, when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth, and form right judgment" (Cap. III, vv. 11 to 14.) Thus the "power of judgment," put into actual operation at the behests of Truth, leads to "right judgment": "If ye live the life, ye shall know the doctrine." The power thus to judge would seem to be the same as that explicitly described by St. Paul: "The natural (ψυχικὸς = psychic) man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither *can* he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." And Paul adds that "we," that is, *οἱ τελεία* the perfect, the initiated, "have the mind of Christ" (I *Cor.* ii, 15, 16, *cf.* v. 6).

A common realization of Truth, therefore, is dependent upon a relation of personal statures, of developed or undeveloped consciousness; and what seems true to one man, may seem false or worthless to another. It is this variation in the apprehensibility of Truth which makes the study of mysticism, of the mysteries, of the occult, so difficult. And it is the reason why no one who falls short of an adequate degree of attainment in spiritual consciousness, can establish a final canon of interpretation. There are always those, for instance, who insist that words should be taken as they stand, literally, and in their barest possible meaning. There are always those who, with Dante, wish it to be known "that the sense of this work [i. e., the *Paradiso*] is not simple, but on the contrary it may be called polysemous, that is to say, 'of more senses than one'; for it is one sense which we get through the letter, and another which we get through the thing the letter signifies; and the first is called literal, but the second allegorical or mystic" (Epistle to Can Grande, 11. 135-142). Dante held with Aristotle, that "the truth about a thing is a perfect likeness of the thing as it is"; but he goes further than Aristotle, and is characteristically Christian and mystic when he adds, "True blessedness consists in the sense of the prime source of truth, as is evident by John in the passage: 'This is true blessedness, to know thee the true God,' and the rest" (*Op. cit.*, 11, 94-6 and 613-616).

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Truth *is* knowable, it is to be found in the vision of God; and Dante appeals directly from those who "carp" at his claim to have visited Paradise and to have experienced the vision of God, to the great mystics who preceded him. "And if all this suffices not the carpers, let them read Richard of St. Victor in his book *De Contemplatione,* let them read Bernard *De Consideratione,* let them read Augustine *De Quantitate Animæ,* and they will cease to carp." [1] In other words, Dante invites those who carp to compare his work with that of recognized saints and mystics; and he adds a further plea on his own behalf when he writes: "But if they rail [2] at a condition of so great exaltation because of the sin of the speaker, let them read Daniel, where they will find that Nabuchodonosor, too, was divinely enabled to see certain things against sinners, which afterwards he committed to oblivion. For 'He who maketh his sun to rise upon the good and the evil, and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust,' sometimes in compassion for their conversion, sometimes severely for their punishment, reveals his glory in greater or less measure, as he wills, to those who live never so evilly."

In the last analysis, therefore, a man is only judged by his peers. The validity of a given spiritual experience can only be finally established by one who has himself experienced it. Nevertheless, so absolute and uniform would seem to be the principles revealed by the records of spiritual experience, that a study of the lives of mystics, and of the mysteries, in all countries, of all times, of all shades of religious belief,— will yield in no uncertain measure an intellectual comprehension of the mystical life and of spiritual consciousness. And if this comparison be made, it will become evident that certain symbols, certain metaphors, certain methods of approach, and a particular language, are to be found in use by spiritual writers who must in the nature of things have been totally unknown to one another. If Dante ever heard of the *Tao-Teh-King* or the *Bhagavad Gita,* he certainly never saw them or read them; yet he shows much the same understanding of the principles of religious experience as do both these early books.

For our present purpose, it does not matter whether Dante can be shown to have derived his ideas from a given mystical writer or not. The proof of such derivation will always be of interest, because if he did so derive them, he has demonstrated his ability to recognize the value of those ideas and to have made them his own, and therefore to have appropriated them. If he did not derive from another writer, however, he

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[1] *Op. cit.*, 11. 553-557. *Cf. Paradiso*—X, 131—"Richard, who was in contemplation more than man." Augustine's book gives a scale of the spiritual degrees in the ascent to God.

[2] Miss Hillard translates the Latin word *oblatrarent* "howl"; Mr. Wicksteed, "yelp"; literally it means "to bark at," but its post-Augustinian tropological sense is "to rail or carp at." *Cf.* Lewis and Short's *New Latin Dictionary.* To translate this as "yelp" is to make Dante bitter of speech and unnecessarily severe. This has been too often the current conception of Dante; but is it justifiable to suppose that he would always apply the same scorn, simply because in the *Inferno* and elsewhere he does so to sinners deserving of it, while here he is merely combating worldliness, and employs a synonym to avoid repetition, and a word commonly used in the above sense?

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proves that his own consciousness evolved the ideas; and his spiritual stature may be estimated by placing his own conceptions beside those of other statements from a totally different source.

Therefore, as a first step in interpreting Dante in an "allegorical" or "mystical" sense, which he himself authorizes, we should point out that this very desire on his part to allegorize, shows at least an instinctive kinship with the greatest scriptures and with the mysteries. "All in the ancient scriptures is allegorical," writes Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine,* and the second part of her first volume is devoted to "The Evolution of Symbolism." "Even a parable is a spoken symbol: a fiction or a fable, as some think; an allegorical representation, we say, of life-realities, events, and facts . . . All the thoughts and emotions, all the learning and knowledge, revealed and acquired, of the early races, found their pictorial expression in allegory and parable. Why? Because the *spoken word has a potency unknown to, unsuspected and disbelieved in,* by the modern 'sages'" (*Secret Doctrine,* Vol. I, p. 307; ed. of 1888). So Dante writes that his works "should be" expounded allegorically, and that the allegorical exposition "hides itself under the mantle of these tales, and is a truth hidden under beauteous fiction," which, when "spiritually expounded, even in the literal sense, by the very things it signifies, signifies again some portion of the supernal things of eternal glory" (*Convivio,* II, i). *Light on the Path* expands this same idea: "There is another way of reading, which is, indeed, the only one of any use with many authors. It is reading, not between the lines but within the words. In fact, it is deciphering a profound cipher. All alchemical works are written in the cipher of which I speak; it has been used by the great philosophers *and poets* of all time. It is used systematically by the adepts in life and knowledge, who, seemingly giving out their deepest wisdom, hide in the very words which frame it its actual mystery. They cannot do more. There is a law in nature which insists that a man shall read those mysteries for himself. By no other method can he obtain them."

Dante's writings, in our opinion, are "forcing human language to express one of the most sublime visions of the Absolute which has ever been crystallized into speech. He inherits and fuses into one that loving and artistic reading of reality which was the heart of Franciscan mysticism, and that other ordered vision of the transcendental world which the Dominicans through Aquinas poured into the stream of European thought. For the one the spiritual world was all love: for the other all law. For Dante it was both. In the *Paradiso* his stupendous genius apprehends and shows to us a Beatific Vision in which the symbolic systems of all great mystics, and many whom the world does not call mystics—of Dionysius, Richard, St. Bernard, Mechthild, Aquinas, and countless others—are included and explained" (Evelyn Underhill's summary, *Mysticism,* p. 551). Inevitably he used allegorical language, but Dante's individual mysticism can be deciphered and determined by a

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comparative study with other systems and other methods. His visions in the *Vita Nuova* and *Convivio,* his intensely vivid and human drama of the soul's growth and inmost life, as mirrored in the *Inferno, Purgatorio,* and *Paradiso,* his astronomical, philosophical, and theological explanations—mixed as they are with kabalistic and astrological elements—these all go to show that he has but one object: to restate such fragments of the Wisdom of God as he can call his own, in an enduring form, and for the benefit of his fellow-men. "The end" [of his poem], writes Dante to Can Grande, "is to remove those living *in this life* from the state of misery and lead them to the state of blessedness . . . because the whole was undertaken not for speculation, but for practical results." And again, as already quoted: "Oh blessed those few who sit at the table where the *bread of angels* is consumed, and wretched they who share the food of sheep! But . . . they who are fed at so lofty a table are not without compassion towards those whom they see browsing around on grass and acorns in the pasture of brutes; and inasmuch as compassion is the mother of benefaction, they who know ever proffer freely of their good wealth to those poor indeed, and are as a living spring at whose waters the natural thirst above spoken of is refreshed" (*Convivio,* I, i, 51-68).

MARION HALE.

At a meeting in London, on December 20th, 1888, Madame Blavatsky was asked: Is the apparent objectivity in a dream really objective or subjective? She replied: "If it is admitted to be apparent, then of course it is subjective. The question should rather be, to whom or what are the pictures or representations in dreams either objective or subjective? To the physical man, the dreamer, all he sees with his eyes shut, and in or through his mind, is of course subjective. But to the Seer within the physical dreamer, that Seer himself being subjective to our material senses, all he sees is as objective as he is himself to himself and to others like himself. Materialists will probably laugh, and say that we make of a man a whole family of entities, but this is not so. Occultism teaches that physical man is one, but the thinking man septenary, thinking, acting, feeling, and living on seven different states of being or planes of consciousness, and that for all these states and planes the permanent Ego (not the false personality) has a distinct set of senses."

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FEAR

"WE ought to meditate more on heaven," said a wise student of Theosophy. "We should formulate clearly to ourselves what our ideal of heaven is, what it is that we really and honestly desire, and should then think of that as attainable here and now, or in a few years at most. Hope for it. Never cease to hope for it."

By way of beginning, I was trying to formulate my ideal of my own heaven and to do it honestly. The memory of a particularly violent toothache was fresh in my mind, which promptly announced to me that what it wanted was a heaven free from pain. That sounded axiomatic enough, and, putting that down as point number one, I was about to pass on to something more positive. What did I want? To be a Saint? What did the Saints want? Hum-m-m. For the most part they wanted suffering. I did not want suffering as any part of my heaven, or, if I did, I was not conscious of it. Yet, "At the heart of pain lies joy." I never pierced the heart of pain to find the joy, but I could imagine finding it there. Surely, pain borne for the sake of love would be a joy in proportion to the greatness of the love. That was why the Saints longed for suffering. They loved so intensely that they craved suffering as an expression of their love. To love that way would in itself be heaven; the divine alchemy that would turn all things to joy and cast out all fear.

Then, suddenly, I saw that what I wanted was not freedom from pain, but freedom from fear of pain. I imagined myself in "heaven," that is, on the other side of death, looking down on the world and on the Master's warfare being waged here. I imagined his call for volunteers to go into incarnation, into the midst of the fight for his cause, and I thought of myself as desiring freedom from pain! Heaven forbid! Give me freedom from the fear of it that I might leap to answer.

After all, the greater part of our suffering from pain arises from the fear of it, rather than from the pain itself. We could bear any pang for a second, if we knew it would last no longer. The worst pain would then be little more than strong sensation. It is the fear that we are going to have more of those terrible twinges, that they will go on repeating themselves for hours, or days or months, that is by far the worst of our suffering. In point of fact, we never have to bear more than a second's pain in any one second, and that we could do comparatively easily if only fear did not add the pain of all the future to it. Mr. Griscom used to say that it is our resistance to it, and not the pain itself, that causes the suffering. If we could only accept it completely and let it sweep through us without resistance, it would be merely a cleansing sensation.

Few can hope to rise to that height, but it may be within the ex-

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perience of many of us that the effort to take pain rightly, to use the force of it (and whatever else pain may be, it is certainly magnificent force) in the Masters' cause,—will at least transform the memory of that pain from a nightmare to a joy. Another wise student once said to me, "If you want to be happy, act in such a way that the remembrance of your actions will make you happy. Do what you would like to have done, not what you want to do. Things are a short while in doing, but they stay done a long time."

During the war we were told that if we would do our simplest daily duties with conscious intention to serve, offering them to the Masters' cause as we did them, they could be used, and might indeed be of more value than an army corps. That we do not understand how or why this is so, is of no consequence. What is needed to make prayer effective is faith, not an understanding of the mechanics of it. So, surely, if our feeble efforts at daily duties can be used, it must be that the great power of real pain may be used in the same way, if we could only remember to hold our will and intention steady. Perhaps not only the memory, but also the pain itself at the time, would thus be changed into a joy. Perhaps that is the meaning of, "At the heart of pain lies joy," for we do not find the heart of anything until we see it in its relation to the Master.

At this point I decided that the way was getting too steep for a beginner's feet, even in speculation, and I came back to the question of Fear, a subject of which I had had more ample personal experience. It appalled me to think how much I was under the influence of Fear in all departments of my life, fear of pain, fear of death, fear of failure, of ridicule, of what others would think, fear of discomfort, fear of being bored. Such petty, miserable fears, and yet it seemed to me that, when analysed, most of the actions of most of us have their roots in the last two,—fear of discomfort or fear of being bored. Why else do we want money, for instance? We are afraid of poverty because we think it would be uncomfortable and unconscionably dull. Not very exalted foes that we should fear them so much, and yet the fact remains that we do.

In one of his books—I think it is the *Memory of Past Births*—Mr. Johnston speaks of our consciousness rising during deep sleep to the ocean of immortal power and peace, to the consciousness of the spiritual world, but that as we return thence we are met at the threshold of waking by the army of shadows of the material world, with their captain Fear at their head, and robbed by them of all memory of where we have been. Nightly we are in touch with infinite power and infinite bliss, and nightly we are robbed of this priceless memory by Fear and Fear's cohorts. Evidently if we would retain the memory of that bliss, "on whose fragments all beings live," we must first conquer Fear.

"Love casteth out Fear." So does Trust, and each step forward brings an increase of both love and trust, weakening the hold Fear has

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upon us. It must be through these that we shall win the final victory; but there is something else that we can do at once. We can, as it were. attack Germany in the Balkans. We can attack Fear through its most potent ally, without which it can do little, the traitor in our camp: our own uncontrolled imaginations. It is through the pictures the imagination presents to our minds, that Fear works. That what seems to be courage is often simply lack of imagination, is proverbial. Unless we see the picture of the danger, we feel little fear. In a crisis calling for swift action, we shall perhaps feel none at all, however grave the risk. The need to concentrate on the work to be done, shuts out the pictures of possible consequences. On the other hand, imagination is essential to progress. It is said to be one of the two great magical powers by which we must rise. I would rather be afraid than lack imagination, but fortunately that is not the choice. The fault does not lie in the presence of imagination, but in the absence of control over it. It is a tremendous power, the guide of the will, the ladder by which we were meant to rise to heaven; and we have made it the ally of evil and the cause of much of our trouble. There is a fine old legend of an evil magician in the days of Charlemagne, who dwelt in a castle on an inaccessible rock. The castle could only be reached by a winged horse, and the magician had the horse. He was a wonderful steed, capable of taking beyond the stars the fortunate rider who possessed the magic bridle to control him, but fatal to others. He is mastered at length by Bradamant, the pure-hearted warrior maiden, with the help of her enchanted shield, and thereafter the magician is an easy conquest. Doubtless the legend has many meanings, but I am convinced of the truth of one, that Fear cannot be successfully assailed until in some degree at least we can control our imaginations.

It is easy to test the extent to which the imagination has been misused. Try to imagine the spiritual world, a conversation with the Master, what it would be like to love as the Saints love, or even how someone we love feels, in some trouble with which we should like to sympathize,—and see how long our imaginations stay steadily on the theme set. Then imagine ourselves as we should like others to see us under almost any circumstances you please, and note the difference. How eagerly and lovingly the imagination plays around ourselves, how slowly and laboriously in all else! The truth is we have made it the slave of vanity. It responds instantly to its master's voice and is deaf to almost all else. It is the slave of vanity, and vanity is always the slave of Fear, shuddering with terror at the thought of the least hurt to itself. Obviously then, to free the imagination from domination by Fear, it must be freed from vanity.

This can only mean that we must never permit it to be used by vanity. The pastime of picturing ourselves to ourselves in heroic situations, or saying clever things, or proving to ourselves how right we were and how wrong he was, will all, I suspect, when analysed be found

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to have vanity back of them. If we would purify our imaginations, these and all other forms of "mental talks" with ourselves, must be given up. Then perhaps our imaginations will become the ladders to heaven they were meant to be. Then Fear will lose its weapon and life its phantom terrors, and we shall gain freedom, the freedom to answer as we would, wherever and whenever we hear our Master call.

BEGINNER.

The nature and functions of real dreams cannot be understood unless we admit the existence of an immortal Ego in mortal man, independent of the physical body, for the subject becomes quite unintelligible unless we believe—that which is a fact—that during sleep there remains only an animated form of clay, whose powers of independent thinking are utterly paralyzed.

But if we admit the existence of a higher or permanent Ego in us—which Ego must not be confused with what we call the "Higher Self," we can comprehend that what we often regard as dreams, generally accepted as idle fancies, are, in truth, stray pages torn from the life and experiences of the inner man, and the dim recollection of which at the moment of awakening becomes more or less distorted by our physical memory. The latter catches mechanically a few impressions of the thoughts, facts witnessed, and deeds performed by the inner man during its hours of complete freedom. For our Ego lives its own separate life within its prison of clay whenever it becomes free from the trammels of matter, i. e., during the sleep of the physical man. This Ego it is which is the actor, the real man, the true human self. But the physical man cannot feel or be conscious during dreams; for the personality, the outer man, with its brain and thinking apparatus, are paralyzed more or less completely.

We might well compare the real Ego to a prisoner, and the physical personality to the gaoler of his prison. If the gaoler falls asleep, the prisoner escapes, or, at least, passes outside the walls of his prison. The gaoler is half asleep, and looks nodding all the time out of a window, through which he can catch only occasional glimpses of his prisoner, as he would a kind of shadow moving in front of it. But what can he perceive, and what can he know of the real actions, and especially the thoughts, of his charge?—Transactions of The Blavatsky Lodge of The Theosophical Society, Part I; Madame H. P. Blavatsky, at a meeting held in London, December 20th, 1888.

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THEOSOPHY[1]

WHAT is Theosophy? What is The Theosophical Society? What is the relation of Theosophy to The Theosophical Society?

Let us begin with the more concrete question: What is The Theosophical Society?

The Constitution thus defines the Objects of The Theosophical Society:

The principal aim and object of this Society is, To form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and, The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

In each of these three Objects, there is an underlying principle, not expressed, but implicit. In the first Object, this principle is, "the identity of all Souls with the Oversoul"; the term made familiar by Emerson. And, as Emerson teaches, each soul is, in essence, one with the Oversoul, and with all of the Oversoul.

But that identity is not yet realized. It can be realized only through ages of growth and spiritual progression, as the soul expands, and opens itself to the life of the Oversoul and to all of that life.

Therefore the first Object of The Theosophical Society does not propose to form a universal brotherhood of humanity by simply gathering together the existing materials, all men and women, good and evil alike; but, on the contrary, it proposes to form only the nucleus of such a brotherhood. Into the nucleus can enter truly only that which is of the nature of the Oversoul, only that which is spiritual and immortal. Therefore the nucleus is not for today, but for the distant future, for men and races yet unborn; the foundation stone of the future spiritual being of an immortal mankind.

In the same way, in the second Object, the study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, there is implicit the principle that there is an underlying unity in these three, religion, philosophy and science; they are all views of truth, views of the Oversoul from different points. The importance of their study lies in the search for this underlying unity, the search for the expression of the Oversoul, which that unity will reveal.

So in the third Object, there is implicit the thought that, since each

[1] A lecture by Charles Johnston, on May 1, 1921, on the occasion of the Convention of The Theosophical Society.

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soul is fundamentally identical with the Oversoul, there will be, for each soul, a progressive unfolding of divine and spiritual powers, until all the powers of the Oversoul are attained and revealed in it. And, with this unfolding of the soul will come a progressive insight into mystery after mystery of nature and nature's hitherto unexplained laws.

When these Objects were phrased, in the seventies or early eighties of last century, the word psychic had not gained a sense which it has since acquired, as distinct from spiritual. Psychic was used rather as the antithesis of material, as it is habitually used by many French writers, such as Bergson, perhaps because the word "spirituel," in French, does not mean exactly spiritual, but rather intelligent, clever or witty. If we were to rephrase the third Object today, we should be inclined to speak of the spiritual powers latent in man, rather than the psychical powers.

So that in each of the three Objects there is thus an underlying principle; and these three principles find their unity in the Oversoul.

This may seem like a doctrine, even a dogma. But The Theosophical Society does not require the acceptance of any doctrine or dogma, or even the acceptance of such underlying principles as have been outlined. On the contrary, it is expressly stated in the Constitution, in the Article on Membership, that every member has the right to believe or disbelieve in any religious system or philosophy. That is already going far; but the Constitution goes even farther, for it adds that every member has also the right to declare such belief or disbelief, without affecting his standing as a member of the Society, each being required to show that tolerance of the opinions of others which he expects for his own.

This is a broad and generous provision, the very perfection of intellectual charity. But it is something more. It is an implicit expression of the conviction that every true inspiration, whether of religion, philosophy or science, is a partial revelation of the Oversoul, a ray of light of the Logos, a thought in the Mind of God.

This word which has just been used, the Logos, is the Greek original of Verbum, the Word, as used in the opening verse of the Gospel according to Saint John: In the beginning was the Word, the Logos, and the Logos was with God, and the Logos was God.

Perhaps it would be better to translate the first words: In the primal principle, rather than: In the beginning, as indicating a source rather than an origin in time.

It seems to be generally held that Saint John owes his use of this word to Philo, who is summing up a main current of Hellenic philosophy, which goes back through the Stoics to Heraclitus, who spoke of the Logos as the universal principle which animates and rules the world.

For Philo, the Logos is the Mind of God, very much in the spirit of the ancient Chinese phrase, used nearly four thousand years ago in the Shu King: I will examine these things in harmony with the Mind of God.

Perhaps we shall get a clearer view of the significance of the use

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of this word, the Logos, by John, if we remember that Matthew and others of the disciples, seeking to express their understanding of the divine personality of Jesus, thought and spoke of him as the Christ, that is, the Anointed, the Messiah: the Lord long looked for, of the Messianic hope, the king of royal David's line. John, interpreting the same divine personality, took the expression, the Logos, thus announcing Jesus as the incarnation of the Mind of God. The word Messiah, the Anointed, in its Greek equivalent, Christos, is used in the Septuagint, the Alexandrian Greek version of the Old Testament, in a more general sense. Thus, when Isaiah speaks of the anointed, Cyrus, the word used in the Greek is Christos. But in the New Testament, the word Christ has gained a deeper significance. Christ is the Messiah. Christ is also the Logos, the incarnate Mind of God.

It may be valuable to consider this word, Logos, as it was first used by Philo of Alexandria, writing about the fifteenth year of our era, on the Creation of the World as given by Moses. Philo was gathering together the three threads represented in the population of his native city, Alexandria, where he lived most of his life and wrote, though he went on one occasion to Rome and, in all likelihood, went also to Jerusalem, to the great festivals of the Jews.

Alexandria had its Greek, its Jewish and its Egyptian population. Philo gathered together the thoughts of all. He had some knowledge also of the spiritual life of India, as it became known to the western world through the expedition of Alexander the Great to India. Through Megasthenes and others, a considerable knowledge of India thus found its way westward, and it would be possible to fill a small book shelf with Greek writings on India which we owe to Alexander's expedition. Thus we find Philo saying of the Indian Gymnosophists, or Sannyasis, that their whole existence is a lesson in virtue.

Alexander's expeditions drew a circle, one may say, round the three centres of wisdom, Greece, Egypt and India, with Jerusalem in the centre; and, in Alexandria, Philo's city, these threads of wisdom came together.

Philo undertook to expound the records of the Old Testament along the lines of allegory, as in his book, the Allegories of the Sacred Laws, that is, the Laws of Moses. And he expounds them in the light of the philosophical thought of Plato, so that it was said by an early Christian writer that it is difficult to say whether Philo Platonizes, or Plato Philonizes.

And as the foundation of his exposition, he takes this teaching of the Logos, the Mind of God.

We may condense as follows the first passage in which this thought is developed, in the exposition of the Creation of the World:

When a city, says Philo, is founded by a great king, who is also a man of brilliant imagination, a skilful architect whom he employs, seeing the advantage and beauty of the situation, first of all sketches out in

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his own mind nearly all the parts of the city, the temples, gymnasia, markets, harbours, docks, the arrangement of the walls, the situation of the dwelling houses and the public and other buildings; he carries in his heart the image of a city perceptible only by the intellect. We must form a somewhat similar opinion of God and His creative work. The world first existed only in the Mind, the Logos, of God.

It may be an interesting surmise, which has, perhaps, been made before, that Philo had here in mind, not an imaginary town, but his own city of Alexandria; that the great king of his parable was Alexander, who, in the year 332 B. C., commanded Deinocrates, the wise architect, to plan the city Alexandria, with its walls, harbours, temples, streets, markets, its many public buildings. Everything which Philo says, describes his own city. It does not exactly describe, let us say, Jerusalem, which, though it had walls, had no harbour, nor Rome, the two other great cities which Philo is likely to have known.

Therefore Philo thinks of the plan of the universe to be created, as first formed in the Mind of God, in the Logos. And, if we accept this great, fundamental thought, a plan of all life, must it not follow that there is, in the Mind of God, a plan for each life, a life-plan for each one of us, in the Logos, in the Mind of God?

The plan, for each one of us, is to be discerned through prayer, through meditation, through the illumination of that Light of the Logos which, as Saint John has so beautifully said, lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

But, since the life of each of us is a divine gift, it carries the quality of divinity, the gift of free will, which the Divine Power cannot and will not revoke. We have the right to choose, either to follow the plan of the Logos, led by the Light of the Logos, or to refuse. With free will must the plan be worked out; it cannot be worked out, except through the free energy of creative will, realizing in succession the thoughts in the Mind of God.

We come thus to the word, Theosophy, used by Saint Paul in his first letter to the disciples in Corinth, in the twenty-fourth verse of the first chapter: Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God, Theou sophia.

It is worth noting here that there are two Greek words meaning wisdom: Gnosis, as in the name of the Gnostics, and this word Sophia, with a somewhat different shade of meaning. Gnosis appears to mean rather illumination, the immediate light of divine inspiration, which the Gnostics aspired to reach; while Sophia is wisdom applied to the conduct of life.

We can see this in the name Sophist. It carries an unpleasant flavour, but in the period before Plato, the Sophist was, or aspired to be, a teacher of the highest and best of human things, as Plato says, speaking of Protagoras. And a modern writer on the Greek Genius says of the

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earlier Sophist, that "he came nearest, perhaps, to a university teacher, glorified, extended, and brought into contact with practical life."

Paul divides the word into its two parts, Theou sophia, the wisdom of God. It seems to occur first as a single word in the Miscellanies of Clement of Alexandria, who speaks of solving problems "theosophically," that is, in the light, and through the power, of the divine wisdom in us. After Clement, the word is found often in the intervening centuries, coming into all modern languages.

So at last we reach The Theosophical Society, founded in 1875 and taking this honourable and ancient name, and, in fact, using Theosophy as the wisdom of the Divine in us, wisdom applied to the conduct of life.

By this road, therefore, we come back to our fundamental thought: the conduct of life in the light of divine wisdom; the seeking, through prayer, through meditation, for the immemorial Light in the soul, the Light of the Logos, the leading of the Mind of God.

Here we have our immediate practical application. We are reverently and humbly to seek that Light in the soul and, striving to follow the Light, through effort and sacrifice, undaunted by failure, we are to work out the plan of the Logos, to realize creatively the ideal of our lives as it exists in the Mind of God.

Yet we must have the humility to remember that at first but one ray of the Logos shines into our hearts, a ray refracted and beclouded by our minds; and that the same immemorial Light has illumined reverent hearts, in all lands, throughout all times.

These illumined sages and saints have recorded their experience in seeking and following the Light, in the sacred books of all races, in every age. With this unity of spiritual experience in view, The Theosophical Society, in its second object, suggests the study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, as a check on our own experience. To ignore this gathered wisdom, or to treat it superficially, would be the unpardonable folly of vanity, and could lead only to confusion.

The scientist respects the stored experience, the careful experiments, of all his predecessors. The mystic, if he be a true mystic, reveres the experience of those who have gone before him, and seeks among the living for those whose experience is wider and deeper than his own.

Therefore we study the records of all spiritual experience: the Bibles and prayer books and hymnals of all religions. We seek to supplement and correct our own experience by every available revelation of the Light.

If we follow this course, with reverent seeking for the Light, and with heroic valour, two results would seem to follow. First, wholly occupied with the quest and the creative effort, we shall find our purpose and inspiration in these, and shall never fasten with hungry thoughts upon the result, the personal reward. This is the wise precept of the Bhagavad Gita (2, 47): "Thy authority, thy right, is in the work, never in the fruits, the personal rewards." The motive of life will be progressive illumination, the continuous exertion of creative will, in obedience

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to the inward light; a ceaseless striving, through innumerable failures, to realize the splendid plan in the Mind of God.

Besides this disinterested aspiration and sacrifice, as itself the purpose and the reward of life, there will be a second result, not less inevitable. Each one of us, fighting our way forward along the path toward the Logos, will find no time to look backward at the debris of the task, the things already accomplished and done with. It will be even less possible for one to fasten hungry eyes on the results of another's work, the things which, even for him, already belong to the past. Anything, therefore, like envy, like covetousness, becomes wholly impossible to anyone following this life of inspiration and effort, unless it be envy of the finer valour, the completer sacrifice of another. But envy in the common sense, the envy of another's possessions, is unthinkable. It can have no possible place in that benignant light.

But, if envy of the possessions of another be impossible, since each is altogether bent on treading the path that leads to the celestial light, the fullest sympathy is not impossible. Comprehending love is, indeed, of the very essence of the undertaking, an inalienable element in the Great Adventure.

Each one of us strives to follow the inward light, in the spirit of the Vedic prayer: "Let us fix our souls upon the excellent light of that divine Sun, and may it lead our souls forward." But, since these are rays of the same divine Sun, the Sun of wisdom, it is the one Sun that illumines us all. As we draw near to That, we draw nearer to each other, just as the spokes draw closer together when they approach the nave. The power to understand, the power to help, are, indeed, the fruits of that divine Light, coming as the reward of sacrifice and aspiration.

We come thus to the essential Theosophical thought of co-operation in the search for spiritual light and life. Each of us has, perhaps, his unicoloured ray; only when united, can they form the white radiance of Eternity. Each has his own note, but harmony comes through the blending of contrasted notes. So students of Theosophy work together, striving through aspiration and sacrifice to build the nucleus of the divine humanity.

We have already drawn illustrations from East and West, from the Gospels and Greek philosophy and from the Indian books of wisdom. And necessarily so, since this teaching of the Logos is fundamental in all religions. We have found the ancient sage of China, nearly four thousand years ago, endeavouring to think in harmony with the Mind of God. And Tao, the fundamental principle of Lao Tse, some twenty-five centuries since, is so close to the same thought, that the great French Sinologue, Rémusat, thought that Logos was the fittest word to translate it. And we are told by a recent student of the Tao Teh King, Dwight Goddard, that, when Christian scholars came to translate the Logos of Saint John, they were satisfied to use the word Tao.

From China westward, we can trace the same great thought through

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India, where Vach and Viraj exactly indicate the Logos, and where Brahma-vidya anticipates Theosophia; through Thoth or Tehuti in Egypt, the Divine Intelligence uttering the creative word; through the Logos from Heraclitus to Philo, from the Wisdom of Solomon (9, 12): "O God of the fathers, and Lord of mercy, who hast made all things in thy Logos," to Saint John; literally from China to Peru and even farther west to Guatemala, finding the same concept in "the Creator and Former, the Mother and Father of life," in the aboriginal Popol Vuh.

Theosophy, which rests on a thought fundamental in all religions, of necessity cannot be antagonistic to any religion. The Theosophical Society is, in virtue of its very nature, the friend and ally of all religions, even of all Churches, each of which has its individual light. And it has been well and wisely said that the purpose of The Theosophical Society is, to convert each man to his own religion.

A little while ago, we were considering a verse of the Bhagavad Gita: "Thy authority, thy right is in the work," the Sanskrit word for work being Karma. And this brings us to another fundamental idea.

Perhaps we can best approach the consideration of Karma through a sentence in the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad: "As they said of old: Man verily is formed of desire; as his desire is, so is his will; as his will is, so he works; and whatever work he does, in the likeness of it he grows." Even then, in that ancient Upanishad, it was a saying of far older days.

Here again, the word is Karma; and it is a fundamental thought in the wisdom of India, that a man's life is his own doing, his own work. He advances through effort and sacrifice toward the Logos. At each moment, he is at that point on the road to which his effort has carried him. His task is, to go forward on the road. The point of the road at which he finds himself is not so important; the vital thing is that he shall go forward.

From this consideration of Karma it will follow once more that, to those who hold this view of life, envy or coveting is impossible; simply non-existent for that view of life. And, if this view were generally apprehended, all the ferment and revolutionary turmoil, the feverish social problem, as it is called, would cease to exist; it would be like a flurry of snow falling into a stream, "a moment white, then melts for ever."

There is another simile of the same law which Prince Siddhartha, the Buddha, seems habitually to have used, the simile of sowing and reaping, the seed sown and the fruit gathered; he who sows rice, reaps rice, and he who sows sesamum, reaps sesamum. This has its exact parallel in Saint Paul's autograph letter to the Galatians (6, 7): "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And every gardener and farmer knows that as he sows, he reaps. Therefore he regards his own field, his own garden, and not another's. Here, once more, if we look at our lives in this light of sowing and

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reaping, a greedy envying of the fruits of another must melt away. Or, to return to the former simile, each of us, through effort and sacrifice, has reached a certain point on the path toward the Eternal; the vital thing is, to go forward, through effort and aspiration and sacrifice.

And we shall do well to keep in mind that superb phrase of the Bhagavad Gita (3, 10): "Putting forth beings united with sacrifice, the Lord of beings of old declared: By this, by sacrifice, ye shall increase and multiply." We are united with sacrifice, through the creative act of the Lord of beings, through the everlasting will and decree of the Logos, and we shall be wise to cleave in love to this companion of our journey.

So we find this fundamental principle, the Logos, everywhere, in all religions. And students of Theosophy hold that all religions owe their very existence to the Logos; the great Master who is the founder and central figure of each religion, being clothed with the Logos, an Avatar, a plenary Incarnation of the Mind of God.

At this point, we may, perhaps, draw a contrast between the mood of the East and the mood of the West: The East, more contemplative, approaches life on the side of intelligence, seeking to penetrate and comprehend the great Mystery, desiring illumination and the clear vision of the Everlasting. The West, more active, full of energy and force, and very often carried away and overwhelmed by its own energy; so that the streets of a great city like New York are turbulent torrents of energy, furiously rushing this way and that, with very little wisdom, very little illuminated insight into the path that is being travelled; hardly a thought of the inward light flowing down from the Logos, ready to lead us along the everlasting ways.

One can find the same contrast in the Eastern and Western religions of today. The Eastern teachers, as the outer world knows them, and as they are known to some degree even in the West, resting in a refined understanding of intellectual problems, diligently analyzing the Mind of God. And, on the other hand, we have so many Western churches busy about many things, the so-called institutional churches, full of energies and activities, but hardly considering the Mind of God which, if sought after, may shed light on each of these things, revealing its enduring value, its part and purpose in the immortal work.

Here, Theosophy can render a service to each, giving the East a deeper comprehension of the Mind of God, as to be not alone understood, but also to be continually realized through effort and sacrifice; and helping the West to dwell more in the light of the Logos, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, pouring its benign radiance on each task and problem as they arise, and guiding us with ever growing brightness into the ways of the Everlasting. So does Theosophy supplement and complete, lending its inspiration to all.

But we have seen that the second Object of The Theosophical Society indicates that we must study not only religion, but philosophy and

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science also. And students of Theosophy, obeying the high device of The Theosophical Society: "There is no religion higher than Truth," do, in fact, ardently pursue the study of both philosophy and science; of science, not only for the truths which it directly gives, its many insights into the working methods of the creative Logos, but also because science profoundly colours philosophy, and plays a vital part in forming our conceptions of human life, and of all life.

We can see this at once in Darwinism. Primarily concerned with the problems of biology, with the life and growth of plants and animals, the Darwinian theory of evolution at the same time profoundly affected the philosophy of the time, strongly colouring the general conception of life. And it affected philosophy both in a favourable and in an unfavourable way. The unfavourable way was well characterized by John Burroughs, in one of his last writings, in which he undertook to show that the brutal and destructive mind of Germany was inspired and moulded by Darwin's doctrine of the struggle for life and the survival of those who succeeded in that struggle.

But the teaching of Evolution bore another and a better fruit. It directly affected religious thought. Darwin taught the age-long evolution of bodies. With and from this came the cognate thought,—the infinite development of the soul. In a sense, Darwin's thought liberated the soul from the bonds of a static salvation, bidding it go forward to a never ending, ever growing splendour of perfection.

If we take a wide view of the progress of scientific thought, covering a period of several centuries, we shall be inclined to call the nineteenth century the century of Darwin. And we shall find that, about the year 1900, another note began to dominate; no longer that of biology, but that of physics and chemistry blending into one; not concerned primarily with the problem of living organisms, but concerned rather with the ultimate constitution of matter, the final substance of the external world.

In the twenty years which have elapsed, marked and indeed marvellous results have been reached, which have a peculiar interest for students of Theosophy, since they closely approach the views that are characteristic of students of Theosophy.

Briefly, the result is, the dynamic conception of the universe. Matter is no longer thought of as solid and inert; the atom has lost its unity, and is seen as a highly complex body, comparable in its degree to a planetary or solar system, and made up of units of positive and negative electricity; minute but intensely potent particles of energy. A seeming solid substance is held to be a system of these electrically built atoms ceaselessly vibrating with inconceivable swiftness.

The whole universe, therefore, and every particle of matter in it, is formed of these intensely vibrating systems of energy. Matter, in the old sense, has simply ceased to exist.

Philosophically, this dynamic view of the universe has already found expression in the writings of Henri Bergson, beginning about the year

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1900, and especially in *Creative Evolution,* which is the goal and summary of all his books.

Bergson speaks of the "élan vital," the vital drive, to be recognized in all life about us, and to be identified in the creative will and consciousness within us. And he well describes this power as creating, both without and within us, something perpetually new; developing a series of forms, whether of art or nature, each of which might, in the retrospect, be seen to be the outcome of what went before, but no one of which could be foretold, by any mental process, before it has actually come into being; just as, from a contemplation of their supposed anthropoid forefather, no one could have prophesied Phidias and Plato.

Bergson sees this vital drive, both within and without us, as of the essence of Life, of creative consciousnes and will; and, while he himself has not pushed this splendid thought to its spiritual conclusions, as Darwin did not push the thought of evolution to its spiritual conclusions, it will well repay us to try to do this.

For we shall see, in this drive of creative will and consciousness within us, exactly the power and light of the Logos, which we found to be a fundamental thought of all religions. And we shall recognize in the perpetually renewed creation of the vital drive within our consciousness and will, that ceaseless spiritual renewal, through effort and sacrifice, the very treading of the path toward the Logos, the immemorial way of the Eternal.

Here, once more, we can make directly practical application. We shall understand life, the life of each of us, to have its very essence in this ceaseless spiritual creation, through effort and sacrifice, the sacrifice of the worse to the better, the sacrifice of the lower to the higher; the effort, at each moment, to catch the light of the Logos, and, in each element of our task, to carry out the plan and will of the Logos. Our life, like the universe, will be throughout dynamic.

And we shall at once perceive a conclusion that flows from this, a conclusion of most practical force. We shall understand the falsity, the illusion, of looking for rest, in the sense of something stationary and stagnant, as the end and the reward of our work. There is no place for the rest of stagnation in a dynamic universe; even a stone is, as to its atoms, in intense, ceaseless vibration. Much more, there is no place for the rest of stagnation in spiritual life, life in a spiritually dynamic universe.

We may as well face this at the outset, and make it the set attitude of our minds and hearts. Our destiny is, ceaseless creative effort and sacrifice, which will be steadily intensified as we draw nearer to the Logos, on our ancient, predestined way.

Rest will come, it is true; but it will come, not through a stationary condition of stagnation. Rest will come through the perfecting of our creative effort and sacrifice, through the complete harmonizing of our wills and of our hearts with the creative will and heart of the Logos,

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which the Popol Vuh so well calls the Formative Power, the Engenderer. That will be the rest of perfect activity; the peace of intensely active creative motion; the unconsciousness, if you will, of a consciousness absolutely at one with the Divine Consciousness.

To reach this view and ideal of life, to begin to put it into effect, we shall need something like a reversal of polarity. We shall have to turn our eyes resolutely from what has been accomplished, from anything like the idea of harvested rewards; we shall have to fix our vision and our will on what lies before us to be done, pressing toward that mark by an intense effort; with complete sacrifice leaving that which is behind; looking to the light, following the gleam.

We have an illustration ready to hand, in THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, which gathers up one part of the work of students of Theosophy. The April number has recently been distributed. But we are no longer concerned with the April number; we are busily engaged upon the July number. As soon as that is printed, we shall begin upon the October number, each representing new creative effort; an embodiment, so far as we are able, of new light and power.

THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY does not live, and could not live, in its back numbers, in what has already been done. Nor can any periodical. A magazine that attempted to live on its back numbers would not live at all. It would be already dead.

So we may apply our simple parable. We too must courageously put behind us the desire to live in our back numbers, in what we have already accomplished, the heaped up results of our preceding work. We may be buried in these things; we cannot live in them.

Therefore let us valiantly grasp the principle that our effort and our sacrifice are to be endless, everlasting as the creative will of the Eternal. Let us fix our eyes, not on a haven of rest and cessation, but on the full flood tide of creative will, which shall find its one and only rest in more perfect effort and sacrifice; in effort and sacrifice completely one with the divine effort, the ever renewed sacrifice of the Logos, the ceaselessly creative Mind of God.

Philosophers of old sought curiously for perpetual motion. We have come to see that all motion is perpetual; that the true wonder would be, to find, anywhere in the wide universe, motion that is not perpetual. It is time to recognize the same truth within us; to make up our minds to the perpetual motion of spiritual life. This resolute looking forward and striving forward, this reversal of polarity, is one way of understanding repentance, conversion, the Greek "metanoia," the transformation of the heart and will into likeness with the will and heart of the Logos.

So we come to sum up our conclusions: The Theosophical Society, with its three Objects; the first, finding in the Oversoul, the Logos, the binding force of human life and the nucleus of divine humanity, seeing the Light of the Logos in human consciousness, which steadily tends to become spiritual consciousness; the second Object, to seek for that Light

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in all religions and philosophies, seeing in them the recorded experience, as a check on our own, of those who have sought and obeyed the Light; recognizing, too, that all true science comes by inspiration, revealing the working methods of the Logos; the third Object, with its promise of the spiritual unfolding that comes by following the Light.

So in Theosophy, Divine Wisdom penetrating the soul, and applied to the conduct of life, we see an inspiration for every one, the best ally and friend of religion and of all religions, the completing element of every science, the power destined to still all social turmoil, driving out envy through aspiration and love.

Finally, the practical bearing on the life of each one of us: illumined by that benignant Light, our life becomes the Great Adventure. The Great Adventure—and something more. For all the delight of the finest artistic creation, the best embodiment of beauty; the high ecstasy of the scientific search for truth; best of all, the passionate love and adoration of the Highest, which has enkindled all human love; these shall be our heritage as we rise toward the Living Divinity.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave, God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou with courtesy receive him.—ENGLISH MESSENGER.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.—HENRY DRUMMOND.

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FORCE AND CAUSE

PHYSICS, the science of materialized phenomena, has become the least materialistic of our sciences. The atom, once so hard and compact, is now an unstable aggregate of "electrons". And the electrons are mere waves, "strains", "swirls" of Ether. Ether—be it understood—is not matter, not physical matter, at least, but the zone where the attractions and repulsions of *forces* set the electrons in motion. It is the medium in which force can act.

So far have the physicists come. They have risen from the many to the one, from the phenomenal to the noumenal, from the gross to the subtle. But they have hesitated, as if in fear of the consequences of their thought. They were forced to leave behind them a solid-seeming substance, but this new substance of their discovery, the Ether, is so rarified, so undefinable, so full of unknown potencies. It contains matter within Itself, but It is not matter. What is It?

There is a suggestive statement in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 493): "The Occultist sees in the manifestation of every force in Nature, the action of the quality or the special characteristic of its noumenon, which noumenon is a distinct and intelligent Individuality on the other side of the manifested universe."

If the Physicist turned his contemplation inward, he would find the key to what he seeks. For, in his consciousness, he would find the microcosmic correspondence of the Cosmic Ether, whose outer robe he has barely touched.

It is significant that the first signs of this inward research in the laboratory comes from France. M. Frédéric Houssay, Dean of the Faculty of Sciences of Paris, has published a little book, *Force et Cause*,[1] which must chill the marrow of old-fashioned agnostics, if there be any left.

M. Houssay's theorem is that the concept of force is more intelligible than that of matter, as the active cause of phenomena. It is more intelligible, because it is more akin to the domain of consciousness, which we know by immediate experience. He proceeds to correlate force and consciousness. He concludes that a Cosmic Consciousness produces and directs all the forces, which mould the worlds.

M. Houssay is an excellent metaphysician, but the peculiar value of his work consists in its *rapprochement* between intuition and the laboratory. M. Bergson has accustomed us to the constant testing of metaphysical intuition by physical experiment. He is a philosopher seeking

[1] *Force et Cause*, by Frédéric Houssay, Bibliothèque de Philosophie scientifique; Ernest Flammarion, Editor, Paris, 1920.

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support from science. M. Houssay belongs to the rarer species of the scientist seeking support from philosophy.

As the basis of his inquiry he asks how we can represent to ourselves a Cosmic Consciousness, which generates Force.

"If we may succeed in conceiving, if not yet in proving precisely, the creation of matter and the appearance of life by the single action of a directed force, we shall still be faced by these two terms, directed force and mind (*pensée*). Or are they reducible to a single term?

"In an irreversible fashion, yes; that is to say, in one sense and not in the other. One can easily conceive mind as capable of directing a force and even of producing it. The inverse is not conceivable at all.

"For us, however, who do not make an interior examination but who look about us, mind manifests itself in phenomena only at the end of terrestrial history. It is an end. It is very evident in man, rudimentary in certain animals, mammals, birds, a few insects.

"It is certainly not this recent (manifestation of) consciousness, which is justly called epiphenomenal, that has been able to direct and produce the force, which caused all the phenomena anterior to the manifestation. It is necessary . . . to admit a primordial mind, which is above space and time, which is the only cause of force and of all things, and of which the last work is a *return to itself*, a return whose stages we mark in the rudimentary animal mind, and finally in the higher and larger human mind, weak, indeed, in creative power, but capable of discovering the creative process. . . . If we return to the rigorous determinism of phenomena, which has banished chance and inconsequence, this Mind appears to us as Intellect and Will" (pp. 141-142).

M. Houssay insists upon the need of regarding the Cosmic Mind as impersonal. We may deify It, if we will, but we must not endow It lightly with our desires and prejudices. Because a certain end seems desirable or useful to the human mind at present, it does not thereby represent the real purpose of the Divine Mind. In order to learn that purpose, we must study and reflect upon experience carefully and slowly, having faith in the "rigorous determinism" underlying all that happens to us, for what is the external order of events, if not the projection of the Universal Will? Above all, we must not generalize prematurely, we must not assume that we know even a little more than we do. The old Judäized theology was one such premature generalization, and Darwinism is another, with its loose talk of chance variations and selection—mere words, *nomina non res*, which represent a modern form of a very old illusion, that a word can signify the infinite.

Therefore, M. Houssay draws no conclusions as to what must be the exact nature of Cosmic Thought, nor does he ask why it operates according to Its chosen way, and not otherwise. He accepts Its reality, because Its reality makes the world more intelligible and explains certain fundamental facts, and he considers, in the light of this attitude, a series of factors, ranging from physics to sociology.

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First, he examines the "ultimate particle" of physics, the atom, that thing which is half-phenomenon and half-hypothesis. The atom has become exceedingly diaphanous, but it has been hard to give up all idea of its materiality.

"In order not to discard altogether the old notion of matter *solid by essence* and not by existence or by result, physicists admit still in the midst of zones of force or of spheres of protection, a point infinitely small, on which is fixed all the mass of the atom. This point, the veritable centre of the figure, this geometrical entity appears to me altogether superfluous. . . . But although I have no difficulty, I ask myself whether it will be easy for everyone to imagine pure force and movement without a thing which moves. It is, however, a simple result of abstraction operating upon an image accessible to all, by removing progressively all that is variable, the medium which is unimportant, the particular thing which is moving, which is no more important; and by conserving that which is constant in the vortex: a *force* . . . and a *form*, we must add that" (pp. 101-102).

The atom is to be regarded as a swirl, an elementary whirling motion (*tourbillon*).[2] But it has a form, because its force decreases as it spirals away from the centre, so that the mind draws an arbitrary barrier across its lines of force, and designates as the atom only that force which is contained within the barrier. None the less, though this representation of the atom as a hardened and separate entity is an illusion admitted even by physicists, yet it is in a measure justified, since the One Motion appears when manifested *as if* broken up into an infinite number of force-centres. Therefore, every atom is to be regarded as an aspect of Universal Nature, as a *basis of individuality*. M. Houssay says profoundly that "if phenomena *are given* as discontinuous, that is to say, as numerical, it is the most profound, the most penetrating, the most decisive legitimization of the scientific method, an Ultra-Pythagorean justification of the value of Number" (p. 102).

The material world is, thus, the result of a struggle for individuality. The atoms war upon one another, capture one another, are held in systems, which in turn war upon other systems. The force contained in these systems is recognized by us as mass, hardness, cohesion, weight, inertia, all the phenomenal complex which is included in our concept of matter.

But matter is constructed at a frightful cost. The force which is *free* in the primordial atom is *chained*, when that atom becomes involved with another. And the force becomes the feebler, the more complex the system of which it forms a part. The force, indeed, must remain constant at the centre of the atom, must be ever renewed there. But it loses its freedom of action, when it is in contact with other force-centres,

[2] According to one modern theory, an atom is to be compared to a tiny solar system, with a *positive* electron in the centre and one or more *negative* electrons revolving around this centre.

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because it must expend so much "work" in the struggle to capture the others or to escape from them.

Physicists, glimpsing this cosmic shambles of forces, have ventured to describe it as the expression of a universal law of the degradation of all energies. This law states that all the differing motions of the universe tend to resolve themselves into one type of motion, that the universe is "running down" and will some day be all reduced to the state of molecular heat, all the infinite hosts of atoms being brought into absolute bondage to one another. This *imago mundi* would have a certain sombre poetry, if it did not suggest too closely certain modern ideals of democracy! Something tells us that the Universe is not made like that.

M. Houssay accepts the evidence for the degradation of energy, but he asks whether there is any evidence for the reverse process of a rehabilitation of energy. "The order of the various aspects under which physical energy manifests itself is not arbitrary, but proceeds from superior to inferior forms. . . . A superior energy, mechanical energy, for example, can be integrally transformed into another, the energy of heat. The inverse transformation, that of heat into mechanical work, is difficult and incomplete. It is difficult, because it involves a fall of temperature from a warm body to a cold body, from the boiler to the condenser; without this rigorous condition there can be no steam engine. It is incomplete because in practice 10 per cent or 15 per cent only of caloric energy is transformed into mechanical work, the remainder being lost in reheating the condenser. . . . There is not complete reversibility; there are superior and degraded forms of energy. These latter, returning to the former, effect a rehabilitation of energy "and, in the physical world, this rehabilitation is hard and always accompanied by a larger loss of dissipated energy" (p. 147).

But "in this prodigious destruction, in this terrible return to nothingness, *life seems to me an arrest,* partial, indeed, for it includes manifest degradations", but an arrest just the same and more than that, "for it is a rehabilitation of energy, transforming chemical into mechanical energy, without an *interposed fall of temperature,* permitting even the appearance of new energies, which the inanimate world ignores and which are manifestly superior forms, I mean, the psychic energies" (p. 148).

The individual creature may exhibit in its death all the signs of dissipating energy, but in the resurgent life of its offspring, above all in the immortality and growth of the species, we are face to face with a process only faintly suggested in the inorganic world,—the process whereby the world stops "running down" and starts "winding up". One recalls certain occult references to the great *turning point* of evolution in the mineral kingdom. M. Houssay is, I think, the first scientist to develop those occult suggestions into an experimental theory. If he

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found the suggestions by intuition rather than by reading, all the more is his work a sign of the times.

He would have us think of the forms and structures of living things as consequences and not as causes of Life. In other words, Life, Consciousness, Mind—call It what we will—uses form, structure, body, in order to draw back into Itself the force which It emanated from Its own Nature in the beginning. Perhaps, one should apologize to M. Houssay for using a Neoplatonic idiom to paraphrase his thought, for he claims a hearing as physicist, not as mystic. But he is partly to be blamed for our boldness, since he uses almost the same idiom himself.

But,—to return to the laboratory—M. Houssay asks what is it that separates organic behaviour from inorganic, what is it that makes us distinguish between an Amoeba and an atom of nitrogen. There is no question yet of consciousness. Doubtless, the Amoeba is more sentient than the nitrogen, but both of them are so remote from us that the term, consciousness, applied to either, is equally unintelligible. It is a question of objective modes of behaviour, to be registered and compared by laboratory methods.

"Since the superior form of energy, in the scientific domain, is mechanical energy, the most beautiful example of the rehabilitation of energy by Life would certainly be that which would show how living beings have become more and more capable of producing that form of energy, in appearance, spontaneously, but in reality because they have become veritable accumulators of it" (p. 160).

The lowliest organism is distinguished from its *mineral* environment by the steady conversion of chemical into mechanical energy, so that it transforms more energy than can immediately be used, and stores it up for future use. Perhaps, here is one clue to one of the mysteries of *form*. The form of the organism, which appears to us as stuff or matter, is in reality a *representation of potential mechanical energy* or—as M. Houssay expresses it—"an incarnation of mechanical energy."

"All the forms, whose successive progression we can follow, all these structures are the result of successive modellings undergone through the ages under the influence of all the activities of the world, so that the forces which appear to emanate from the living creature are only the exodus of forces formerly introduced, accumulated and reserved" (p. 175).

"Chemical energy, actually elaborated by the creature from food, is transformed into mechanical energy in the muscular fibre itself by reason of the fibre's structure. . . . This last structure is the result of accumulated mechanical energy, reserved under the form of elastic energy" (p. 169). Herein is expressed the mystery of the adaptation of the living structure to its environment. A creature has evolved a particular structure, because that structure is an accumulation of mechanical energy, which is changed from potential to kinetic in a way best

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calculated to meet the *resistance* of a particular environment. The body of a fish is adapted to water, as the body of a bird is adapted to air.

The organism as individual must spend more than it can collect, must lose the property of motion and die. But the essence of organic life is transmitted to the offspring,—that essence which is the increasing power of accumulating energy. Thus each succeeding generation may start with a greater power than its predecessor. There are failures, of course—both for individuals and species, for power increases by use; if it be not used, there will be degeneration. Life must lift force from a state of inertia, and in so doing must Itself assume a physical nature. The physical nature tends to draw force down, even while Life tends to pull it up.[8] This physical tendency seems to have objective expression in the hardening and separating of the tissues. M. Houssay calls bone an internal excretion, a sediment of inertia which the organism cannot throw off. The process of hardening or ankylosis terminates in physical death. Perhaps, we have here one explanation of the necessity of cycles. In order to conquer brute matter, Life must "fall into generation,"—that is, must cast aside old forms and ever make for Itself new. It must use a succession of vehicles.

In the plant, the major effort of Life seems to be directed towards the accumulation of higher forms of chemical energy. The animal, assimilating the energy stored in the plant, converts it into mechanical energy, to be released at once or stored in elastic muscles, ready to act when an outer stimulus is conveyed to them through the nerves.

But in the higher animals the nerves also convey an inner stimulus. The inner stimulus is not a physico-chemical nexus; it is something which is known directly as consciousness. It controls and dominates ever more effectively the automatic responses of the animal to external physico-chemical attractions and repulsions. In man the seat of consciousness becomes the centre of all his forces, the part of his nature to which all else tends to be subordinated. It is manifested as intelligence, imagination, desire, emotion, will, the faculty of choice. Man has ceased to be merely an accumulator of physical energies. He is—even in his lowest types—a *psyche,* a living soul.

Whence comes psychic energy? How does the inner stimulus awaken?

By the power of Life, it is said; by a continuation of the process of rehabilitating energy, which had already been effective in transmuting food into movement. At this point, appears another of M. Houssay's penetrating intuitions. He thinks of the lower physical energies as being somehow derived from a prior psychic energy. Our individual selves illustrate this principle. We imagine and will an action, and the action follows; imagination and will have generated mechanical energy.

[8] This struggle of life with matter, in its physical aspects, seems to be expressed by the Sanskrit term, Nitya Pralaya, defined in the *Theosophical Glossary* as "a stage of chronic change and dissolution, the stages of growth and decay."

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So, the *Anima Mundi*, the World-Soul, creates the visible universe, by the power of Its Imagination and Will. Psychic energy, existing prior to other energies, is, indeed, unknown to modern science, but the alchemists have used its potencies.

M. Houssay has perhaps surmised the existence of the skandhas, of the "elementals" which make manifestation necessary. "*Mens agitat molem*, said the ancient dualism, and we say today that matter is energy; it is energy alone which, in its mutations, transforms that which our senses term matter. . . . The psychic energy, from which all could descend . . . would be thus nearer to the origin than other types of energy physically known. It would be also nearer to the end, since upon the earth at least, it is the last to manifest itself phenomenally" (p. 186).

As the lower animals restore and accumulate mechanical energy, the higher restore and accumulate psychic energy. The process of rehabilitation is carried a step further.

But rehabilitation is not thereby completed. Human consciousness is a phenomenon of marvellous spontaneity and power, but still it is only phenomenon, an appearance, a reflection of Real Consciousness. It is the Real, not its reflection, that all creation seeks as the Supreme Good.

"The study of things shows goodness (*bonté*) emerging from the confusion of struggles and immolations, as clearly as it shows intelligence flashing and leaping from automatic matter" (p. 225). But what is goodness? It is easy to say that it is the sign of a union of noumenon and phenomenon, that it is the Real Itself incarnating in a form and not merely Its reflection. But what must be some qualities of the Real, when thus incarnated?

"The man the most social, the most representative of the new estate, the ideal—if one will—is he who thinks the most of others and the least of himself" (p. 223). The appearance of separateness or individuality, impressed upon evolving things from the elemental force-centres to man, passes away, and, in its stead, arises the realization that "The All is One," that the highest principle of all creatures is one and the same. The Good reveals itself in man as the breaking down of egoism. Wherever is self-giving, the sacrifice of personal desire,—there is the Good. When self-giving has become absolute, inevitable, then, truly, "a pilgrim hath returned back from the other shore."

Thus M. Houssay concludes his argument: "The arrival of life in the Good and in Intelligence can be conceived truly only as a return, a rehabilitation of energy, a last reflection of the First Cause, which has emerged from continuous degradation. It is less a progress than a salvation (*sauvetage*), if these words so brutal and precise can be thus employed." *Before Abraham was, I am.*

STANLEY V. LADOW.

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TAO-TEH-KING

An Interpretation of Lao Tse's Book of the Way and of Righteousness

II

11. *Thirty spokes unite in the nave. The use of the car depends on the empty space for the axle.*

Clay is fashioned into vessels. The use of the vessels depends on the empty space within.

Doors and windows are framed in making a house. The use of the house depends on their empty spaces.

Therefore utility depends on what is manifest, but the use of a thing depends on what is unmanifest.

THE point which Lao Tse wishes to make appears to be that, while the material universe presents itself to our senses as stable and solid, its whole life depends upon immanent Spirit, the Logos, the vital stream which he calls the Way, and which in itself is not manifest to the senses.

The same general thought is expressed by Paul, following Philo and Plato: "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

To put the same thought in a more modern way: Matter is useful because of the force which is manifested through it, and force is useful because of the yet more unmanifest Spirit which inwardly guides it.

But Lao Tse has in mind also a direct application to conduct: The heart must be made empty of desires, in order that the Spirit of the Way may enter and possess it. Then only the life comes to its true use.

12. *The five colours blind the eyes of men.*

The five tones deafen the ears of men.

The five tastes deceive the mouths of men.

Impetuous motion, the passion of pursuit, madden the hearts of men.

The desire of possessions goads men to injurious acts.

Therefore the holy man is concerned with what is within, and not with the desire of the eyes.

Therefore he renounces what is without and cleaves to what is within.

The five colours, as enumerated by the Chinese commentator, are: red, blue, yellow, white and black. To the five notes of the scale, Chinese names are given. The five tastes are: sweet, sharp, acid, salt and bitter.

Lao Tse is preaching a little sermon, not so much on the illusions of the five senses, as on fascination through the five senses. Perhaps

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the quaintest of all the sermons on this theme is found in one of the tracts attributed to Shankaracharya: "Beguiled by the five senses, five creatures meet with death, the deer, elephant, moth, fish and bee." The deer is lured by music; the elephant is killed while ecstatically rubbing his head against a tree; the moth drawn to the flame is a universal simile; the fish is lured by the bait; the bee, attracted by the scent of the flower, is eaten by birds. The Sanskrit text draws the moral: "What, then, of man, allured by all the senses at once?"

The truth, in the larger philosophical sense, would seem to be that the outward-looking senses had their part in guiding us into manifested life. But the tide has turned; we should be on our homeward way. Therefore we must turn back, and look within. There we shall find the Way, leading us homeward.

13. *The wise man shuns fame equally with infamy. His body weighs him down like a great misfortune.*

What mean the words: He shuns fame equally with infamy?

There is something base in fame. To have it, is to be full of apprehension; to lose it, is to be full of apprehension.

Therefore it is said: He shuns fame equally with infamy.

What mean the words: His body weighs him down like a great misfortune?

If we suffer great misfortunes, it is because we have bodies.

When we no longer have bodies, what misfortunes can we suffer?

Therefore, when a man shrinks from governing the kingdom, he may be trusted to govern the kingdom; when he is unwilling to govern the kingdom, he is fit to govern the kingdom.

Here again, the lesson is detachment. Attachment to the body, a perpetual gratification of the appetites of the body, causes most of the maladies of the body. But the body used as the soul's instrument, not pampered and indulged, is full of vigour.

So the vanity which seeks fame and popular renown renders a man vulnerable to every breath of popular displeasure, so that there are no such cowards as politicians. He who is quite indifferent to fame will dare all things.

The kingdom, as before, means both the earthly and the mystical kingdom. The safe ruler is he who has freed himself from the slavery of ambitious vanity. He who has trampled self under foot, is ready to be entrusted with the task of governing himself.

The same truth is taught in *Light on the Path:* That power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.

14. *You seek the Way, but see it not: it is called colourless.*

You listen, but hear it not: it is called soundless.

You would grasp it, but cannot touch it: it is called bodiless.

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These three qualities cannot be expressed in words. Therefore they are taken together, and it is called the One.

Its higher part is not manifest; its lower part is not hidden.

It is eternal and cannot be named.

It returns to the unmanifested.

It is called the formless form, the imageless image.

It is called the undefined, the undetermined.

Who meets it, sees not its face; who follows it, sees not its back.

By discerning the immemorial Way, the things of to-day may be governed.

He who understands what was in the beginning, is said to hold the clue of the Way.

Light on the Path again furnishes the best comment: Seek out the way. . . . Hold fast to that which has neither substance nor existence. Listen only to the voice which is soundless. Look only on that which is invisible alike to the inner and the outer sense.

The higher part of the Way is not yet manifest to us. The small, old path which the seers tread, stretches far away. But its lower part is not hidden. Each one of us, every human being without exception, is even now standing on the road; is at a point from which, if he gives his heart to it, he can go forward on the path of the seers. The duty nearest to hand is the golden opportunity; if rightly done, for the sake of the Way, he has already begun to go forward on the Way. Therefore its lower part is not hidden. Following that Way, the soul returns to the home from which it set out so long ago. What was in the beginning, is the soul. He who begins to obey the soul, holds the clue that will guide him on the Way.

The formless form, the imageless image, indicate the Way, the Logos, as the Creative Power; storehouse of the prototypes, the ideas, in Plato's sense, of all forms and images to be created. We may get an apt illustration in the germ plasm before embryonic development begins: no form is visible, yet the form is there; no image can be perceived, yet the image will in due time completely manifest itself. Paul's sentence, already quoted, expresses exactly the same truth.

15. *Those of old, the Masters of the Way, were detached and subtle.*

So deep were they, that men knew them not.

Since they could not be observed, I shall endeavour to indicate what they were.

They were circumspect as he who crosses a torrent in winter

They were alert as he who fears those about him.

They were reserved as a guest.

They were self-effacing as melting ice.

They were natural as uncarved wood.

They were lowly as a valley.

They were impenetrable as troubled water.

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Who can make the troubled clear? By stillness it will become clear.
Who can bring life to birth? In quietude it will come to birth.
Who follows the Way seeks not to be overfilled.
Since he is not full of self, he recognizes his faults and seeks not to be judged perfect.

Perhaps the quaintest expression of the seclusion of the Masters of wisdom is that in the Bhagavad Gita (7, 19): "At the end of many births, the possessor of wisdom comes to Me, perceiving that the Logos is the All; such a one of mighty soul (Mahatma) is very hard to find."

The same truth is set forth, with the reason for it, in *Light on the Path:* "There are certain spots on the earth where the advance of 'civilization' is unfelt, and the nineteenth century fever is kept at bay. In these favored places there is always time, always opportunity, for the realities of life; they are not crowded out by the doings of an inchoate, money-loving, pleasure-seeking society. While there are adepts upon the earth, the earth must preserve to them places of seclusion. This is a fact in nature which is only an expression of a profound fact in super-nature. . . . The same state exists in the super-astral life; and the adept has an even deeper and more profound seclusion there in which to dwell. . . . He is, in his own person, a treasure of the universal nature, which is guarded and made safe in order that the fruition shall be perfected."

Therefore the Masters of the Way are so deep that men know them not. They are lowly as the valley. Therefore one of them has said: "I am the Way. . . . I am meek and lowly in heart."

But, though hidden, the Masters of the Way may be found; once more to quote the Bhagavad Gita: "Sounding the syllable Om, for the Eternal, with heart set upon Me, who goes forth thus, putting off the body, he enters on the highest Way. He who ever rests his heart on Me, with no other thought, for him I am easy to find" (8, 14.).

And once again, *Light on the Path:* "For those who are strong enough to conquer the vices of the personal human nature, the adept is consciously at hand, easily recognized, ready to answer."

So Lao Tse says that the Masters of the Way are impenetrable as troubled water. Who can make the troubled clear? By stillness it will become clear. Who can bring life to birth? In quietude it will come to birth. This again is exactly the thought of the Bhagavad Gita: "Where thought enters the silence, stilled by the practice of union, there, verily, through the soul beholding the Soul, he finds joy in the Soul" (6, 20.). Lao Tse continues to develop the same thought.

16. *Seek emptiness of self. Seek stillness.*
All things manifest themselves and then return.
When the plant has blossomed, it returns to the root.
The return to the root is called stillness.
That stillness may be called a reporting that it has fulfilled its task.

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This reporting of fulfilment is the immemorial rule. To know the immemorial rule, is to be wise.
To ignore it, leads to impetuous and evil motions.
To know the immemorial rule, brings power and forbearance.
Power and forbearance bring compassion.
Compassion brings a kingly heart.
He who is kinglike, grows heavenlike.
Through likeness to Heaven, he possesses the Way.
Possessing the Way, he is eternal; his powers will never fail.

In the autumn, the rose loses blossoms and leaves. The life-power withdraws to the root, and the plant becomes dormant, as it was in the early spring. But the summer's growth has added to the rose, a new store is gathered in.

So is it with the soul. Coming forth from the Eternal, it turns again and takes the Way homeward to the Eternal, enriched by the harvest of life; thereby enriching the Eternal.

Katha Upanishad puts this well: "The Self-Being pierced the openings outward; hence one looks outward, not within himself. A wise man looked toward the Self with reverted sight, seeking immortality."

But it is possible to turn towards the Self, only by turning away from self. This renunciation and denial of all the wills of self brings sovereign virtues: power, forbearance, compassion, the kingly heart, likeness to the Way, the Logos.

Of the kingly heart, a Chinese commentator says: He who empties his heart of self, can contain and embrace therein all beings. He who can contain and suffer all beings, has immeasurable equity and justice; he is free from partiality. To be just, equitable and impartial is the kingly Way. As the Way of Heaven is perfectly righteous, the Way of the king, being perfectly righteous, is the Way of Heaven. The Way nourishes all beings; the king imitates this Way. He who possesses the Way, extends his benefit over all beings, over all creatures.

The king, as before, is both the Master, ruler of "the kingdom of heaven", and the earthly king, for whom the heavenly king is the model and ideal.

C. J.

(To be continued)

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

TRUTH and goodness and beauty are three aspects of the divine world, the world of reality. They are three ways in which the facts of that world can be perceived by men. Yet they are not three ways. They are one way. For any one of them, taken alone, can lead to hell as easily as to heaven. The desire for knowledge, unless combined with love of goodness and of beauty, can turn a man into a cold-blooded fiend. The desire for beauty, unless combined with love of truth and of goodness, can turn him into an unscrupulous sensualist; the love of goodness, all by itself, can turn him into a Pilgrim Father,—well meaning, perhaps, but a blight.

This is why every expression of art, or of supposed art, concerns us vitally. We desire progress for ourselves and others; real progress. Art can hinder, and often does, when it ought to help. Art should make men noble. Too often, it debases. In that case, of course, it is not true art. Yet it masquerades under that name, and needs to be exposed for the fraud that it is.

At a recent gathering, the Recorder broached the subject deliberately. He had come to the conclusion that much of modern art is revolting, sometimes because it is ugly, sometimes because it is immoral, sometimes because it is untrue. And the Recorder wanted to know what his friends thought about it.

The Historian spoke first. "Revolting!" he said; "much of it is nauseating. Not long ago I read some reviews of a book entitled *Bliss*, by a certain Miss Katherine Mansfield. It was praised for its psychological insight; for its remarkable understanding of human nature. The London *Times Literary Supplement* spoke of the author as 'an artist in fiction'. The *Cambridge Review* said: 'This book places Miss Mansfield as the best of our contemporary writers of fiction'. All the reviewers were enthusiastic. And their enthusiasm is the point. I bought the book and read it. Plenty of unpleasant books must be written, I suppose; but when practically all reviewers praise such books and evidently enjoy reading them, the situation has become serious.

"The book consists of a dozen or more short stories. Almost without exception, the incidents which the author describes are unpleasant, her characters are unpleasant, her treatment of them is unpleasant. It is as if she had asked you to dinner, and then, instead of entertaining you with good food at a prettily decorated table, had taken you down to her cellar, had opened a large sewer or cess-pool, and had invited you to go in wading with her. It is almost incredible that the book was written by a woman. And the worst of it is, she has talent,—talent which is absolutely soulless and which is exercised for the entertainment

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of those who seem to have lost their power to relish anything unless it has a rotten taste and an evil odour.

"She not only takes human nature on its lowest level, and treats that as its normal level; she takes nature and art and everything in life, and bedecks them with slime.

"The book itself is nothing. But the reviewers make it a sign of the times."

"There is another and less extreme phase of the same tendency," the Philosopher commented, "which seems to me to be even more unfortunate, because less easily recognized. That is the tendency among modern poets to strain for effect; to sacrifice beauty and all else on the altar of 'originality'. Anything to be unusual,—the unusual form, the unusual word, the unusual subject. The result is artificiality; not art. True poetry, as I see it, is a song, an outpouring of melody. Each word should seem inevitable,—as if that were the one word to fit the heart-beat of the poet, whose gift it is to make you sing his song with him.

"Could you sing this if you tried?—yet this is said to be the best of the poems of Wilfred Owen, who, according to *The New York Times Book Review,* 'has achieved immortality for all time' because of it and because of others like it. The poet meets a soldier killed in the war:

"Here is no cause to mourn," cries the poet.
"None," said the other, "save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something has been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.

Courage was mine, and I had mystery;
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot wheels,
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint,
I would have poured my spirit without stint,
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed,

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I parried, but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now . . ."

"What does it mean? What does it say? What does it sing?

"Or take this from the same review,—a poem by John Freeman, said to be 'one of the finest of the young English poets, a man who must be placed among the first half dozen singers of Great Britain':

I am a river flowing round your hill,
Holding your image in my lingering water
With imaged white clouds rising around your head;
And I am happy to bear your image still.
Though a loud ruffling wind may break and scatter
That happiness, I know it is not fled.

But when the wind is gone or gentled so
That only the least quivering quivers on,
Your image recomposes in my breast
With those high clouds, quiet and white as snow—
Spiritual company; and when day's gone
And those white clouds have stepped into the west;

And the dark blue filling the heavens deep
Is bright with stars that sing above your head,
Their light lies in the deep of my dark eyes
With your dark shape, a shadow of your sleep. . . .
I am happy still, watching the bright stars tread
Around your shadow that in my bosom lies.

"The reviewer calls it 'mystical'. It is not mystical. It is a frantic effort to be mystical. Poets do not make frantic efforts to be anything. These men fail even to convey a suggestion of spontaneity. Yet, as the Historian said, it is not so much the authors as the reviewers of their work, which are noteworthy."

"Can it be," asked the Student, "that the war, with its tremendous and constant shocks, has left most people unable to respond to any stimuli which are not violent and unfamiliar? If so, there is no need to worry about present tendencies, because it should not take long for the world to react toward more wholesome standards, and particularly toward a love of normal and genuine beauty."

"I am not so sure," said the Scientist. "If a man is obliged to live on raw meat and Bombay Duck and pickles, for several years, he is not likely to return to a diet of bread and butter and their concomitants, until painful illness compels it."

"Even so," the Student retorted, "may it not be that we have already passed the climax of your 'painful illness', and that such a book as the Historian described to us, represents a temperature of 106° F, with the probability of sub-normal symptoms in the morning?"

"Have any of you read something that you really enjoyed?" the Recorder interjected.

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"Lots of things", was the reply.

"That is more than I need! What particularly struck you?"—and the Recorder turned to the Historian, who had been ill, and who therefore had had more time for reading than most of us.

"I was deeply impressed by the last letter of Aubrey Beardsley", the Historian answered. "To my mind it contained the very essence of tragedy. He was in the South of France, dying of consumption. For months his letters had told of hemorrhages, and of dire poverty: 'I am living with the pangs of constant fever, unceasingly tortured by the fear of a beggar's misery, a beggar's death'. 'In the name of Satan, send me *de quoi vivre*. I am begging this as a charity, not as my right'. He had lived himself to death,—not well or wisely. And he had used his talents as talents should not be used. The tragedy was that only at the very last moment did the real horror of it come over him. Then, on March 7th, 1898, he wrote: 'Jesus is our Lord and Master. On my bed of agony—. Dear friend, I implore you, destroy all copies of *Lysistrata* and all obscene drawings. Show this to Pollitt and implore him to do the same. By all that is holy, all obscene drawings. A. B.'

"Instead of destroying them, the man who received that letter sold those drawings to a Viennese collector. But that Beardsley, gifted as he was, should have waited until death 'had him by the hair': that is appalling,—the more so, because his vision at the end, proves how much good there was in him".

"Yes, that is dreadful", the Engineer commented; "but thank heaven he saw what he saw, even at the last minute of his last hour. . . . Strange that most of us learn nothing until we die".

"Why is it?" the Visitor inquired.

"Perhaps because, to learn anything, in the real sense, requires a tremendous effort of will. The lower nature does not desire to learn. Take sensuality: most men treat their sensuality as they might treat a pet animal; for even if they keep it chained up, they feed it with scraps, almost every time it opens its mouth at them. Literally, they do not want to kill it out. They can taste it while resisting it. They enjoy being tempted".

"Personally", commented the Sage, "I doubt if sensuality can be killed out. I think the force in it—the force of which it is a perversion—must be withdrawn from that pole, by means of intense activity at the opposite pole. Love of divine things, love of real beauty, must either well up spontaneously (which does happen), or must be cultivated with such energy and perseverance, that all the force of the nature is brought to flow in that direction, instead of into lower psychic moulds. Heaven knows I do not mean that temptation should not be resisted. It must be resisted. More than that, it must be avoided, as poison is avoided, or as a man instinctively avoids a snake. But that is, in part, a negative process, and I agree with the Engineer that few men avoid temptation in that spirit, until they have worked positively and constructively at the

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other pole: until, in brief, they have established a good habit in place of a bad habit. Love of what is pure makes love of what is impure, impossible. But there must be no divided allegiance. There is profound truth in the saying that God is a jealous God".

"There is another aspect of the same subject which should not, I think, be over-looked", the Disciple suggested. "There are certain kinds of temptation which ought to be avoided at almost any cost. There is only one thing to do: to run from them before they appear, or to spring back and to run from them the very moment they do appear, in the event that we have not been able to foresee their appearance. This is particularly true of all temptations which come under the head of 'sensuality'. But take gluttony, which may also be classed as a 'sensual' sin, and which is perhaps less dangerous than others: suppose the performance of duty requires a man to face that temptation, my belief is that he ought to rejoice rather than lament. And he ought to rejoice because it means that he has been given an opportunity really to serve,—really to mortify self, really to deny self, and therefore really to make a gift to the spiritual powers (his own Master, or the Lodge, or God, as he may personally prefer to express it) which alone can put force into his prayer.

"Assuming that he is striving to become a chela, a disciple, or even a worthy member of The Theosophical Society, it follows that the prayer of his heart must be, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,' no matter what those words mean to him. A Master longs to win all hearts which belong to him, which are on his 'ray', so that he can lead them to his own Master, that thus their joy may be full and the will and love of his Father be accomplished. The would-be disciple, in his turn, longs passionately that his Master's kingdom may come, and that the will of that Master, his spiritual Father, may be done on earth as it is done in heaven. The worthy member of The Theosophical Society, who does not necessarily believe in Masters, none the less longs to see the principles of the Society recognized and acted upon by his fellow men. In all cases, therefore, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done', expresses the best of our desires.

"If a desire be sincere, we work for its realization. This involves effort, struggle, sacrifice. We discover that life is a battle. There are enemies to be overcome. And the first enemy to be conquered is within our own nature. Each man contains within himself, in miniature, the whole range of evils which the Masters fight in the universe around us. To help them in their fight, we must see to it that their kingdom comes, and that their will is done, in our own lives, in our own hearts and minds. Each one of us, in that sense, may do the work of a magician.

"Witchcraft will illustrate my meaning. You have read that one of the ways in which a supposed magician set to work to injure an enemy, or a client's enemy, was to obtain a picture and then to make a small model of the person to be injured. He would then concentrate his mind on this miniature representation, and would pierce its heart with some

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sharp instrument, with the intention that the blow should act by repercussion and should kill the person attacked.

"Diabolical practice, in that case, was based on sound theory. Because we *can* affect the macrocosm by working on the microcosm,—especially if it be our intention to do so. And we do not have to make any miniature representation of our larger objective. We ourselves are living models and moving models of the battle that is raging, with the hosts of darkness on the one hand and the hosts of light on the other. Strike a blow there, with right intention—that is, with the purpose that the Masters may use it in their world-wide warfare—and we become, to that extent, magicians. The power of it is enormous.

"But we must aim high. Half-hearted or timid efforts can not score a victory. As an old writer put it: 'May I so renounce myself that Thou mayest reign in my heart without a whisper of a rebel voice'. If we want a King, we must make him King. Most of us are still at the stage of drafting Constitutions to limit the King's rights,—to protect 'the people' from the King's possible intrusion! . . . But my friends, what a chance for us this summer, when perhaps the pressure of outer work will lessen, to do all things with that intention! You remember the *Bhagavad Gîta:* 'In thy thoughts do all thou dost for Me; renounce for Me; sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me',—that the will of the Lords of Karma, who are the Lords of Compassion, may be accomplished perfectly to the uttermost ends of the earth." T.

None of you can be called a true believer till he loves for his brother what he loves for himself.—SAYING OF MOHAMMED.

God never imposes a duty without giving time to do it.—RUSKIN.

It is not enough to be good. You must appear good, and your goodness must be agreeable and even enviable.—P. J. STAHL.

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LETTERS TO STUDENTS

May 20th, 1911.

DEAR ———

Thank you most sincerely for your very kind letter. I shall try to call upon you as soon after five as possible, and I feel sure that we should be able to help each other. I know you can help me . . .

I do not wish you to feel that I am a wall of adamant or of anything else. I want you to feel perfectly free to come to me at any time, to ask me any question, to seek any kind of help. I shall often fail you because of my own limitations, but it will not be from lack of desire to aid.

On the other hand, I think you have expressed admirably my idea of what you need in order to take the next step forward. There are parts of the Path which we must travel alone, and this phase returns at each stage upwards.

When we are first attracted to the higher life we may and usually do get much help. We may and often do have some kind of a definite spiritual experience. This may be repeated once or twice in order to rouse us thoroughly. But once we have made a start, cannot you see that it is much wiser for us to be left alone until we reach up to the spiritual world and take what we want with our own power, instead of having gifts sent down to us which are given us in love and not of right?

We must pay very heavily for such gifts, pay in suffering and pain from which no one can save us. Therefore in very mercy we are not given any more of such things than is absolutely necessary to keep us going forward.

Now you do not need such stimuli, and unless I am much mistaken you need not look forward to getting them until you yourself have reached up to the spiritual plane with your own power and can take them with full right. This you may be able to do in ten minutes or in ten years. That depends absolutely upon yourself. And remember that the Master is standing waiting, and longing, with an infinite longing, for you to reach this point. He will do everything he can, is doing everything he can, to aid and assist you, and if you could have even a faint realization of the happiness and joy that it will give him when you do struggle up to him, I think it would be a very powerful additional incentive and inspiration.

The experiences which ——— and others have, even when they come from him, are signs of weakness, not of power, and you do wrong to compare yourself with them to your own detriment.

You have passed out of their class entirely and I think you should realize this fully. We must not be unjust to ourselves any more than to another. In occultism the sin is exactly the same.

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Remember what I said the other day. The three stages of the inner life are,—

First: Renunciation. We must free ourselves from every worldly longing and desire which ties us to the world.

Second: Purification. We must clean ourselves on all the planes of our being, so that we become fit abiding places for the Master.

Third: Obedience, which is the key-note of the life of the disciple: not obedience to ——— or ———, or to any human being whatever, but to your own higher light until you have come into conscious communion with the Master, and then obedience to him. . . .

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 18th, 1911.

DEAR ———

May I venture to make certain simple and very practical suggestions to you, which, in a sense, are amplifications of your rule; and which, I trust, you will accept as an evidence of my deep and sincere interest in your efforts to reach our common goal.

I make them without apology; for if any apology at all were required, it would be quite impossible to make them with an apology.

1. Mental stillness: try to quiet and control your mind in all ways and at all times, not only when you meditate, but throughout the day. Fight against a certain feverishness of mental activity.

2. Cultivate the habit of listening to others when they talk. At present you do not listen to what others say, save incidentally. Your real attention is given to your own thoughts and mental comments on the subject of conversation. Consequently you are constantly missing the point of what is said, and misunderstand what is said because you hear it through the veil of your own thoughts.

Another result of this habit of inattention, and of preoccupation with your own thoughts, is that quite unconsciously you interrupt others when they are speaking; therefore—

3. Scrupulously avoid interrupting. We learn from what we hear. We can do our own thinking about it afterwards.

4. When listening, avoid speculating upon how what is said will influence or affect others. The point is what effect it is having upon you. Remember that the Master may speak to us "out of the mouths of babes" or fools, or bores. We never can tell whence the light will come.

5. Avoid excitement, whether from outside or self-created. There is really nothing in the universe worth getting excited about save the Master's love for us and our relation to him.

6. Do not drive yourself, physically or mentally. Regard your personality as an instrument, given you by the Master for his service,

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which you should keep and use with the greatest care, and maintain in a state of the highest possible efficiency. Do not blunt or dull it by undue fatigue or strain.

7. Remember that the only way we can learn to love the Master as we should, is to reflect back to him something of his love for us. Therefore, strive earnestly to feel his love for you. Look for it in the depths of your being, seek for it in your highest feelings; endeavour to realize it in your consciousness through the power of imagination; pray for it as you pray for salvation, for only as you find it can you find salvation.

I ask your consideration of these simple rules, for I know that if you practise them faithfully you will reap a rich reward.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

July 8th, 1911.

DEAR ———

In response to your letter, my advice is that which Punch gave to the young man who wanted to marry—that is *don't*.

There is no reason I know of why you should join in conversations which are tearing people's characters to pieces. Simply don't. Keep quiet, or, if you must say something, speak of the virtues of the victims. Everyone has some virtue. Even the devil is industrious. In a very short time your friends will realize that you are an unsympathetic auditor when people's failings are discussed. You need not take your friends to task for evil speaking. It is not your job to save their souls. Just keep quiet. If your friends insist upon talking about such things, stay still until they change the topic of conversation to something to which you can contribute.

An entirely quiet and unexpressed disapproval (either by speech or manner) is a fearful dampener to a conversation, and in this way your inner attitude can do much unobtrusive good.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

November 17th, 1911.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * *

There are two joys in the life of the would-be disciple.

One is the joy of feeling the Master's gratitude for what we try to do. This joy is not unmixed with pain, for it is humiliating and almost crushing to realize this gratitude,—a pathetic gratitude for our poor efforts.

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The other joy is to see a person grow: someone we have tried to help. . . .

To meditate is to function with the inner part of you. Naturally you cannot do it yet, save for moments, and after repeated efforts. We must make these repeated efforts to get the force which carries us "through" at times. Do not be discouraged, therefore, because you can never tell when you will break "through" again. . . .

I am, with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 26th, 1912.

DEAR ———

You poor dear child: you are like some wild thing in a cage. You are beating yourself against the bars in a frantic effort to do something, when all you have to do is to be still.

If you would be still for even a little while you would see that your cage is of your own creation, has no real existence and can be dissolved by the peace and power of the Silence, as mists in the summer sun.

Please read page 15 of *Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day,* especially the last twelve lines, and carry out literally the advice there given. Make this the prominent feature of your daily meditation for the next two weeks anyhow.

Also please get out of your mind once and forever the idea that your letters or your visits or our talks are a trouble or a burden. On the contrary get definitely into your mind the fact that we *want* you to do these things, that we *like* you to do them, and that we love you very much.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 13th, 1912.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * *

Illness is always a severe test for those who care for the patient, but do not forget, and try to get comfort from the saying, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth". If trite and commonplace, also it is true.

Do try to get sleep.

Do you never take naps? If you cannot find time at night, is there never a half-hour during the day to make up? . . .

I was so pleased with your report and your successful effort to realize it, that I asked a friend about what you say in regard to "Silence"—about not understanding it. I have copied out for you the result and enclose it herewith.

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Silence

"Do you not know what it is to be quite silent inside? To feel within one's heart a still, quiet pool where the stars are reflected, and over which moves a cool, fresh breeze? the spirit brooding over the face of the waters? Surely at times you have known this,—times of meditation or prayer.

"This is a picture of Silence, the silence we must learn unremittingly to keep in our hearts and always to be conscious of, whatever the rush of life, or the manifold pressing duties of the hour may be. Here is the silence in which the Master lives, and which can live within us, where we can always hear his voice, and in the most difficult trial feel the pressure of his hand. Later comes the silence of the snows, which is a majestic silence full of an awful peace. When this comes we have climbed fairly well. First is the silence of the deep still pool."

Am I not nice to have got this for you!

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Persecution that increased the sufferings of the martyrs enriched their crown of triumph; temptations are a persecution that has the same effect in a faithful soul.—P. J. MICHEL.

What is more beautiful than consideration for others, when we ourselves are unhappy?—FABER.

We shall be eternally swallowed up in eternal love.—FABER.

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Selections from the Rubayat and Odes of Hafiz, by a Member of the Persia Society of London; published by John M. Watkins, London; 10s. 6d.

Hafiz was born at Shiraz in the early part of the fourteenth century, and died about the year 1390. He is, therefore, contemporary with Chaucer, though the religious purpose of most of his verse makes it closer in substance to Langland's *Piers Plowman*.

The scholarly and carefully written Preface tells us that Hafiz believed in the one Eternal God whom the whole world reveres, or ought to, in one form or another, and regarded Him as the only Absolute Existence. His philosophy taught that every soul, before being incarnated in some human body, was an actual part or portion of God, and had, until incarnation, union with God; that, on being transplanted to and confined in a human body, it was in a lamentable state of separation from God, and that it could never again know true happiness until it had been released from the body and reunited with God; and that only those who were seekers after God, and who travelled along the allegorical Path heavenward, and delighted in and drank the allegorical Wine, and loved the True Beloved, would ever enjoy that reunion.

The longing for the True Beloved, Hafiz expresses for the most part in verses which have the ring and colour of love poems, such as this:

> What made Thy locks to curl in such a twisting maze?
> Thine eyes so languishing, whence came their dreamy gaze?
> Since no one pelted Thee with roses, how is it
> Thou art so wholly perfum'd with their scented sprays?

Much of this, therefore, is hardly distinguished in colour from, let us say, Shakespeare's Sonnets, or from the best known verses of Ben Jonson, translated by him from an old Greek love-song. It belongs to an extended cycle of poetry beginning, perhaps, with the Song of Solomon, as traditionally interpreted by Catholic mystics, and including Dante's poems to Beatrice, with the part played by Beatrice in the *Paradiso*. The underlying motive and inspiration of this type of allegory is, that the fervour and rapture of mystical devotion can be expressed only in terms of passionate love; and, if we are in sympathy with this view, we shall find much that is impressive and beautiful in Hafiz' songs to the Beloved.

But there are also, in the writings of Hafiz translated in this volume, poems which are austerely religious in form as well as substance; such verses as these:

> O Thou, towards Whose dwelling-place men turn to pray,
> The hearts of all whom Fortune blesses own Thy sway!
> He who to-day from Thee doth turn his face aside,
> How shall he dare to face Thee on the Judgment Day?

> Since I am gentle, helpless, and in poverty,
> I'll patient be if in Thy fire Thou triest me.
> But Thou, so self-contained, in pride and majesty,
> Dost turn away if I but raise mine eyes to Thee.

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Grant me the joy of Union, if it be Thy Will;
Or anguish sore, through sev'rance, if it be Thy Will.
I do not say to Thee, "What wilt Thou give to me?"
For grant whatever is according to Thy Will.

The translator has taken almost infinite pains to give a faithful rendering of both the form and spirit of the Rubayat, the quatrains so distinctive of Persian poetry, the rhymed iteration in the last two stanzas closely following the Persian original. A complete glossary of Sufi symbols adds to the value of this excellent piece of work. C. J.

Life of Dante Alighieri, by Charles Allen Dinsmore; Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919.

Dante, by the Rev. John T. Slattery, Ph.D.; P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 1920.

Dante, by C. H. Grandgent, L.H.D.; Duffield, 1916.

The Spiritual Message of Dante, by the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter; Harvard University Press, 1914.

Dante, by Jefferson B. Fletcher; Henry Holt, 1916.

The Mystic Vision in the Grail Legend and in the Divine Comedy, by Lizette Andrews Fisher, Ph.D.; Columbia University Press, 1917.

Six hundred years ago, Dante Alighieri died an exile in Ravenna, September 13th, 1321. His anniversary is being widely celebrated in Italy, France, England, and America; and it would seem fitting to call the attention of QUARTERLY readers to several recent books which have dealt with this great genius, whom Ruskin called, "The central man of all the world." Each of the six books enumerated above offers an entirely different approach, and they can very well be read not only as the distinct views of individual writers, but as complementing each other, because they represent separate types of interest. The latest book, by the Reverend Dr. Slattery, a Roman Catholic priest, presents Dante as the supreme Catholic poet and theologian. He sees Dante as the epitome of the greatest of Catholic centuries,—the culmination of the ages of a united Catholic Faith, before Protestantism and physical science had diverted men's minds from the "true purposes" of existence. He gives a detailed and practical picture of Dante's times; he outlines the *Divine Comedy* for its eternal moral and theological significance; above all, he presents Dante, who was, be it remembered, a Catholic, from the point of view of a Catholic,—which Protestant readers must learn to appreciate to understand Dante.

The *Life of Dante* by Mr. Dinsmore is the ablest book yet published by this highly considered Dante scholar. No interpreter of Dante,—either as poet, as fellow-man, or as mystic—has offered a happier combination of sympathetic insight and sound scholarship with the gift of felicitous literary expression. Mr. Dinsmore's books are delightful reading, freighted but never weighted with knowledge, full of brilliant phrases and suggestive vistas. He sees Dante's many gifts in their true proportion; and perhaps his most valuable contributions to the enormous store of Dante interpretation, are his chapters on "The Secret of Dante" and the poet's "Qualities of Genius and Character." "The mystical sense was the very core of Dante's nature" (p. 254) is his main contention; he points out that, "The 'Inferno' is a vision of sin, and the artist is often painting states of the mind" (p. 279); while the following paragraph is virtually a summary: "Dante called his poem a 'Comedy,' his readers soon added the adjective 'Divine,' because its pages were vital with the strength and glory of spiritual realities. It is this divineness which will charm men for unnumbered generations" (p. 241). The reviewer knows no better study of Dante.

Professor Grandgent of Harvard wrote that, "Our poet was a many sided genius who has a message for nearly everyone." The interest of his book is best

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characterized by the word literary; and it is Dante as a literary genius and master-craftsman that he presents to us. Naturally, to understand Dante's literary gifts requires a knowledge of twelfth and thirteenth century authorship, for Dante "does represent his time as no other age has ever been represented by any one man . . . I have attempted to trace a portrait of the Middle Ages with Dante's features showing through." But it is only of one phase, though an important one, of the Middle Ages, which Professor Grandgent treats. He deals with the medieval mind as revealed in its literature, and by canons of literary interpretation. Moral questions are discussed as determining Dante's cast of mind, not as valuable in themselves. Professor Grandgent has none of the practical attitude so characteristic of Dante himself, and which is the key-note of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's lectures, *The Spiritual Message of Dante*. The latter feels of the *Divine Comedy* that, "It is as a drama of the soul that we are to regard it" (p. 9), and, "The one word which gives us the clue to the whole is love" (p. 8). "The value of the *Divine Comedy* is various. It repays the study of the historian, the philosopher, the archæologist, the naturalist, but its central thought reveals its spiritual value. That value springs from its personal quality, and that personal quality is the spiritual experience of the poet set forth in his own subtle, splendid, and ample fashion" (p. 247). Dante's soul is akin to ours, his experience may be ours—"the experiences indicated in the *Paradiso* fall into line with the spiritual experiences of awakened souls; they are not fictions of the fancy"—and we may well take Dante for our guide as a high interpreter of life.

Mr. Fletcher surveys in a brief and compact little book the salient features of Dante the medieval philosopher and artist. Dante was an accomplished scholastic; his "teaching" is wrapped in "primary" and "secondary symbolism," in theologic thought moulds, in the intricacies which delighted Provençale versifiers. "The *Divine Comedy* is virtually an epitome of theology, or *summa theologiæ*, dramatized and set" (p. 87). No one can appreciate the richness of the Middle Ages without entering into its approach to, and solution of, the problems of life and death, of how the universe is constructed and moves, of why human nature varies as it does. Those who would see in Dante only a literary phenomenon, will fail to understand even that phase, if they do not consider his whole philosophy of life. His judgments against sinners in hell become mere brutal torments, his rewards in paradise become ludicrous caricatures and impossibilities. Mr. Fletcher introduces us to the symbolic fibre of Dante's mind, and touches upon a large number of the disputed problems of interpretation which have exercised the ingenuity of commentators for centuries.

Miss Fisher, in a succinctly worded and scholarly book of barely a hundred pages, attempts to solve one such problem of symbology; the Pageant in the Earthly Paradise at the summit of Mt. Purgatory. She relates it to the mystical symbolism current in Grail legends, and connects both these legends and the symbology of Dante's Pageant, with the Corpus Christi processions, which were an immediate aftermath of the dogmas of transubstantiation, promulgated in Dante's life-time.

"Great men," says Carlyle, "taken in any way, are profitable company." These six books offer totally different approaches to Dante, and one or all would greatly enrich the reader's ability to penetrate the heart of the greatest of Christian poets.

M. H.

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QUESTION No. 255.—*How could a mother who feels that she ought to give a great deal of personal attention to her children, and is prevented from doing so by constant illness, learn to see the purpose of that illness?*

ANSWER.—"We can only give what we are" is one of the maxims of occultism. So a mother, no matter how good her intentions, can only give to her children that which she herself is in herself. If she would have them truthful, obedient, patient, she must be truthful, obedient, patient herself. What is it that life, through that illness, is trying to teach her? for illness has its lessons as well as health, or there would be no illness in the world. Perhaps she needs patience or sympathy, power of endurance or cheery acceptance of pain. Surely these are qualities that she would wish to be able to give her children, and how can she do so save by gaining them herself? J. F. B. M.

QUESTION No. 256.—*There are certain people who always irritate me. I am ashamed of my inability to keep my serenity when I come in contact with them. I try to prepare for the next encounter, I pray about it; but when the time comes I am just one mass of irritation. How can I conquer this?*

ANSWER.—Does not this irritation arise from wrong self-identification? What is the "you" which is irritated? What irritates you? Why? In preparing for the next encounter, even though you pray, you are entertaining the idea that you are going to be irritated and are praying for strength and grace to control and master it. The duty begins with you, who are irritated, to find the cause. And by no means necessarily does it reside in those who irritate you. A. K.

ANSWER.—"I try to prepare for the next encounter"—does that not mean that you see an enemy in the one who "irritates" you? Do you see at all that the enemy may be in you? Do you recall the use of the Warrior, outlined in *Light on the Path?* Have you tried that method? Have you read recently its vivid description of the fate of the egotistical man? Is not your attitude egotistical? Do you ever stop to think what the Master may want of you in the "encounter"? How do you present his messenger (for such you are—see *Fragments,* Vol. I) to the other person? By the way, just what does the other person think of you? What may you do to assist him to see and accept you as of and from the Master? "The duty of another is full of danger"—are you not dwelling, in your heart, on his responsibility, rather than your own, for your being irritated by him? Why not try looking zealously for the good in him, and wherein he, perchance, may be the Master's messenger to you. Perhaps you see your own pet faults in him—and do not like them! Why blame him? PADDOCK.

ANSWER.—Irritation is invariably a sign of weakness in ourselves. We ought to acquire the habit of turning on ourselves whenever we feel irritation and tracing it back to its source in some root of weakness in our nature. We can begin with the premise that it is not because the other person has a glaring fault that we

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are irritated. Lots of people have glaring faults and we are not in the least irritated by them. It is not because universal justice has been outraged that this particular fault annoys us so, we may be sure, but because somewhere our own particular toes are being stepped on. Very often it is one of our own cherished faults that is coming back to us through the other person. Nothing is so irritating as this; but if we use it to realize how disagreeable our fault must be to others, the irritation may disappear in contrition. Very often, too, the irritation is due to indecision of the will. We cannot make up our weak minds whether to continue to suffer the "imposition" in silence or to say something to stop it. So we fret and fume inwardly and do nothing outwardly. The cure for this is a definite decision as to our right course carried out with quiet firmness, whether it be speaking to the other person or silencing our own grumbling minds.

The cultivation of sympathy instead of self-pity, of positive decision instead of negative indecision, and the habit of using irritation as a valuable guide to self-knowledge will go far toward eliminating it. J. M.

ANSWER.—There is a quality, which it is hard to express in a single word, and yet it is indispensable to the student in occultism who would pay his debt. One has seen that quality, now and then, in a soldier on leave from the Great War: something in the glance of his eye that showed serenity of soul, a will which trivialities could never again ensnare, a freedom which came from laying down life itself on the altar.

With that merging of self into a great love of country, came the power to serve, to endure, to fall and to die, and yet to keep going forward. On more than one stricken field in France, the dead did rise and make one last charge that neither the Germans nor the hosts of hell could stop.

That is the kind of serenity one would wish to have, is it not? A self-satisfaction which comes from brooding upon one's own fancied qualities and perfections, ought not to be called serenity, for it is a sham thing, a psychic counterfeit, a veil of self-illusion. When someone comes along who looks right through that veil without seeing the pretty pictures which give us such satisfaction, what shall we do? Shall we be irritated, or shall we turn in gratitude to the Masters for sending that person; and then shall we tear that veil down, and, entering into serenity, go forward? D.

QUESTION No. 257.—*Why do Theosophists pay so much attention to the writings of the ancients?*

ANSWER.—Because students of Theosophy have learned to value experience, and are thankful to be able to check their own experience in the light of the past.

Secondly, for reasons set forth, in an entirely different connection, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when addressing the members and students of the Royal Academy. Advising them to study the great artists of the past, and explaining that mere imitation is not art, he declared: "The more extensive your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of *invention,*—and what may appear still more like a paradox, *the more original* will be your conceptions." T.

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REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society was called to order on Saturday, April the 30th, 1921, at 10.30 a. m., by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, at 64 Washington Mews, New York. In addition to the Branch delegates, there were assembled members-at-large, and members of the New York Branch and other Branches. The first business being temporary organization, it was duly moved and seconded that Mr. Johnston be elected Temporary Chairman. Carried. Miss Julia Chickering was then duly elected as Temporary Secretary. It was moved and seconded that the Temporary Chairman appoint a Committee on Credentials, to determine what Branches were represented. Complying with this direction, the Temporary Chairman called attention to the fact that this was a Convention of *Branches* of The Theosophical Society,—and that there is a great distinction between a Convention of Members and a Convention of Branches. As Branches consist of members in good standing, the dictum of the Treasurer, who receives the dues, is required, as to members in good standing; and the assistance of the Secretary, who sends out the charters, as to the qualified Branches. The Chair therefore appointed as a Committee on Credentials, Professor H. B. Mitchell, Miss I. E. Perkins, and Miss M. E. Youngs—asking them to prepare their report as speedily as possible.

Address of the Temporary Chairman

Mr. Johnston: I think every Convention which comes makes us happier and more profoundly grateful that we are at a Convention of The Theosophical Society; that The Theosophical Society has this deep enduring life which brings us together year after year, and each year with increasing strength and increasing abundance of life. We shall, in time, realize how enormous our privilege is. We should have to take a view of it from perhaps a century away or ten centuries away, to see how tremendous is the privilege which members of The Theosophical Society have in meeting year after year in Convention. One can say with entire impersonality that the fact that the Convention is meeting here to-day is the central fact in the world situation. There are important international conferences being held about this time which may, and in all probability will, affect the history of the world after generations and centuries have passed. Nevertheless, our Convention here really outweighs those international conferences both in its spiritual importance and in its length of reach. It is likely to affect a far more distant time than the international exchanges that are going on in Europe, if we are true to our duties and responsibilities.

In the older Conventions it was the custom, perhaps, to *talk* Theosophy. The great contrast between those days and the present is that now we try to *live* Theosophy, rather than to talk it; and we are entirely convinced that only in the measure that we have lived Theosophy have we the right to talk about it. So the

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two thoughts that I should ask you particularly to bear in mind during the Convention are that our tremendous privilege carries with it a tremendous responsibility to all future time and to all the races of mankind that are to come; and that we can only measure up to our great responsibility by living Theosophy, and living it every hour and every day.

Report of the Committee on Credentials

Professor Mitchell: The Committee on Credentials has examined the credentials, and begs to report that there are represented here to-day, by delegate or proxy, 18 Branches, entitled to cast 83 votes, as follows:

Altagracia, Altagracia de Orituco, Venezuela	Middletown, Middletown, Ohio
Aussig, Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia	Newcastle, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio	New York, New York
Hope, Providence, Rhode Island	Norfolk, Norfolk, England
Indianapolis, Indianapolis, Indiana	Sravakas, Salamanca, New York
Jehoshua, Sanfernando de Apure, Venezuela	Pacific, Los Angeles, California
Karma, Kristiania, Norway	Stockton, Stockton, California
Krishna, South Shields, England	Toronto, Toronto, Canada
	Venezuela, Caracas, Venezuela
	Virya, Denver, Colorado

On motion of Mr. George Woodbridge, seconded by Mr. Gardiner H. Miller, the report of the Committee on Credentials was accepted with thanks.

Mr. Johnston: Having established the fact that we *are* a Convention, the first thing we need is permanent officers.

Mr. Perkins: I should like to suggest that the President of the New York Branch, in accordance with a time-honoured custom, act as Permanent Chairman. I nominate Professor H. B. Mitchell.

Mr. Johnston: Professor Mitchell has been nominated as Permanent Chairman of the Convention, and I put the question—not so much because he is President of the New York Branch, as for reasons which radiate from him in all directions.

Professor Mitchell was unanimously elected, and took the chair. He called for nominations for the permanent Secretaries of the Convention. It was moved by Mr. C. Russell Auchincloss that Miss Perkins be made Permanent Secretary; seconded, and carried. Mr. Stanley V. La Dow moved that Miss Chickering be made Assistant Secretary; duly seconded and carried.

Address of the Permanent Chairman

Professor Mitchell: Mr. Perkins's allusion to the "time-honoured" customs of our Society may serve not only to remind us of the part time plays in our hopes for the Theosophical Movement, but also, by showing us how dependent our concept of time is upon our standards of reference, help us to realize the meaning and the value of those "long views" which the study of Theosophy imparts.

It is indeed fourteen years since I was first given the high privilege of presiding at a convention of The Theosophical Society. Were this not The Theosophical Society, but some gathering of university or college students, fourteen years might well seem long, for in the academic atmosphere two different standards act to refract the sense of time into a curious duality. On the one hand, in their libraries and lecture halls, our universities are the custodians of our heritage from the past, and strive to show us the present in the light of the age-long history that has preceded it. But on the other hand, a student generation lasts but four years, and each such generation stands in its own eyes sufficient unto itself, living its own brief college life with little thought of the world that lies beyond it, of what came before, or of what will come after. And so it is a common phenomenon, among

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the student body, to find recent precedents erected into "time-honoured" customs. "Established traditions" spring up almost over night, to be forgotten again on the morrow. The students' consciousness is dominated by their own time standards, and these standards are set, not by the impersonal teachings of history, but by the narrow limits of their own personal college residence,—by the instinctive sense of their own separateness, their own new and brief existence in the academic world.

I have spoken of this phenomenon of college-boy psychology because I believe that we may see in it a reflection of the psychology of the world at large, and that the same causes which operate to defeat the teachings of history in the student consciousness are responsible for the curiously foreshortened view of life which falsifies the vision and thought of our time. No mere intellectual acceptance of man's antiquity upon the earth, no mere study of history, suffices to correct the time standards that are set by an instinctive materialism which narrows personal existence to the space from birth to death. Where immortality is not a basic fact of consciousness, where the doctrine of re-incarnation does not unite our thought of our own past to the past of the whole human race, the sense of the brief transitoriness of our own personal existence must outweigh all less intimate perceptions, and rob the present of its true meaning by isolating it alike from the future and the past.

We are not supposed to have visitors here to-day, but only members and delegates, and so we can speak with freedom and without fear of being misunderstood. Theosophy alone can give the "long views" that one must have to understand the meaning of life—the meaning of human history and of our own individual existence;—for Theosophy alone unites these two, and opening the individual consciousness to a knowledge of its own beginningless and endless immortality, gives us the inner standards by which to measure time as it concerns the human race. We may know much less of the details of human history than many of the world's scholars, but we know it far more truly, and its lessons are living facts of our habitual consciousness.

So it is that we are here to-day as the custodians of the world's most ancient, most "time-honoured" tradition—a tradition antedating all history, all civilization;—for it is the tradition of the great Lodge of Masters and of the spiritual life and power that has upbuilt every civilization and guided the events that history records. It is given to us, as it is not given to others, to look back over the history of the world and to read its record in the light of its spiritual significance as the history of the soul. It is given to us to know something of the power behind the throne—the unchanging purpose that acts through changing figure-heads, leads through changing scenes, giving them unity and coherent meaning; that uses instruments infinitely diverse to one common end, and which we ourselves aspire to serve. We can read history in the light of the immortal Lodge of Masters, and of their age-long efforts for us—their younger brothers. We trace their gift to the world, the stream of spiritual force which flows through them to us in its great cyclic tides, from century to century. We see the tides rise and fall, bringing civilization after civilization to their crest, where the vision of the heavens may be seen and man may claim his spiritual heritage. We know we ourselves have been so lifted, time after time, age after age, and have seen the world sink back again, afraid to seize the hour of its opportunity. *Light on the Path* has made this very clear to us, and in our own hearts we have recognized its truth. But now again is the time of opportunity, now again we have been swept forward on the crest of the wave, and we are determined that this time the back-wash and under-tow shall not sweep us back, but that we shall hold what we have gained.

We have all studied the law of cycles, and know of the recurring effort the Lodge makes for us in the last quarter of each century. Let us look therefore at this hundred year cycle in which we are, and see how it stands with us. Its begin-

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ning is marked by the birth of our Society, in 1875, forty-six years ago. We are close to the half-way mark, to 1925; nearly half our race run, nearly half our task accomplished. Perhaps we shall understand better what this means, if we remember that the first of the four phases of the cycle ended with the end of the century; that Madame Blavatsky lived but sixteen years after the founding of The Theosophical Society, and that it was given to her successor, Mr. Judge, to guide the work for but five years more. With his death we entered a time of peculiar stress and strain—perhaps the breaking crest at the summit of the wave. We survived with difficulty, but survive we did; and now, in the second phase of the cycle, we have held our own—yes, and pushed forward—for twenty-one years; a time equal to the sum total of that which was given to Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge. If we have done this, we can do more; and 1975 is not so distant as it was.

We take credit to ourselves, therefore, for having lived so long in a world where living is not easy. Even in this incarnation, our Society is now "time-honoured." But we must wish to serve, as well as to live, and we ask ourselves, What is now our special task? What difference should it make to the world that we have survived and are here to-day? I do not think it hard to find an answer.

In the world about us, wherever we look, we see flux and change and turmoil; the break-down of the ancient order, and what the *Bhagavad Gita* calls the "confusion of castes." It is a discouraging spectacle, if we look at it from a static point of view. But if we study it as a problem in dynamics, it may show us our opportunity; for when all else is in flux and confusion, then is the time when reconstruction is possible, and when clear, true vision, firmly held convictions, a solidly united body, moved by a single purpose, can be effective as never before. Such a body may indeed become the nucleus of the future order—the force, uniting and turning into one direction (the direction which it, itself, sets), all these blind, unpurposed and unco-ordinated forces of the world. We should be such a body—such a nucleus. That is our function in the world—one meaning of our object—to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood—and to fulfil it we do not have to preach to the world, we have only to make our ideals live in ourselves—and so in the world—with all the power that is in us.

Surely this task is not beyond what is possible for us. We have been tried and tested in test after test: first, in our faith in the powers of the spiritual universe, our faith in the Lodge of Masters, who initiated The Theosophical Society and who gave us our ideals. And when that had been passed, there was the test of our loyalty to our leaders. Could we follow where that spiritual power led, and be loyal to the ones who embodied it, and gave it to us? That test, too, we passed, and then there came the test of our ability to see spiritual principles and to understand them, and to be true to them, when they were not interpreted for us—when there was only the voice within us to tell us that they were spiritual principles and that our loyalty was due to them. In a deeper sense this also was a test of loyalty to leaders, for a leader is one who embodies spiritual principles and if we cannot recognize the principles we can never really recognize the leader.

In the years to come we must expect other tests, and as we look at the part we should play in the inner world of thought and ideals, and as we look back over the tests we have already passed, I think we shall see that we must expect to be tested now in our loyalty to ourselves and to each other—a test of our *esprit de corps*. Let us think for a moment of what *esprit de corps* really means, imagining ourselves members of some ancient regiment, tried in many battles, given high place and privilege, its record written in its country's history, itself the bodyguard of its country's ruler. The honour of such a corps is the honour of each member of it. A comrade's honour is one's own honour, because it is the honour of the corps; and for this each will give his life, spending himself endlessly, unfalteringly, that the tradition of the corps may suffer no stain, but be passed on as it came to him.

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As we think of this, we may see what it means to be a member of The Theosophical Society—a conscious part of a movement whose tradition is more ancient and more honourable than that of any corps or regiment on earth. Our fellows' honour is ours; defence of them is defence of the movement that means more to us than life itself. But beneath our loyalty to each other, beneath our loyalty to leaders, beneath our loyalty to the body of which we are a part, must be our loyalty to the spiritual principles, the spirit of truth and of righteousness which is that body's soul and life. All our other loyalties are based on this, the deepest and most fundamental. Where that spirit is, there is our brother, and there our loyalty is due; where that spirit is not, where there is one who does not serve or reverence it, there is no brother of ours; and where, if such should be, that spirit is violated, travestied and outraged, there is one who, though he were our brother, or ourself, must be cast out.

Surely, as we have been so tested in the past, we should be able now to command the courage and the hope to go forward confidently, making our life in the world a united, potent, definite force, giving to our ideal all the enthusiasm of our hearts. No one of us can measure the power that such an ideal as ours, made to live as we should make it live, by whole souled devotion, can have upon the world which is in flux around us. Even the psychic counterfeit of an ideal, the false, perverted, evil distortion of it, can sway millions, as we see to-day in the mad fanaticism of Russia. And if the perversion is so potent, surely the truth must be more potent still. Let us go forward then with full confidence and high hope, to prove that the knowledge and vision entrusted to us have not been given us in vain.

The Chairman stated that the next business was the appointment of the usual standing committees. On motion of Mr. Acton Griscom, seconded by Mr. C. M. Saxe, the Chair was empowered to appoint the standing committees; appointments were made as follows:

Committee on Nominations

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, *Chairman*
Mr. C. Russell Auchincloss
Mrs. Adelaide A. Outcalt

Committee on Resolutions

Mr. E. T. Hargrove, *Chairman*
Mr. Acton Griscom
Mrs. E. S. Thompson

Committee on Letters of Greeting

Dr. Archibald Keightley, *Chairman*
Mr. K. D. Perkins
Dr. C. C. Clark

THE CHAIRMAN: It is customary for the Committee on Letters of Greeting and the Committee on Resolutions to meet during the noon recess. The Committee on Nominations is requested to meet as early as possible, so that they may be able to report to the Chairman. The next business before the Convention is the report of Officers.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. JOHNSTON: Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members. The function of the Executive Committee is one of very serious responsibility, for more than one reason. It is laid down by the Constitution that the Executive Committee shall represent the Society between Conventions. During the Convention, the entire legislative power of The Theosophical Society is vested in the Convention Assembled. Between Conventions, the Executive Committee bears the heavy responsibility of representing that power and using it when necessary. To represent The Theosophical Society is a privilege, without question. It is also a very grave responsibility, and it can only be done in any measure successfully, so far as the members

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of the Executive Committee *try*, at least, to represent the principles of Theosophy, day by day and hour by hour, and in every moment of their lives. Otherwise, they are not really representing The Theosophical Society. There is also the principle of continuity. A very vital part of our Movement, as the Chairman has said, is that it shall be a continuous and unceasing spiritual progress. It will not avail for us to meet with enthusiasm, at Convention times, and sink down into lethargy between Conventions. That will get us nowhere. The only thing that will avail is an absolutely steady forward push, without reservation, without self-saving, and with courage and valour at every moment. The continuity of the Executive Committee is provided for in the Constitution of the Society, in that only two members come up for election each year, the remaining two-thirds of the Committee always continuing in office. That plan was put into force with the express purpose of assuring a maximum of continuity.

Therefore, the Executive Committee has very serious and very heavy responsibilities, and these really indicate a corresponding responsibility on the part of every member in the Society. The Executive Committee will only be truly representative in a vigorous onward movement when every member of the Society is vigorously moving forward. Otherwise we shall not have an authentic representation. So the obligation works both ways. It is the obligation of the Executive Committee to represent the highest ideals of the Theosophical Movement at every moment, and to represent them with continuity; it is the obligation of every member and of the members gathered in Branches, to do exactly the same thing—to represent in thought, in aspiration, in will, in every act, the highest ideals and principles of The Theosophical Society, without flagging, or relaxation of effort.

Between the Conventions the Executive Committee is under obligation to meet such situations as arise during the course of the year. There are three points which have arisen or existed during the past year, on which the Executive Committee has directed me to report to the Convention. These three points, I shall take up in their chronological order—the order in which they happened.

Owing to the war, conditions in Germany are still chaotic. There are individual members who appear to be gaining some understanding and who express loyalty to the Theosophical Movement. Time alone can clear and test this situation.

There was another point of difficulty, in the British National Branch, which it is hoped that the British members themselves will be able satisfactorily to adjust. At the annual meeting of British members, held last October, a Resolution was introduced endorsing certain resolutions which were passed by the Society as a whole at its Convention of 1920. As this met with opposition, action was postponed. Since then, the resolution has been submitted to a Referendum and approved by a large majority. The necessity for this suggests, however, a defect in organization which the British members will doubtless wish to remedy.

I have also to report that it became necessary for the Executive Committee during the course of the year, in discharge of the responsibility with which it is entrusted by the Constitution, to withdraw the charter of the former Providence Branch, as it had become evident that the fruits of the Branch were foreign to the purposes and ideals of The Theosophical Society. This involved the withdrawal of the individual diplomas, but at the same time, the former members of the Providence Branch were notified that the Executive Committee would be prepared to consider any renewed applications.

The point which naturally comes into prominence once more at this stage is the work and responsibility of Branches. It is an especially fitting topic for the Committee to bring up at a Convention which is a Convention of Branches. That is another fundamental matter in the Constitution which, perhaps, ought to be cleared up. This is not a Convention of members of the Society, though only members are present. It is a Convention of *Branches*, for the reason that only

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when a Branch is formed—requiring three or more members—only when a Branch is living, can the principles and practices and methods of The Theosophical Society be really and vitally worked out. The matter has been touched on a great many times, but it is worth touching on again. The fundamental function of our work is this: in Branch meetings to take up questions of real import, every member contributing, whether it be a point of view or a point of understanding, to this theme; the fruitful result is the united light which that group of members gains on the subject by active spiritual, mental, and moral co-operation. It is clear that one person alone cannot co-operate. The minimum is three members (a table can stand on three legs but not on two); The Theosophical Society is functioning only when active spiritual, moral and mental co-operation is going on.

Without Branches, we should not really be a living, functioning Theosophical Society. Given your Branch and its principle of co-operation, it becomes clear that members should lucidly and forcefully understand the purpose of their work, the purpose of The Theosophical Society; and understanding it, that they should carry it out vigorously, fruitfully and devotedly in their Branch meetings. There must be the purpose, defined in the objects of the Society; the method, the Theosophical method of active spiritual, mental, and moral co-operation; and there must be the thorough underlying unity between the Branch life and the life of The Theosophical Society as a whole. And as everyone here represents Branches, I bring this to your notice, not at all with the thought that you do not understand it or realize it, but in order to emphasize once more its vital importance. Without Branches rightly acting, The Theosophical Society as such cannot act, and the right life of a Branch depends upon the devotion and understanding of the Branch members.

These are the main matters that the Committee has directed me to lay before you, and I now put this report into the hands of the Convention for consideration.

Moved by Mr. Mitchell and seconded by Mr. Hargrove: Be it resolved that the report of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and that the actions of the Executive Committee during the past year, are hereby approved and confirmed. Carried, unanimously.

Report of the Secretary T. S. for the Year Ending April 29th, 1921

New Members

Consolidation was one of the watchwords of the last Convention. It was made clear that the Society was upon the battle line, subject to attack fully as violent as if the warfare were objective and open. The demand was for greater watchfulness, deeper understanding of principles, and keener discrimination of the issues arising from them. The Branches have responded to that demand, and they evidently have felt that these were not the conditions under which recruits were of primary importance. The demand was to *hold* and to *advance*; new members have been enrolled only as they themselves felt the call to the conflict. Two new Branches have been chartered—the Blavatsky Lodge in Whitley Bay, England, with 5 charter members; the Pittsburgh Branch, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with 12 charter members.

Correspondence

During the past year the correspondence of this Office has been almost wholly what might be described as "routine letters." So very little of it had any but the most remote bearing on the theosophic life and its problems. This means, for one thing, that the Office is not serving its full purpose. Such requests for help as come, usually come too late. Take the most external ones, requests to send the Quarterly to a new address; most of these come several weeks after the magazine has been mailed to the old address—and nothing remains to do but send a second copy. In more vital matters it is the same. Some isolated member reads something, in the Quarterly or in one of the standard books, which he does not understand. It disturbs him; there is no fellow-member with whom he can talk it out.

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That is the time to write to the Secretary. Instead, he waits, the misconception grows—until, perhaps, the only relief he can see is to send in his resignation. Yet how glad this Office would be to serve as a sort of study class for those who have not the advantages of Branch life. There are also times in the life of a Branch when it might be wise to ask counsel. There are advantages that come from viewing a situation as a whole, without the troublesome details and personalities that often make it difficult for those who are close to a problem to get it in proper perspective.

Branch Activities

The impressions gained from a careful study of the Branch Reports may be summed up in two terms—greater individuality in method; greater devotion to our common understanding of the principles and aims of the Movement. All have had to meet the high-tide of psychism, which in certain communities has proved an alarming menace to sane, well-ordered life. Some of our members have had the experience of finding that their neighbors, who once regarded them as radicals of some strange stripe, now rank them as ultra-conservatives—because of their unfriendliness to psychic experiments and practices. So in many Branches an important part of the work has been to keep clear, first for themselves and then for others, the distinction between spiritual forces and their psychic counterfeits. Certain Branches have been developing speakers, to be prepared for propaganda, should the cycle for that return; others work only with individuals; some meet once a month, some three times a week; most have Study Classes; several maintain circulating libraries; many distribute the QUARTERLY. One, the Venezuela Branch, has set itself to meet the need for satisfactory editions of standard T. S. books in the Spanish language. They have already brought out four such editions, admirably translated, and attractively printed and bound—and more volumes are promised. All the reports from Branches show deep devotion to the work and enthusiasm over its ever increasing possibilities.

The Theosophical Quarterly

It is not so many years ago that the Editor-in-Chief of the QUARTERLY asked a number of new members who were gathered about him whether any of them ever read the magazine from cover to cover. Despite their prompt assurances, he expressed grave doubt, adding laughingly, that the evidence was against their assertions. They understood him to mean that if the force and understanding that breathed through it were fully recognized and used, there must be certain unmistakable evidences, both in personal and in Branch life. It is clear that during the past year the Branches have been basing more and more of their work upon the QUARTERLY, both as throwing new light on life, and as affording timely material for study and discussion. An increasing number of people are coming into contact with the Society through the magazine. In some cases new members have never known a single representative of the T. S.—the magazine has been their sole initiator.

The Quarterly Book Department

Our own edition of *Through the Gates of Gold* is the only addition to the list of publications. There is no disposition to increase the Department's list at a time when the cost of producing books is so excessive, and the materials so inferior in quality. Its aim is to keep its present publications in ample stock, and to procure all other standard books, as desired. Inquiries about books, courses of reading, etc., are always gladly answered.

A Personal Acknowledgment

As always, my first thought is of gratitude to the Masters for the continued opportunity of service. This year, ill health has greatly restricted my work, but I am thankful for a sense of connection that is not dependent upon daily contact. It is

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also a pleasure to have the opportunity to express my most sincere gratitude to my fellow officers, whose thought for my necessities has relieved me from anxiety about the immediate future. The Assistant Secretary, who has taken over all the detail work, asks that mention be made of constant help given by New York members. Certain features of it are regularly carried by certain of their number (Miss Chickering, Miss Youngs, Mrs. Vaile, Miss Graves, Miss Lewis and Miss Wood) with the assistance, as always, of Mrs. Helle and Miss Hascall in addressing QUARTERLY envelopes.

With a deep sense of gratitude that this work, on which I am venturing to report, is, as far as we so desire and labour, work for and with Masters, I am,

Respectfully yours,

ADA GREGG,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I should like to have the pleasure, if I may, of proposing a motion of thanks, and love, and gratitude to Mrs. Gregg, and also to move that her report be accepted. The motion was seconded by Dr. T. L. Stedman and unanimously carried.

THE CHAIRMAN: In past Conventions, we have often, when Mrs. Gregg could not be here, had the pleasure of sending her some little token of our appreciation of her long service to the Society. This year, as she is in the country, she cannot be visited by any one of us; we cannot send her flowers; but I think we might like to send her a telegram. (At this point the Chairman received a paper.) It is evident that in this suggestion the Chairman has anticipated somebody else, for the paper, just handed me, reads: "Resolved that the delegates and members present wish to unite in sending their love and greetings to Mrs. Gregg, and that they request someone (let us say Mr. Woodbridge) to send her a telegram as from this Convention." This Resolution was heartily seconded and voted.

The Chairman announced the next business before the Convention as the report of the Treasurer, and asked that Mr. Johnston take the Chair while that report was made.

Report of the Treasurer of The Theosophical Society

April 23, 1920—April 27, 1921

Receipts		*Disbursements*	
Current Dues	$ 659.03	Rent Secretary's Office	$ 140.00
General Contributions	617.76	Pension	40.00
Subscriptions and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	558.71	Printing and Mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers)	2,225.92
Special Contributions	800.00	Expense of Subscription Dept. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	47.55
	$2,635.50	Stationery	43.98
1922 Dues prepaid	118.00	Postage	65.90
		Miscellaneous	134.31
	$2,753.50		$2,697.66
Transferred to General Fund from Special Publication a/c	312.00		
Transferred from Discretionary Expense a/c	483.00	Deficit April 23, 1920	408.70
	$3,548.50		$3,106.36
Cancelled check	14.00	Balance April 27, 1921	456.14
	$3,562.50		$3,562.50

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Assets		*Liabilities*	
On deposit, Corn Exchange Bank, April 27, 1921.....	$397.19	April Issue the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY	$623.27
Checks for deposit	122.50	1922 dues prepaid	118.00
	$519.69		$741.27
Deduct outstanding checks uncashed	63.55		
	$456.14		
Excess of Liabilities over Assets	285.13		
	$741.27		

April 27, 1921. HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL, *Treasurer.*

There is a balance in the bank of $456.00. Over against that $456.00 which we have in bank, we have to pay for the April issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. That is not properly included in the expenses of the year, because we have already included four numbers, which is all any year is entitled to. But it is a bill which stands against us, so we have roughly speaking $623.00 to pay out, and $456.00 with which to pay it. There is, then, an excess of liabilities over assets in hand. But I assure you that that will be made good. The Movement is far too deeply loved; it stands for far too much for it ever to lack while some have anything at all. And from those who have, we may be quite sure The Theosophical Society will receive, in the future as in the past. There is, however, a question of policy involved in this, which I should like to submit to the Convention.

The QUARTERLY is now about to begin its nineteenth volume. It is eighteen years since it was founded by Mr. Griscom. The price during that time has remained the same. There is no other magazine of which I have any knowledge that has remained at the same price throughout these eighteen years. The cost of paper has greatly increased, the cost of labour has greatly increased, and it is those two things which constitute the cost of our magazine. Nothing is paid to our contributors—and their compensation has not been increased. The expense of producing a single issue of the QUARTERLY has trebled—more than trebled if we go back to the earliest days. If the magazine sold to-day for fifty cents, it would be, relative to the price of other publications, priced about the same as it was originally. I think it would be wise for someone to move that the Convention recommend that the price of the QUARTERLY be raised to $2.00, rather than $1.00 a year; fifty cents, rather than twenty-five cents a number. The QUARTERLY is sent to all members of the Society in return for their dues—$2.00 a year. It is an open question in my mind whether the dues of the Society should not also be raised, to maintain them, relative to other expenses, at what they were ten, fifteen or twenty years ago. It has never been the purpose or the practice of The Theosophical Society to exclude anyone from its membership because of poverty, because of inability to pay the dues. Where that inability actually exists, but where there is, on the other hand, real participation in the spirit and purposes of the Society, we all know that the contribution of money is a very secondary thing. No one will be excluded on account of poverty if they will believe in the earnest protestations of the Society and of its officers, and write frankly; it is always possible to make provision. I think most of us, however, are able to pay three dollars a year for dues. Nearly everyone who sends in their dues sends in something extra as a contribution. Perhaps raising the dues would be just transferring figures between two columns of the Treasurer's book—raising the amount of dues and lowering that of contributions. But I rather think that even if the dues are raised, certain members will continue to send a little extra as a contribution. Therefore I should suggest that the Convention con-

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sider raising the dues to three dollars a year, and I would urge that the subscription price of the QUARTERLY be doubled.

MR. JOHNSTON: The Convention has heard the report of the Treasurer. Before asking you to signify your wish as regards it, I know perfectly well that I shall express the opinion of everybody here when I say that the value of the Treasurer's work and the devotion which he puts into it are something which cannot be acknowledged by the most generous resolution of thanks; for which we can make no return, but we must wish to make some direct payment in our warm, cordial gratitude for the devoted work which the Treasurer has, year after year, put into this difficult and onerous task.

PROFESSOR MITCHELL: I should like to speak to that motion, because I know more about it than anybody else. I should like it to be passed with one amendment only—that the Treasurer's *office* be the recipient of the thanks. No one knows how much is done by the Assistant Treasurer, the Assistant Secretary, and the assistants to the assistants. Miss Youngs, as Assistant Treasurer, has done the labour, kept the books, sent the receipts, has worked most faithfully. And we all know the activity of the Assistant Secretary. So I should like to second this motion myself, and do second it with enthusiastic thanks, because I want it directed to those who do the work and not just to the holder of the title.

MR. JOHNSTON: We are really indebted to the persons who have so loyally and devotedly carried out the work, month after month and year after year. There remains the report of the Treasurer; what is the wish of the Convention?

[The suggestion that the subscription price of the QUARTERLY be doubled, was discussed at length. It was suggested that the QUARTERLY should be recognized more generally as the best means for propaganda which members of the Society can use, and that, instead of increasing its price, the heavy extra cost of its publication might be met by a Propaganda Fund. This suggestion was accepted unanimously, and was acted upon immediately, annual contributions totaling $658.00 being pledged by those members who were present at the close of the morning's session.]

It was moved, seconded and carried, that the report of the Treasurer be accepted with thanks.

THE CHAIRMAN (Professor Mitchell) then announced that a motion to adjourn until 2:30 P. M. would be in order. On motion duly made and seconded, it was so ordered.

AFTERNOON SESSION

THE CHAIRMAN, after giving the total of the Propaganda Fund ($658.00) which had been pledged at the close of the morning session, stated that the first business of the afternoon session would be the report of the Committee on Nominations, followed by the election of officers.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATIONS AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: The Committee on Nominations takes pleasure in unanimously nominating Mr. E. T. Hargrove and Mr. Charles Johnston for the Executive Committee, to serve for three years, to succeed themselves; Professor H. B. Mitchell, Treasurer; Miss M. E. Youngs, Assistant Treasurer; Mrs. Ada Gregg, Secretary Emeritus; Miss I. E. Perkins, Secretary, and Miss Julia Chickering, Assistant Secretary.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I move that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot, and that the nominees be elected by the Convention. (So ordered).

MR. ACTON GRISCOM: I move that the committee on nominations be discharged with the thanks of the Convention. (Motion carried).

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business is the report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting, but prior to calling for the report of the Chairman of that Committee, I shall ask Mr. Hargrove for certain letters and greetings which have come too late to be presented to that Committee.

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MR. HARGROVE read extracts from letters that had been received from Mr. Zerndt, a member of the Aussig Branch in Czecho-Slovakia; also a cablegram sent to Mrs. Griscom by Miss Theodora Dodge, who was present at the last Convention, reading: "Greetings to you all in Convention. I am with you all in spirit." Mr. Hargrove said that a letter of greeting from the Virya Branch of Denver, Colorado, had been interrupted by the death of Miss Du Pré, one of the oldest and most valued members of the Society, who will be mourned by all who knew her, and who had learned to appreciate her wonderful unselfishness and great purity of heart. He then read as follows from a letter which he had received from Mrs. Graves of the Branch in Norfolk, England:

"You have been informed [in the official Branch letter] of our proceedings regarding the British National Branch, so I need say nothing on this point, except that I, in common with all other members, am full of hope that the work here will now go ahead in the spirit of devotion and true Brotherhood, through which alone we can make progress. There was never, I think, a time in the whole history of our country, when that spirit was more greatly needed; and the need for faith and courage was never greater. At such a time we shall all feel helped and strengthened by the knowledge that our brother Theosophists in America are meeting in Convention, for we know that you will not forget the British National Branch in your discussions and deliberations; and though none of us can be with you actually, we are all with you in thought and in spirit, praying that the blessings of the Masters may be given to the work, in which we all here are united with you. Time and space are no real barriers to those who are working for the same object, in singleness and 'one pointedness' of purpose."

MR. HARGROVE then said: Certain of our members in England have asked me to speak for them, and I should like to try to do so. First, I should wish to make it clear that members of The Theosophical Society in this country really feel with that small group in England, who are struggling so bravely to carry forward the banner of the Masters, and of Theosophy, into the spiritual desolation of England as it is to-day. England is the victim of a violent reaction following the War. It has been said, and I believe truly, that England cannot die because of those who died for England. That splendid army of souls who laid down their lives, without a moment's hesitation, or any thought of sacrifice, for the cause of Masters, during the Great War, carry on, to-day, in the same spirit of sacrifice and with the same intention. They did not formulate it to themselves as we would formulate it. One may have thought he died for Christ; another may have thought he died for England; a third may have died just because he was a good sportsman and believed in fair play. Yet, no matter how they expressed their ideal to themselves, that ideal was the ideal of Theosophy. And I think that we, assembled here in Convention, would do well to remind ourselves, once more, of the all-comprehensiveness of the theosophical ideal.

The Theosophical Society, to-day, stands for a higher and more splendid ideal than the world has ever known. In the past, while the world has seen the ideal revealed in the lives and the sacrifice of Masters, in the person of Masters, the western world has never before been told that that same attainment is the opportunity of the human race. It was only in 1875 that Madame Blavatsky revealed the doctrine of Masters, the doctrine of human perfectibility. We are the custodians of that ideal. We are responsible for its growth in the hearts of men. It is impossible, of course, for us to embody it; and yet, after all, there is no such thing as the impossible. The fact that, intellectually, it is impossible, ought to be a stimulus to those who perhaps would describe themselves as would-be disciples of the Lodge.

Compare this attitude with that of the world. In England at the present time you have, on the one hand, the self-assertiveness of Labour; on the other hand, the self-assertiveness of the aristocracy—two different kinds of self-assertiveness, because one is positive and psychic, and the other is negative and psychic. Among the

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aristocracy, you find too often the self-assertiveness of inertia, with a repudiation of responsibility so negative that some of them say "they suppose the day of aristocracy is past," that it is "the turn of the working man"—washing their hands of England's honour, of England's prosperity, of that burden which the great Law itself placed upon them by reason of their birth. It is they who ought to be confronting the self-assertiveness of Labour, which is trying to create an aristocracy of Labour—not in the true sense of the word, but in the sense in which it might be used in Russia at the present time, where the proletariat is placed above all classes or grades of society. It is the self-assertiveness of a group as against the whole, beginning with the creation of a government within a government. Nothing could be further removed from the ideals of Theosophy, which point out to all men, and to all classes of society, a common goal of attainment, showing that any one life is only a step, *can* only be a step, toward the attainment of that goal, and that the true purpose of life is to fulfil that destiny so far as it may lie in a man's power to do so.

Theosophy reveals to us, not only an age-long growth, but an age-long effort at persuasion on the part of those who have attained. It shows them stooping, as it were, toward those who have not attained, to lift them up from the mire of life to a paradise of wisdom and love and power. A member who spoke this morning, when we were discussing the circulation of the QUARTERLY, referred to salesmanship; and we can well think of the Masters as salesmen. It is rather a tragic way to think of them, and yet it may prove helpful. Our friend said truly that if once you can get something into the hands of a possible purchaser, you can leave it to him to pay for it afterwards. I remember a statement by one whose business it was to dispose of mining properties in the West: If you can persuade a man to go down a mine, he will always pay for it, somehow, when he comes up! And the Masters are trying to persuade us to buy something, something beyond price,—to accept from them the water of life which they give freely. If we would but hold this treasure in our hands for a moment, we would never let go. And they know it. So they try to persuade us to open our hands, the hands of our hearts, to receive and then to retain if only for the flash of a second, their gift of immortal life and of immortal consciousness.

Such is the opportunity of that small group in England; to open their hands and to receive, and thus to draw into the life of England the help that England needs. I doubt whether they know what their opportunity is. It is hard for a handful of mortals, not always working side by side, often separated one from another, to feel to the point of conviction that so few—that one man perhaps working in an office, a woman working in her home, a girl teaching in a school—have it in their power, by their spirit of devotion, by their zeal in the cause of Theosophy, to call forth the leader for whom England waits. If they will lead, and will lead consciously in the spiritual sense; if they will recognize their own mission there in the midst of that darkness, then, through the action of Karma, they will, as it were, evoke from that darkness, the mission of the man who waits—for whom the Lodge waits, and whom the Lodge itself cannot push forward into outer activity until England herself calls.

The Masters wait because they are the servants of Karma—though of course they are more than that, for if it were not for the wall of their hearts of which H. P. B. speaks in the notes to the *Voice of the Silence*, there is not one of us here to-day who would not be swamped by his own Karma, by his own sins of the past, if not of the present. And so they are more than the servants, they are the withholders of Karma, and they are to-day withholding the Karma of England, until the time when, by means of The Theosophical Society and the burning devotion of its members, they may be permitted to send forth into England, not a conscious messenger, but the man whom they have in reserve, to speak for the conscience of England, to speak for the ideals of England, to carry forward the banner of the old nobility of England which is embodied, not only in the hearts of so-called nobles,

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but in the hearts of the jockeys, the stable boys, the race-course touts who rushed to the aid of the first hundred thousand and who died on the fields of France. That old spirit of England was responsible, in the first place, for the birth of the American people. It is nothing foreign to ourselves. It must be in the bones and in the blood of most of us here to-day. And so, for theosophical reasons and for reasons of blood also, all of us must desire to see that nation recover itself and cease to make of itself an exhibition in the eyes of mankind.

What ideals does this Society stand for, what hopes! No one can know them, no one can share them, unless he is a student of Theosophy, and not a student of the books only, not a listener only to speeches at meetings, but one who has learned to enter into and to love this old teaching, and who has recognized and learned to long for that which the teaching reveals,—the small old path, stretching far away toward the Lodge—toward the Lodge, yes, and more than toward the Lodge; toward those who constitute the Lodge; toward those men and women who, having lived and laboured, have attained the power to serve, and who, to-day, standing as it were with their backs against the wall, withhold from us and from mankind as a whole, this frightful curse of our own creation, the Karma of the world's sin. Standing there, they appeal to us, particularly at this time of Convention, to come over to them, to turn from the false glamour of earthly things, to conquer that *maya*, that thirst for life of which the Buddha spoke, and to realize that there can be no true life except in terms of the real, and that the real, the only real, is the life of the soul, the life of the Eternal itself.

Now there are many people in England who understand, up to a certain point, the needs of England. They see, on the one hand, the extravagance of Labour and the worse than folly of the upper classes. They see what England ought to be, what Labour ought to be. They see the opportunity of Labour and the opportunity of the aristocracy . And in the name of religion they fail, because of their religion they fail,—for the reason that they misunderstand absolutely the teachings of Christ. Some of you have read a book called *The Mirrors of Downing Street*—it is supposed to have been written by Harold Begbie—and there is much in that book which is admirable. The writer suggests a fine ideal of service, of unselfish service, of self-surrender in service. But everything he says is tainted with his misunderstanding of Christianity. His one idea of what is right at the present time is to forgive and forget the sins of Germany. He seems to think that whether the German people are repentant or not makes no difference whatsoever; that whether they are the same kind of Germans as in 1914 makes no difference whatsoever. Because a war has been fought and won, it is the duty of those who have won to treat those who have lost as if they had done something noble in being beaten. And this is supposed to be "Christian." That is where Theosophy is so frightfully needed.

It would not seem as though we had reached our thousands in this country, and yet, in the deeper sense we have, because no matter what may be said in criticism of America, of the United States, there is no doubt that it is in a healthier condition to-day than England—very much healthier—and there are few people, in public life in any case, who would dare to talk about Germany as men in England are talking.

It is in the name of religion, or at least in the spirit of religion, that the "someone" to whom I referred ought to speak—in the name of righteousness, in the name of decency, in the name of honour. And he will so speak if the members of The Theosophical Society in England not only will do their duty, but will do it with the faith, with the devotion, with the passion that everyone of us ought to feel when it comes to the cause of Theosophy, of Masters, and of the Lodge.

Our Chairman was speaking this morning of *esprit de corps*. What is the opposite of *esprit de corps* if not the spirit of self-determination? The phrase, I believe, was coined in this country, but it seems to have been coined specially for the gratification of the English people, who grasped at it greedily, particularly the Labour

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leaders and other egotists in other walks in life. Everyone who calls himself an apostle of the new order has declared that this phrase exactly expresses his own ideal and purpose; and as a mantram it "works." But it is a mantram of evil, of the Black Lodge, of destruction. The spirit of self-assertiveness claims that a man has a right to determine his own conduct, a right to govern himself, a right to live his own life in obedience to his own whims, to express himself from moment to moment, and from day to day, as his own spirit (whether it be a spirit of hell or of heaven) may determine. And so, in England to-day, among all classes, this spirit of self-determination is rampant. In its place must be put the spirit of Theosophy which is the spirit of self-surrender.

There was trouble over there—yes, even in the ranks of The Theosophical Society. What was the cause of the trouble? Essentially, it was the spirit of self-determination. Because, instead of sharing in the *esprit de corps* of The Theosophical Society, instead of sharing in the feeling of the whole, in the spirit of self-surrender, there came a spirit of self-assertiveness. Always, if a man does not feel with and love the body to which he belongs, if in his heart he stands outside the ranks, he is inclined to see in the spirit of the ranks, the spirit of a clique. But it is of the essence of a clique to desire to keep others outside itself. Do you find in The Theosophical Society a desire to keep people out? O, no! In The Theosophical Society there is an immense desire to get people in; not to exclude but to include. Once in, you want them to share with you your own enthusiasm, your own love, your own experience. You want to give them all that you have gathered, all that you have learned, by mistakes perhaps, that they may be able to tread the path of life with greater security, with greater effectiveness.

Self-determination! And so when the test came, there were those who said they were not going to follow the lead of America, to follow what we did at our last Convention here. Their reasons were the reasons of Pacifists, were the reasons of pro-Germanism. But back of that was the spirit of self-determination. The last thing in the world that any of us had dreamed of was to tell those English members what they ought to do. We did not ask them to endorse our resolution, to review the action of the Convention. From one standpoint, it was an entirely superfluous act—seeing that they were represented at the Convention, which was a Convention of the Society as a whole. It was absurd to suppose we were trying to dictate. And yet a few of them, because they had been influenced by this modern spirit of separateness, by this psychic disease which is sweeping over England, took it upon themselves to object, and so finally arrived where they had placed themselves, outside the ranks of the Society. All that can be said of them now is what H. P. B. once said: Peace be to their ashes. We are sorry; but what concerns us first and foremost is the welfare of the Society itself, and the Society is better off when those who have ceased to share its spirit, leave it.

Perhaps this is a strange way to speak on behalf of England. And yet, if I am to speak at all, I must say what I feel. And speaking now not so much for the English members, as for the Society in this country—speaking, if I may, as *from* this Convention—I should like to send them word of our sympathy, but above all of our hope. I should like to send them from this Covention not merely a greeting, and not exactly an exhortation, but a message calling upon them to answer to the appeal of Masters and to the appeal of those who have died for them; and to take faith! In all the history of The Theosophical Society there never was so great a need or so great an opportunity. We, in this country, will do what we can, but ultimately it is those members in England who have the fate of England in their hands. It does not need genius. It needs devotion, and it needs understanding, right understanding—one vital division of the noble eightfold path of Buddha. But it needs above all things, right will, right determination, an absolute refusal to fail, an absolute refusal to recognize that there is any such thing in life as the impossible. That word impossible has damned more souls than sin itself. And if those English

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members are to succeed, they must throw that word out of their vocabulary. Their task is not impossible, because nothing is impossible. And the soul of every human being knows it. It is only the lower nature, it is only weakness, it is only the shadow of the real that dares to use that word. And there is not anyone among us, either here or there, who does not know in his heart that he can, and, pray heaven, knows also that he *must,* when the high gods point the way. That is what those members in England, being mortal, must be told; while if they can be told it on the flood tide of this Convention, so much the better. For the rest, on their heads be it. The Masters have placed them there with that responsibility; have placed them there confronting that opportunity, and this means that the Masters will give them the power to achieve, if they will but undertake to achieve.

A crisis,—yes, of course it is a crisis; a crisis in the life of England. Thank heaven again that it is not a question of numbers. What was true of Sodom and Gomorrah is true to-day. If there are three righteous men,—but there are "righteous" men in England by the hundred thousand. The difference is that it needs some sense as well as righteousness. It needs Theosophy. And so, if there are three people in England who, understanding Theosophy, will try to work for Theosophy, will make it as themselves, will get up with it in the morning and go to sleep with it at night, eat with it, work with it, die with it,—England will be saved.

The world needs England. Every nation needs England. This country needs England. France needs England. Nobody can be saved alone. This country cannot be saved alone. It has often thought that it could be, has talked as if it had been; but it cannot be saved alone. I do not mean we should interfere in the affairs of other people. But I do mean that we should recognize facts, and that we should understand and feel with the rest of the human race. We cannot isolate ourselves. Brotherhood is a fact in life. And so it is that the salvation of England concerns each one of us intimately, personally, not only in this life but for always, and that the future of England, of the British National Branch of The Theosophical Society, the future of its individual members, is something that deeply concerns this Convention. I do not think it necessary to suggest any form of resolution, but I should like to write and tell them something of what I have said, and that it is the belief of this Convention—the united feeling of this Convention—that great is their opportunity, and that they must of necessity have it in their power to do all that the Masters could hope for, where England is concerned.

THE CHAIRMAN: There is no need of a motion to send that message to our English brothers. Yet if we think it be a message addressed only to them, we have strangely misunderstood. It is a message addressed to every one of us, to every life, to every heart. We would do well to take it so. And as we listen to the letters of greeting from our members and Branches in other lands, I think we would do well to listen to them as indicative of at least the effort made by others to follow in that Path which has been so clearly pointed out to us. Our next business is to hear these letters of greeting.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON LETTERS OF GREETING

DR. KEIGHTLEY: On behalf of the Committee, I shall read certain letters, and have asked Dr. Clark to present others. (The reading of these letters was listened to with great interest and frequent applause. They appear at the end of the Convention Report.)

THE CHAIRMAN: The Chair would now be glad to receive a motion to discharge the Committee on Letters of Greeting, with thanks.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: In making that motion, may I also call attention to the fact that we would like to send greetings to those members? One of the letters came from a member of the Executive Committee, and I am sure it would be the wish of all of us to send a special message of love to Colonel Knoff. [This was voted.]

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business is the report of the Committee on Resolutions.

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REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

MR. HARGROVE: Mr. Chairman, I am glad to report, as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and on behalf of that Committee, that there is very little to say.

I. Our first resolution is that Mr. Johnston, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, be authorized to reply to the letters of greeting.

II. That visits of officers to the various Branches be authorized.

III. That the thanks of the Society be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality received.

The adoption of the resolutions was carried.

THE CHAIRMAN: The next business is the pleasure of hearing from the delegates, Branch representatives, and proxies.

MRS. GITT: Each of us has entered The Theosophical Society for a different reason. Mine was to learn more about the Christian Master and the Christian religion. I take more than pleasure—I take soul-gratification, in saying that the Theosophical teachings and the Theosophical doctrine have made the Christian Master and His teachings a revelation to me. I am more deeply interested each year that I live, and my special interest is along the line of Church work. Of course, we would all greatly prefer to see some change in the Church. The non-essentials of the Christian religion have been made so much of, but I think that in the past year there has been improvement along that line. Then another point is, that the people who attend services want to hear more about the Christian Master and His teachings. They want Jesus. That desire is in their hearts, and the Churches ought to respond to it. I find that on many sides there is a feeling that Theosophy and the Christian Churches clash. That is not true. They do not clash. Theosophy is the revelation of the Christian teachings, and the more you understand Theosophy, the more you will understand Christ. On the whole, I have been greatly pleased this year with the influx of spiritual force that has been apparent in the Churches which I have had an opportunity to observe.

MR. DANNER: The only difference in our report this year, in comparison with previous years, is that we come to-day as real delegates, when before we came as members-at-large,—delegates from the Pittsburgh Branch. The charter has not reached there yet, I received it here and have it in my hand. Inasmuch as there has been only one meeting of our Branch, a meeting for the purpose of organization, there is little or nothing to tell you aside from that. We hope that next year there will be some progress to report.

THE CHAIRMAN: Will Mr. Woodbridge speak for Boston, and for New York?

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I do hate to have to speak for Boston—I doubt whether my language would be suitable. And I am afraid to talk for the New York Branch—knowing what the Branch is,—I should not like to be taken for Exhibit A of the New York Branch. I am going to try to express the gratitude of T. S. members. We are grateful for the New York Branch; grateful to the Masters. There is the feeling of real gratitude, almost like an electric current. It is not merely going forth from our hearts as emotional enjoyment, but it takes the form of a determination to show that the sacrifices which have been made by the older members, that the effort they have made to keep going the work started by the Masters will not be stopped by us; that we intend not merely to take what has been given us, but also to show our gratitude by trying to do what will please those who have been helping us and teaching us. Referring to that point in the Los Angeles letter about changes in numbers, let us do as Mr. Griscom once said,—let us look at things around us, and instead of being discouraged because The Theosophical Society is small, be encouraged because it is so effective. It is said that the waste tissues in the ordinary man, if they were not thrown off, would accumulate at a frightful rate. As I calculate it, I should now if they were not thrown off, weigh sixteen and a quarter tons. Our Society to-day is perhaps exactly the effective size to do the work it is

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called upon to do. It is not our business what the size is. The only question is, what are we going to do about it? We have been here, and have been given a light. What are we going to do about it?

THE CHAIRMAN: Mrs. Gordon tells me that she cannot talk, but I know she brings to us the greetings of the Middletown Branch, which, year after year, we take great pleasure in hearing from.

MISS RICHMOND: [asked to speak for the members-at-large] I had in mind something of what Mr. Woodbridge just said. I am so impressed after an absence of some seven or eight years, to see how the work has grown. I do not mean on the part of the older members, from whom that might have been expected—I mean on the part of the younger members. Perhaps you who come every year do not realize it so thoroughly. It comes to me this year, at least, as a tremendous surprise and a great encouragement. Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, I feel sure, would be happy; *are* happy because of it.

Then, one word of encouragement to those who, like myself, are far from New York. We are frontiersmen. And frontiersman used to mean a pioneer. Think what that means. If anyone thinks there is loneliness about that, he does not understand what Theosophy can mean in life. I am reminded of two passages, one from Mr. Judge's *Letters*, which refers to the fact that if one makes an advance, then it is certain there is a sort of silence or loneliness all around in the forest of his nature. That is not discouragement. And from the Tao in the last QUARTERLY, "The Master works without working. He teaches in silence. He who would tread the Way soon becomes silent. The Way quiets impetuosity. It looses bonds. It follows lowliness." And that is the keynote of it all.

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL: I do not know that I have anything to say for the New York Branch, but for myself I want to express my own great happiness at being here again and to join with all my heart in what Mr. Woodbridge said of the gratitude that we owe and feel to those who have made it possible for us to have the privilege of being here.

Before the Convention I was asking myself what might be the keynote this year, on what point did the thought of the world most need clarifying. Six years ago, when thought in this country was particularly blinded, this Society led the way by a clear-cut declaration that when a spiritual principle was believed to be at stake, neutrality was wrong. At a later Convention came the statement that compromise with evil was wrong. In both these declarations the Society led the way and showed what should be done. Unfortunately, the world did not follow. We did compromise with evil, but at least an increasing number of people are coming to see that we did so compromise and that it was wrong. There again the Society led the world. Later still, when the the word brotherhood was being so terribly misused, the Society came out with the declaration that Bolshevism is not brotherhood but its opposite, and the opposite of all for which the Society stands.

We have all seen the immense power that clear thinking, on the part of the Society and its members, has in the world. Mr. Hargrove has pointed out the glorious opportunity of the English members and the German members. Each one of us should take this to himself as his opportunity and his opportunity to-day. What is it that we want to see clearly? That, in my view, was brought out by the Chairman in his opening speech this morning when he spoke of the need for faith in the spiritual powers. This, it seems to me, is what the resolutions of the preceding years were pointing toward: that the world should have faith in the spiritual powers, should realize that the powers of the spirit are in ceaseless conflict with the powers of evil, the powers of materialism, that neutrality and compromise are wrong, that brotherhood does not rest on the material, is not interested in the material, but has its foundation in the spirit and must fight on the side of the spirit, against the material. It is for us to put our faith in the Spiritual Powers and to point out the way to a world confused by psychic

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glamour. We have the opportunity, by clear thinking, to go far toward correcting that confusion by throwing our faith, our utmost effort, on the side of the spiritual powers, against compromise, against delay when action is called for, against neutrality, against any and all of the false conceptions of brotherhood that would make it a thing of material aims, of equality in possessions, of forms of government, of democracy, or of any other outer material aim with which it is now confused and with which it has nothing to do. For brotherhood is, in and of itself, of the Spirit, its foundation is spiritual and the spiritual is the side on which it must fight.

MRS. REGAN: I have very little to tell. We have held meetings just the same as last year, in the same room. We have divided our time between the study of the *Yoga Sutras* and the QUARTERLY. That is about all.

MR. PERKINS: Mr. Chairman, I was so glad that Mr. Mitchell said something about the glamour in the world at the present time. We all know what that is because we know it right inside ourselves. We do not have to become acquainted with it in history, or in Russia, or Germany, or somewhere else. What is our hope, in the face of this glamour of unreality, this psychic thing, which seems to be trying to involve the whole western world? Something comes down across the track of that glamour, or up from inside of it; something that is different, something that has life, something that has a ring to it; something that has a lilt to it, which is from another world. We know what that is, whatever we, individually, may call it. We know well that something which comes down from the Lodge, by way of those who have gone before. And so, as we look back along the line of everything that is dearest to us, we know that every worthy thing in our consciousness, that our very understanding of the words chivalry, romance, courage, loyalty, comes through the meaning that was put into them, lived into them, by the Lodge. And so, back of the words that mean most to us, and back of the ideals by which we are trying to live, we find human beings, yes, members of The Theosophical Society. It is only a few days to White Lotus Day—May 8th—when we shall be particularly remembering the great contribution that Madame Blavatsky made to the Movement. Then we come to Mr. Judge, whom many of us know only by the work which he left. My own mind runs next to Mr. Griscom. And so we come down to those older members who are with us to-day. The chain to us younger members of the Society is an unbroken chain.

What are we to do with the problem?—a great world problem, our own problem, the problem of the Society; all one problem, as we see it? One of the letters Dr. Clark read to us from a member in Czecho-Slovakia, reminded us again that it is one life that is flowing through the Society. We feel, as we listen to those letters of greeting from far distant members, that it is the same life flowing through them that flows through us, the same life that came down to all of us from afar. And so, as we look forward into the new year that begins with this Convention, I am sure we shall be looking forward to doing something about this problem of glamour where we come closest to it, within ourselves. We have been told what to do about it. From the Masters all the way down through this unbroken chain, they have been telling us what to do. During this Convention, officers, members, one after another, have been telling us what to do. I believe that this Convention, and the individual delegates and members of the Society who make it up, will quietly resolve to do that thing.

MRS. OUTCALT: I feel I have very little to say that will be new to you. Miss Hohnstedt and our President always make the report from Cincinnati—and they have both written on here this year. But words will not express how pleased I am to assemble with you people. Miss Hohnstedt would come home from Convention, year after year, and I always said to her, "You look as though you had been baptized anew." And I am here now for that baptism—not for myself, but that I may give to others. In Cincinnati, we have had many discouragements; but we meet

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once a week and do what we can. Different members have established study classes; and the first thing we know there is some unexpected bar to the carrying out of our plans. But we feel that we may take encouragement from the results of the work that Mr. Judge did when he met, all alone, and carried on the meetings by himself. In Cincinnati we do not have many strangers come into our meetings—principally members—yet, as we go out among the different societies and Churches, we find Theosophy. I think that on the thought plane, it is reaching everywhere.

MRS. THOMPSON: I have nothing to say except to emphasize all that has been said about gratitude for being here.

MR. JOHNSTON: Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members—This morning something was said about Branch life and work, on the one hand, and on the other hand, isolated individual members. I should like to go into this a little further. We know very well that members in certain cases are isolated, and have very little outwardly, so far as they can see, except the receipt of the QUARTERLY, to link them with the Theosophical Movement. And they feel, perhaps, very much alone and very much deserted. I should like to suggest that such an isolated member has a magnificent and still unrealized opportunity, not primarily to talk Theosophy, but to be an embodiment of Theosophy, and to have it in a contagious degree. We know people who hold various beliefs at a temperature near absolute zero, and no one is ever infected. The ideas may be as unexceptionable as those of Einstein; they will not stir anybody. It needs self-giving without any reservation, and a vigour and intensity, and earnestness in the holding of the Theosophical ideas; a determination to embody them to the tips of one's fingers. That is what makes the contagiousness of the,—I will not say the malady of Theosophy, for it is a benediction. To make that benediction contagious is the superb opportunity of the isolated members.

Much has been said about the blunders and harm that religious and theosophical organizations fall into because they have not right understanding. It is of utmost importance that members and students should understand and master, from careful study and meditation on what they study, the principles, thoughts, and ideals of Theosophy. No amount of zeal will carry us anywhere without clear understanding and intelligence. But having got that, we must also have zeal, vigour, earnestness, and fire. You cannot catch fire from a log that is not burning. A black log will not set fire to anything. If there is a blazing fire in the heart of an isolated member, while it may not show in two or three years, it is a tremendous spiritual force that is working twenty-four hours a day, and if there be, anywhere within a radius of ten or even a hundred miles, those who have the power to catch fire, they will catch fire. The isolated member is the beneficiary of a splendid opportunity to be and to live something real, to inform his heart and soul, that he may blaze and radiate spiritual life to others. Every such isolated member should be the potential centre of a strong Branch, which should carry out and put in force the practical teaching and the method of The Theosophical Society. But before he can be a nucleus of such a Branch, he must thoroughly represent the principles and teachings in his own person. Otherwise he will get something started, perhaps, which will be intensely personal, an exemplification of a desire to stand on the teaching perch, which will be quite useless, though not quite harmless. There must be a beginning in oneself. He should inquire: what are the other things I ought to be doing to be a living, radiating, flaming centre of Theosophical life? If such an isolated member really busies himself, heart and soul and spirit, with that problem, he will find the answer and will realize his opportunity.

THE CHAIRMAN: With the reports of the delegates, the official business of the Convention comes to an end. So I would ask for a motion to adjourn.

MR. WOODBRIDGE: I received instructions to-day from the Convention, to prepare a telegram to Mrs. Gregg. I think Mrs. Gregg would appreciate the fact that it was inscribed by the Convention as a whole, and not personally from me. The telegram, as I have written it, reads: "Officers, delegates and members in T. S. Con-

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vention assembled, officially and personally unite in sending our beloved Secretary grateful and affectionate greetings."

Then I should like to exercise a privilege which has been mine for several years, and that is to move, on behalf of the Convention, a vote of thanks to our officers. This was made a rising vote.

THE CHAIRMAN: If there be no further business, a motion to adjourn is in order. Motion was made by Mr. Ludlow Griscom, seconded by Mr. Mitchell, and carried.

The Chairman declared the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS, *Secretary of Convention.*
JULIA CHICKERING, *Assistant Secretary of Convention.*

LETTERS OF GREETING

Obersedlitz-Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia.

Dear Comrades: You are assembled in Convention, united to Him from whom all our blessings flow, to thank Him for all that we receive. I wish also to express my thanks with you; it is my greatest and deepest petition to Him that He may help me to do only His will, each time, unto death. My hearty thanks go to you for your great help and I hope that it is possible for me to pay my great debt. . . . I express once more my detestation of the attitude of Germany in regard to the war, as well as of the enormities committed by Germany under the influence of the Black Lodge during the war.

Always faithfully yours,
HERMANN ZERNDT.

Kristiana, Norway.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: At each Annual Convention we find a natural and favourable opportunity for retrospection. This is a solemn hour not only for The Theosophical Society as a whole, but for all its members separately. The review of the events in the bygone years may bring on mixed feelings—joy over the good that has been done, and sadness over the many failings and lost opportunities. And be it also remembered that this hour of retrospection is one of our greatest opportunities for self-examination. It is an hour of attention, contemplation, and meditation in order to take in, digest, and assimilate the everyday teachings of life.

Some Branches of our Society have, I think, good reasons for joy, other Branches less. And there are also localities where Branches have sadly failed, and where the remaining true members have felt much depression and despondency. These faithful ones have wanted encouragement and support, and they have had it. They have been encompassed with our warmest sympathy and best wishes. And not only they, but also their failing comrades have had access to the same source of help, if they only would drink of its sweet waters.

And knowing that our Divine Co-Workers will see to it that this beneficial spring never is empty, but always filled to the brim, if we do not make it a stagnant pool, let us continue to keep its waters sweet and limpid by letting it flow abundantly to others, thus fulfilling our duty as co-workers of the great Lodge, whose agents we are for the irrigation of the field in which the man-plant is to be cultivated till the purpose of the soul is achieved.

May all members of The Theosophical Society ardently and incessantly help in this work of irrigation in order to strengthen sympathy and love among all men; and may we, with ever-increasing power, encompass the whole creation with the gentle feelings and unrivalled compassion of the Christian Master, whose life was

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dedicated to this single purpose, namely, to help and to save sinners. This is the claim which the principal aim and object of The Theosophical Society is laying upon its members. May we not fail in our primary duty.

With cordial greetings from comrades in Norway, I am,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS H. KNOFF.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

To the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: Once again, at this time, our thoughts turn especially towards you, and it is my privilege to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes for a most successful Convention. We feel that the Conventions are milestones or stages in a spiritual career and that each one expresses more and more of that principal aim and object for which we are banded together. We are unable to be with you in person but we shall be present in spirit, and to that extent we shall participate in that renewed energy and clearer vision, whereby we may more efficiently do the work that is at our hand.

The result of our Branch Convention last October, in spite of its one mistake, has done a great deal of good in several ways; it has put new life and energy into members; it has made us think about things that otherwise might have been passed over without due thought; it has enabled members to see more clearly the relationship of our Branch to the T. S. Away from you as we are, and constituted as we were, up to 1906, as an independent but allied Society, there has still been the tendency to regard us in that light; but since 1906 the position has been, happily, different. I consider that the wise provision in the By-Laws for organizations or persons outside America becoming part of the T. S., has been greatly to our benefit and, I have no doubt, to those in other countries. So we can say that we are part of The Theosophical Society just as any Branch in America can, and further, that this Convention is of vital interest to us as to you. . . . We miss Dr. Keightley, but we are thankful for his ever-ready advice and suggestion from which we have often profited in the past. We miss him, but not sorrowfully or despondently, for we are glad that he is able to be with you, and we feel that it is our duty, though at the same time our joy, if our hearts are in it, to continue, to the utmost of our ability, the Work for which he has laboured so long.

Yours fraternally,

E. HOWARD LINCOLN, *Secretary British National Branch.*

Arvika, Sweden.

To the members of the T. S. in Convention Assembled: The members of the T. S. Branch in Arvika, Sweden, send you all our hearty greetings. Our work goes on as before; and we intend to have our annual meeting on the same day as the Convention, thus bringing us, as we see it, a little nearer the great Convention.

Fraternally,

HJALMAR JULIN.

To the Secretary T. S.: The Norfolk Branch of the British National Branch of The Theosophical Society sends its heartfelt greetings to the Annual Convention, and sincere good wishes for its success.

None of the members of the Norfolk Branch were able to attend the Annual Convention of the British National Branch held at Newcastle last October, owing chiefly to their inability to leave their various occupations; but also because the Norfolk Branch, as a whole, was very much of the opinion that the moment was not an auspicious one, coming as it did, almost immediately after the sudden depar-

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ture of our late General Secretary. This opinion was made known to our fellow members in the north of England, but was outweighed by the general desire for a Convention.

Knowing that the chief subject for discussion would, in all probability, be the Resolution regarding the German members of The Theosophical Society, the Norfolk Branch made it absolutely clear that they entirely upheld the attitude adopted at New York on the subject. They further intimated their desire that, although none of their members could attend the Convention, their definite attitude should be taken into consideration, if there was any voting on this subject. When the proceedings of the Convention were made known to the Norfolk Branch, it was with considerable consternation that the members discovered that it had been decided to put off taking up a definite stand on this all-important question. Fortunately, however, shortly after the Convention, four of the five members of the Branch were able to meet, and it was unanimously decided to write an open letter to the members of the Executive Committee of the British National Branch (one member of the Executive Committee belongs to the Norfolk Branch) deprecating the action taken at the Convention, and urging the immediate calling of a referendum on this vital question. . . . The opinion of the members of the Norfolk Branch was so very definite, on the question concerning the German members of the Society, that it does not seem an exaggeration to state that, had they been present at the Convention, the resolution to shelve the consideration of the German question could not have been passed.

Yours fraternally,

HOPE D. BAGNELL, *Secretary Norfolk Branch.*

Caracas, Venezuela.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: The Venezuela Branch rejoices exceedingly at the news of the forthcoming Convention of the T. S., which, at the close of every year, crowns the vital and eminently fertile work of the Society. This Branch, duly assembled, sends its most cordial good wishes for the success of the Convention and expresses its profound gratitude for the assistance invariably derived therefrom.

It is, perhaps, not out of place here to consider that these annual assemblies of the Convention not only represent the numerous local meetings held during the year, but also are, so to speak, an actual consummation thereof, wherein is found a more effective communion and a more real and powerful unity. Our Branch will be present in spirit, contributing, to the utmost, its will, its life, its sympathy.

Yours very fraternally,

JUAN J. BENZO, *Secretary.*

In another letter, Mr. Benzo writes: "The incident of London, described in Mr. Kennedy's letter, is, in the opinion of our Branch, very significant, and, as regards that country, deplorable. It is also to be deplored that such an incident—due to lack of faith, perhaps—should have occurred. It is sad to see a companion disregard the principle, the guide, so to speak, which is so necessary for all just understanding and discernment."

Ocumare del Fuy, Venezuela.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: In the name of the members of the Altagracia de Orituco Branch, I send to you our fraternal greetings; reiterate our adherence to the large purposes of the Convention; and once more invoke, for its complete success, the bond which inviolably unites us. May the blessing of the Masters accompany you in your work for the happiness of humanity.

ACISCLO VALEDÓN, *Secretary.*

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Curaçao, West Indies.

To the Secretary of The Theosophical Society: It is with a feeling of confidence in the future that the Curaçao Branch of The Theosophical Society forwards to-day its first annual report, as the members thereof trust that the efforts of their young Branch will be looked at by their elder brethren with sympathy and love.

. . . One part of our activities is the formation of a small library, but taking into consideration the few members at present registered, it will take a long time before we have our desire fulfilled; therefore any contribution of our brethren to this end will be very welcome.

With fraternal greetings and our best wishes for the success of the Convention and the welfare and progress of the Society,

Yours in love and friendship,

R. M. PRINCE, *President.*
EMILIO L. HENRIQUEZ, *Secretary.*

Aussig, Czecho-Slovakia.

To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: During the past years we have learned from the Convention reports that the assembled delegates and members of The Theosophical Society agreed in thought and feeling regarding the questions and issues under discussion. As we know that thinking in accordance with the Master's thinking is of real effectiveness, this unanimity of thought must imply tremendous spiritual action, and must manifest itself as a strong spiritual influence on the evolution of humanity.

If we agree that we must become like the Master, if we would partake of his consciousness and of his will, then we perceive the urgent necessity to do this in all its details. And since it is our thinking which directs our powers—powers which we ceaselessly receive from the soul—our conduct is much better if our thinking has been done rightly. This is true also of the world's conduct. Therefore, it is our belief that the Society's activity has much influenced the evolution of religion, philosophy, and science in regard to their reconciliation. . . . We have not forgotten that the analysis and correcting of our own and of the world's thought is only a part of the whole work. The other part is likewise necessary; to aspire, to meditate, and to pray, and to make strong efforts to live out what we think to be right and what we aspire after.

The other great lesson we have learned by your help is the need to eliminate foreign elements from The Theosophical Society. We perceive the spiritual demand to undertake *spontaneous* action towards that elimination, if the foreign elements have not the decency to go voluntarily; in which case there exists the danger that the Black Powers will use them as vanguard in its attack.

With genuine heart we look upon The Theosophical Society and its work as the handiwork of the Masters. We remember thankfully the great and immeasurable privilege of being members of the T. S.

Faithfully yours,

OTTOMAR KÖHLER, *Secretary.*

Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

To the Members in Convention Assembled: The members of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge would like to be with you in person, but as this is not possible they send you hearty greetings and fraternal good wishes for a "splendid" and successful Convention.

Yours sincerely,

PETER DOUGLAS, *President.*
ETHEL M. LINCOLN, *Secretary.*

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Los Angeles, California.

To the Officers and Members, Theosophical Society, in Annual Convention Assembled: The members of Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society extend to you their sincere greeting, with the added pledge of faith and allegiance. Of the vast numbers who have accepted the theosophical doctrine, since the time that it was first brought to their attention, how many have been faithful to their convictions in regard to it? How many have proven their faith and allegiance to the Cause of the Masters? How many, through spiritual blindness and personal ambition, have grasped the shadow for the substance? "Many are called but few are chosen," and to the few has been allotted the task of bearing aloft the flaming torch that lights the way to man's Immortality, in the blessed work of the Masters, to which they have dedicated themselves! What joy is greater than this?

Faithfully and fraternally,

ALFRED L. LEONARD, *Secretary.*

Salamanca, New York.

To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled: We have been unable to do more this past year than keep the spark of Theosophy alive here; but we have lost none of our earnest desire to become an active branch. In whatever is done to further the Master's Cause, our hearts are with you.

Sincerely and fraternally,

CARRIE HIGGINS, *Secretary Sravakas Branch.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Berlin, May 24th, 1921.

To the Editor of the Theosophical Quarterly:

The undersigned ask the editor of the QUARTERLY to be good enough to publish the following in the next issue of the QUARTERLY:

The March edition of Mr. Raatz's journal, *Theosophisches Leben,* contains in an article, "Theosophische Gesellschaft und Allgemeine geistige Verbrüderung," a violent and slanderous attack upon The Theosophical Society as well as their leaders.

The following is only an extract of his calumny. He writes in his opening chapters:

"Does there still exist a T. S. in the spirit of the founders? The answer to this is a distinct No! There is no such T. S.; that which calls itself thus is nothing but the remnants, empty shells, without any spiritual contents, without the spirit of Brotherhood."

And further on:

"But there *did* exist a very limited number of Theosophists in New York, in whom for a time the spirit of Brotherhood lived, and these found followers in other countries, including Germany. An organization was formed, which received quite often instructions from the spiritual world, so that it grew stronger internally in spirit and externally in numbers. But in 1906 a new spirit was infused in this organization, whereby the Immortals were forced to withdraw from it. The spirit of Jesuitism was expressed quite openly by this organization during the war; under the pretence and cloak of Brotherhood all members were driven into the war against Germany. They were persuaded that they would receive a reward from God, if they helped in killing their brethren, the Germans. The chief person of this organization is so blinded and filled with the spirit of Jesuitism, that he cannot recognize the insanity implied in such expressions, often repeated in the

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official organ, the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, as: 'Germany must be killed like a mad dog!' Every principle of Brotherhood is lost here, and in consequence the Society is gradually crumbling and decaying!"

The undersigned repudiate this attack most energetically. The assertion, that the ideal of Brotherhood has been used by the leading members of the Society as a "cloak," is a false and slanderous representation of the real facts. We all know, and are fully convinced of, the devotion and self-sacrifice with which all the members attacked by Mr. Raatz have kept faithfully the principles of Brotherhood for decades. From the first day of the war they have defended the true spirit of Brotherhood against misinterpretations.

If we had required any other proof to be convinced of the accuracy with which Mr. Raatz is characterized by the QUARTERLY, and how imperative his expulsion was, this proof as given in the article referred to would suffice to convince us now.

No, The Theosophical Society is not only not dead, but on the contrary we feel that on account of the wise fulfillment of its mission, it is pervaded with new vigor, and that its spiritual influence has even enlightened and strengthened us here in Germany.

The faithful and wise judgment and discrimination with which the leading members of the T. S. have stood up for the principles of Universal Brotherhood in the columns of the QUARTERLY and in the T. S. inspires us daily; it has prevented us from becoming victims of those forces of evil which speak so strongly in Mr. Raatz's article.

This renewed attack of Mr. Raatz confirms, and covers every word, that H. P. Blavatsky said in the *Key to Theosophy:*

"What wonder, then, that those members who fail to carry out its ideal should turn, after leaving the Society, for sympathetic protection to our enemies, and pour all their gall and bitterness into their too willing ears! Knowing that they will find support, sympathy, and ready credence for every accusation, however absurd, that it may please them to launch against the Theosophical Society, they hasten to do so, and vent their wrath on the innocent looking glass, which reflected too faithfully their faces. People never forgive those whom they have wronged! The sense of kindness received, and repaid by them with ingratitude, drives them into a madness of justification before the world and their own consciences. The former is but too ready to believe in anything said against a society it hates."

(Signed) OSKAR STOLL, MELITTA STOLL, DORA RAATZ-CORVINUS, MARGARETHE BITTKAU, CHARLOTTE BITTKAU, HELENE HAGEMANN, ALFRED FRIEDEWALD, FRANCES FRIEDEWALD-CORVINUS, ROSA DIETSCH, SÁNDOR WEISS, LEO SCHOCH, LISA SCHOCH, HELENE RÜHL, RICHARD WALTHER, FRIEDA BÜTTNER, FRANZ BÜTTNER.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among mankind: it only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental ground underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Universal" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avows its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it tenders most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to harmonize and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the SECRETARY T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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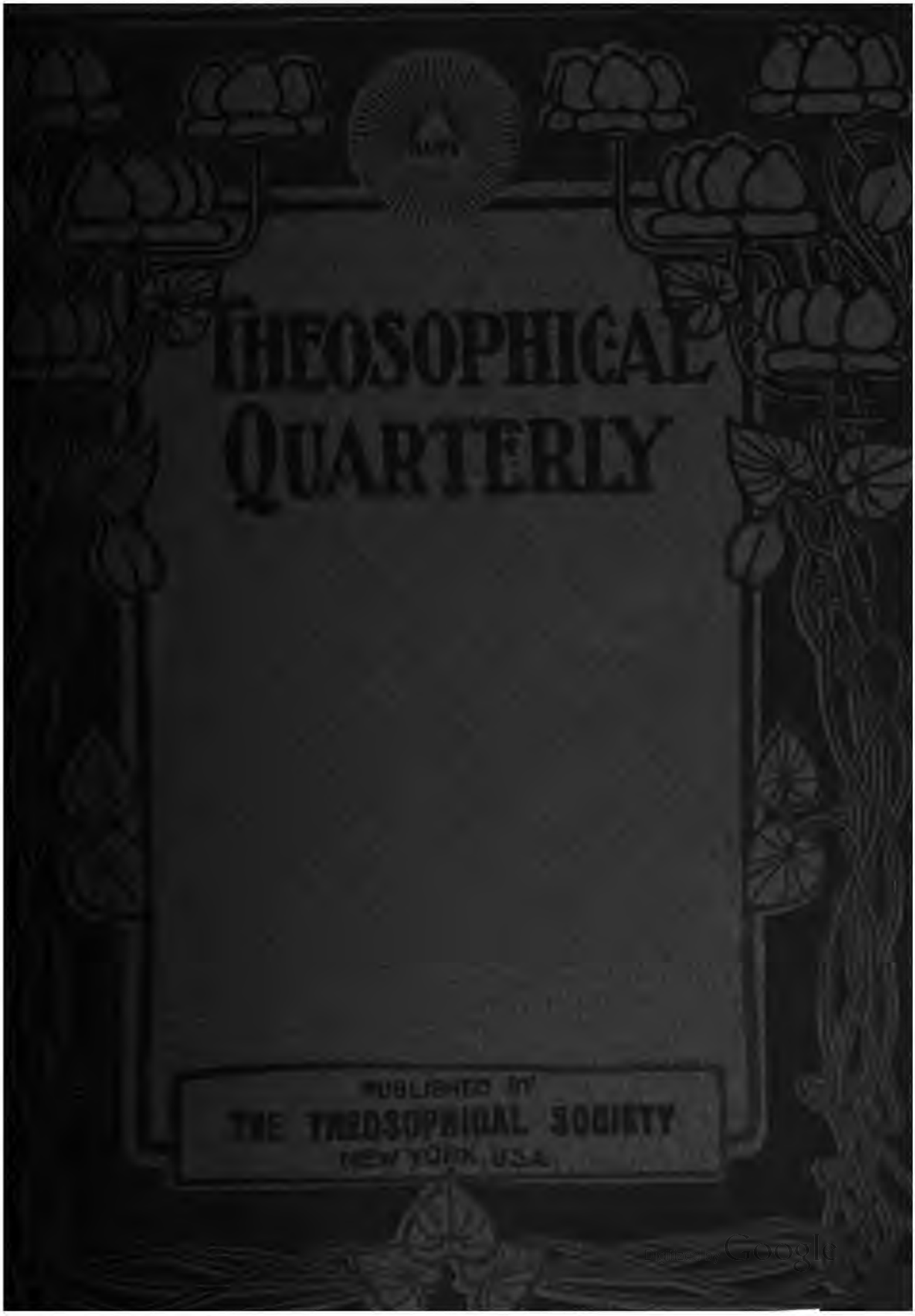

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, [illegible] per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

Published by The Theosophical Society, at
[illegible] Washington Street, Brooklyn, New York

July; October; January; April

[illegible] to P. O. [illegible], New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to: John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England; or to Mr. E. H. Lincoln, 4 Commercial Avenue, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price, [illegible] [illegible]

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1921

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion, or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Radium and Manvantaras

LEADERS of modern scientific thought have already declared that the conception of Matter and Force reached by the study of radioactivity, the view that all chemical elements are built up of intensely active electrical particles, provides a meeting ground for science and theology. The thought is that we have attained to a conception of Substance which is at once Matter and Spirit, a form of Being of which Spirit or energy is the one pole, while Matter is the other.

It is of high interest to find that, resolutely pushing forward the investigation of radioactivity in another direction, and pondering over the results with the scientific imagination, leaders of science have tentatively reached certain views concerning the larger processes of world-life which are to be found in essence, and even worked out in some detail, in the religious philosophy of the older scriptures, inspired by the Eastern Wisdom.

An example of this broader and deeper use of the scientific imagination may be found in Professor Frederick Soddy's able work, *The Interpretation of Radium* (already referred to in earlier "Notes and Comments"), the Preface of which is dated July, 1920.

The way in which these imaginative, and, as we think, deeply intuitive speculations came into being, is also profoundly interesting. The main substance of the book is made up of lectures delivered by Professor Soddy, beginning as long as seventeen years ago, while the book finally left the author's hands only last year. The process suggested by the composite, though well digested result, is this: It would seem as though Professor Soddy, after he had spent many years in actual laboratory work, and had summed up the concrete results, with illustrative experiments, in the various series of lectures; after he had "liberated his soul" in giving birth to these more tangible things,—had allowed his soul to have its own way, to ponder and brood, to perform concentrated meditation, as Patanjali would say, upon this whole mass of wonderful material, and that,

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as the fruit of this finer, secondary process, he had brought forth the cosmic speculations which we are about to consider, and had included this intuitive harvest in the completed book published a few months ago.

That the process of pondering and meditation was not complete, that it lacked one vital element on which Patanjali would have insisted, an element characteristic of the Eastern Wisdom,—we shall try to show a little later, after we have considered the main speculations put forward by Professor Soddy and their marked Oriental colouring.

After summing up the earlier scientific view of a universe running down, like a clock once wound up; a universe, therefore, doomed to eventual inertia and deadness, as illustrated by the popular speculations concerning the cooling and death of the sun, preceded by the chilling of the earth and the consequent extinction of all life, Professor Soddy speaks of the more recent conception of a continuing process which includes not only the degradation, but also the regeneration of energy, a conception largely drawn from our knowledge of radium and its congeners:

"Into the arena of these silent world-creating and destroying influences has entered a new-comer—'Radioactivity'—and it has not required long before it has come to be recognized that in the discovery of radioactivity, or rather of the sub-atomic powers and processes of which radioactivity is merely the outward and visible manifestation, we have penetrated one of Nature's innermost secrets. Whether or no the processes of continuous atomic disintegration bulk largely in the scheme of cosmical evolution, at least it cannot be gainsaid that these processes are at once powerful enough and slow enough to furnish a sufficient and satisfactory explanation of the origin of those perennial outpourings of energy, by virtue of which the universe to-day is a going concern rather than a cold, lifeless collocation of extinct worlds."

While radium in substantial quantities has been found only in certain rare minerals, like the uranium ores, it has, nevertheless, been proved that radium and other radioactive elements, like thorium, are very generally diffused through the rocks of the earth's crust in minute amounts which make a considerable total, and may be supposed to produce very important results. To Lord Rayleigh (Professor Strutt) and Professor Joly we owe the determination of the presence and amount of radium in rocks gathered from many different points on the globe.

Professor Joly has also recorded much interesting work and speculation, in his book, *Radioactivity and Geology,* regarding the possibility of using these widely distributed radioactive elements as time-clocks for the world, and for the universe generally. Roughly stated, the principle is this. Radium shoots forth, from within its atoms, contained atoms of helium and electrons, as bullets are shot from a gun. This process of bombardment continues at a certain definite rate, a certain percentage of atoms firing within a given time. After a time which can be measured, the bombardment ceases. The bombardment periods differ enormously; in some of the radioactive substances they are

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counted in fractions of a second; in others, in days or years; in others, as in radium itself, they extend over centuries; in yet others, like uranium, they last over billions of years, according to the accepted view. By firing off these helium and electric bullets, and thus losing weight, each radioactive element is degraded into an element of lower atomic weight. Finally, taking as a basis of calculation the amount of uranium which has not yet been degraded by this process of bombardment, in a given rock, compared with the amount of helium shot out, it is possible to establish a time-measure for that rock.

Speaking of the method thus very imperfectly outlined, Professor Joly says: "With an interest almost amounting to anxiety, geologists will watch the development of researches which may result in timing the strata and the phases of evolutionary advance; and may even—going still further back—give us reason to see in the discrepancy between denudative and radioactive methods, glimpses of past æons, beyond that day of regeneration which at once ushered in our era of life, and, for all that went before, was 'a sleep and a forgetting'" (page 250).

It is impossible not to feel the Oriental flavour of this. It may be brought out by quoting a few lines from one of the *Puranas,* the Indian "Books of Ancient Teaching": "When fire had perished from the earth, and this entire world, motionless and moving, had been dissolved into one mass, and had been destroyed—waters first came into being. As the world formed at that time but one ocean, nothing could be distinguished. The benign Evolving Power, Brahma, slept upon the water. But awaking because of the predominance of energy within Him, the Evolving Power moved upon the water, hither and thither, like a firefly at night in the season of the rains" (*Vayu Purana,* VI, 1-7).

Here are "glimpses of past æons", followed by "a sleep and a forgetting", with the beginning of the "day of regeneration which ushered in our era of life".

Taking passages, like that quoted, as his starting point, Professor Soddy allows his scientific imagination to consider the larger cosmic processes:

"Joly has had the courage to push the argument to its logical conclusion, and has supposed that the radioactive materials are not confined to a thin surface crust, but are equally distributed throughout the globe in much the same proportions as they are in the crust. If this is so, there is no escape from the conclusion that the interior of the earth, so far from gradually parting with its heat and cooling down, must actually be getting steadily hotter. The heat generated within, even after the lapse of hundreds of millions of years, would scarcely appreciably escape from the surface, for, as Lord Kelvin deduced, the central core of the earth must be almost insulated thermally from the surface, owing to the low conductivity of the rocks composing the crust. He assumes throughout an average composition of the globe of two parts of radium per million million, which is considerably below the average he found for the rocks

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of the crust, and he calculates that in the course of a hundred million years this minute quantity will produce a rise of the temperature of the central core of no less than 1,800 degrees centigrade. Unless, therefore, this heat is utilized in some unknown way, or the disintegration of the radio-elements is prevented by the high temperature and pressure, the ultimate fate of the globe must be very much as depicted in the Biblical tradition. Sooner or later the crust must succumb to the ever-increasing pressure within, and the earth must become again, what it is supposed once to have been, a vastly swollen globe of incandescent gas. As Joly remarks, there is no evidence that this has not already occurred more than once, nor assurance that it will not recur. So far as physical science yet can deduce, the accumulation of thermal energy within a world containing elements undergoing atomic disintegration during the 'geological age' must alternate with a state of things which might be termed the 'incandescent age', in which this accumulated energy is dissipated by radiation. This periodic cycle of changes must continue until the elements in question have disintegrated—that is, over a period which radioactive measurements indicate is of the order of tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of years. During the incandescent age the loss of heat by radiation, which increases according to the fourth power of the temperature, is immensely greater than could be supplied even by atomic disintegration. . . . As soon as sufficient of the heat energy of a world has been radiated away for a solid crust to form, the poor thermal conductivity of this crust at once reduces the radiation loss to a negligible figure again, a fresh geological age is inaugurated, and again the heat accumulates within. This view, that the elements contain within themselves the energy from which Nature obtains her primary supplies, and that in cosmical time 'geological age' and 'incandescent age' alternate as the night and day, however imperfect it may still be, is at least more in harmony with existing knowledge than the older conventional view that the universe was wound up once for all in the beginning like a clock, to go for a certain time, for the most part quietly and uneventfully, pursuing its allotted path towards ultimate physical stagnation and death. But what a picture it conjures up of life and of the precariousness of its tenure—from its lowest beginnings to its highest evolution, not a permanent accomplishment, but a process to be inaugurated and consummated afresh, if at all, between the ending and beginning of each new cosmical day!" (pages 177-180).

Much of this is so profoundly Oriental, that it would be easy to translate it into Sanskrit. Professor Soddy himself suggests this Eastern colouring when he speaks of the ultimate fate of the globe as depicted in the Biblical tradition. Perhaps the passage he has in mind is the fine outburst of eloquence in the second letter of Saint Peter: "Looking for and hasting unto the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (III, 12-13).

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Like so many things in the Bible, for example, the narratives of the Creation and the Flood, or what Saint Paul says of psychical and spiritual bodies, the same things had been taught centuries or millenniums earlier in the Scriptures of the East.

The "days and nights of Brahma", and the melting of the elements with fervent heat, are a fundamental part of the cosmical teaching of the greater *Puranas*, as we shall presently show. From a later Buddhist Scripture, the *Visuddhi Magga*, "The Path of Purity", we may quote a peculiarly vivid description of this dissolution of the world, which closely parallels the conception of Professors Joly and Soddy, except that the rising temperature attributed by them to internal activity is here attributed to the appearance of successive suns:

"When now a long period has elapsed from the cessation of the rains, a second sun appears. Here is to be supplied in full what was said by The Blessed One (the Buddha) in the Discourse on the Seven Suns, beginning with the words, 'There comes, O priests, a time'. When this second sun has arisen, there is no distinction of day and night; each sun rises when the other sets, and an incessant heat beats upon the world. And whereas the ordinary sun is inhabited by its divinity, no such being is to be found in the cycle-destroying sun. When the ordinary sun shines, clouds and patches of mist fly about in the air. But when the cycle-destroying sun shines, the sky is freed from mists and clouds, and is as spotless as a mirror, and the water in all streams dries up, except in the case of the five great rivers. After a lapse of another long period, a third sun appears, and the great rivers dry up. After the lapse of another long period, a fourth sun appears, and the sources of the great rivers in the Himalaya Mountains dry up, namely, the seven great lakes. . . . After the lapse of another long period, a fifth sun appears, and the mighty ocean gradually dries up, so that not enough water remains to moisten the tip of one's finger. After the lapse of another long period, a sixth sun appears, and the whole world becomes filled with smoke, and saturated with the greasiness of that smoke, and not only this world but a hundred thousand times ten million worlds. After the lapse of another long period, a seventh sun appears, and the whole world breaks into flames; and just as this one, so also a hundred thousand times ten million worlds. All the peaks of Mount Sineru (Meru), even those which are hundreds of leagues in height, crumble and disappear in the sky. The flames of fire rise up and envelop the Heaven of the Four Great Kings (Maharajas). Having there burnt up all the mansions of gold, of jewels, and of precious stones, they envelop the Heaven of the Thirty-Three. In the same manner they envelop all the heavens to which access is given by the first trance. Having thus burnt up three of the Brahma-heavens, they come to a stop on reaching the Heaven of the Radiant Gods. This fire does not go out as long as anything remains; but after everything has disappeared,

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it goes out, leaving no ashes, like a fire of clarified butter or sesamum oil . . ." (Warren, *Buddhism in Translations,* pages 322-324).

This magnificent description of what Professor Soddy calls the "incandescent age" is followed by another which pictures the gradual rebirth of the world and the initiation of a new "geological age". It is too long to quote in full, but we may indicate the process described by a few illustrative passages:

"Now after the lapse of another long period, a great cloud arises. And first it rains with a very fine rain, and then the rain pours down in streams . . . then a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass which is round like a drop on the leaf of a lotus. . . . The water is sweet, and as it wastes away, the earth arises out of it. . . . The beings, who have been living in the Heaven of the Radiant Gods, leave that existence . . . and are reborn here on earth. They shine with their own light and wander through space. Thereupon they taste that savoury earth, are overcome with desire, and fall to eating it ravenously. Then they cease to shine with their own light, and find themselves in darkness. . . . Just as when panick-seed porridge is cooking, suddenly bubbles appear and form little hummocks in some places, and leave other places as depressions, while others are still flat; even so the mountains correspond to the little hummocks, and the oceans to the depressions, and the continents to the flat places. . . ."

Thus, according to the teaching attributed to the Buddha, twenty-five centuries ago, is ushered in the new "geological age". Making allowance for difference of imagery, it is essentially akin to the cosmical speculations of Professors Joly and Soddy, except in one fundamental matter, to which we shall come shortly.

Not only that, but the periods of time contemplated are of the same order of magnitude. We shall get a more concise statement of these in the older *Puranas.* To introduce the discussion of these periods, we may summarize what Professor Wilson says, in his Preface to the translation of the *Vishnu Purana.*

Professor Wilson explains that the first of the six books is occupied chiefly with the details of the primary and secondary periods of emanation. The first book sets forth how the universe proceeds from Prakriti (Nature), or eternal primal matter; the second, in what manner the forms of things are developed from the elementary substances previously evolved, and how they re-appear after their temporary destruction. Both these emanations are periodical; but the termination of the first occurs only at the end of the life of Brahma (the Evolving Divinity), when not only all the gods and all other forms disappear, but the elements are again merged into primary substance, besides which only one spiritual being exists. The secondary dissolution takes place at the end of every Kalpa, or "day" of the Evolving Divinity, and affects only the form

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of inferior creatures and lower worlds, "leaving the substances of the universe entire, and sages and gods unharmed".

It will have been noted that the same relation between primary and secondary periods was suggested by Professor Soddy: "This periodic cycle of changes (the alternation of 'geological age' and 'incandescent age') must continue until the elements in question have disintegrated—that is, over a period which . . . is of the order of tens or hundreds of thousands of millions of years." We have here both the secondary periods, Kalpas, and the primary period, corresponding to "the life of the Evolving Divinity".

Compare with Professor Soddy's estimate of the magnitude of these periods, the figures of the same order in the *Vishnu Purana:* A year of mortals is equal to a day of the gods. A period of four Yugas is equal to 12,000 divine years, or 4,320,000 mortal years. A thousand of these periods of 12,000 divine years, or 4,320,000,000 years of mortals, is equal to one day of the Evolving Divinity, and his night is of equal duration. At the close of a day of the Evolving Divinity, a dissolution of the universe takes place, which lasts through a night of the Evolving Divinity, equal in duration to his day. At the end of that night, he awakes and emanates anew. A year of the Evolving Divinity is composed of three hundred and sixty such days, and a hundred such years constitute his life. The year of Brahma, therefore, is equal to a period of 1,555,200,000,000 years of mortals, which is fairly comparable to the "hundreds of thousands of millions of years" of Professor Soddy's interesting speculation, while the conception of alternations of "cosmical days" and "cosmical nights", of "incandescent age" and "geological age", is substantially the same as the Oriental system of "days and nights of Brahma", of Kalpas and Yugas, of Manvantaras and Pralayas.

Another noteworthy book, *The Origin and Evolution of Life,* by Henry Fairfield Osborn (1918), takes up the story at the point at which Professor Soddy drops it; namely, the renewal of life in the world at the beginning of a "geological age". In this book again, one is tempted to make the same generalization as before, that the author first worked out, through many industrious years, the concrete substance of his theme, and then that he let his creative imagination work, pondering and brooding, performing the concentrated meditation of Patanjali, and adding the elements of greatest value after the laborious part of the task was done; this time, in the Preface. And here, as before, we shall have to note a remarkable divergence from the thought suggested by the name of the Eastern sage. We shall speak of the valuable constructive elements first, and then return to the marked omission in both cases.

The first vital thought begins the Preface: "In these lectures we may take some of the initial steps toward an energy conception of Evolution and an energy conception of Heredity and away from the matter and form conceptions which have prevailed for over a century."

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Here we have once more the principle touched on at the beginning of these "Notes": the view that the cosmic Substance is, at the one pole, Spirit, or energy, and, at the other, Matter and form; a view which is fundamental with students of Theosophy. The sentence quoted from Professor Osborn, therefore, marks the beginning of a new epoch; while he uses the word Energy, rather than Spirit, for reasons that are easily intelligible, it nevertheless remains true that he is upholding a conception of Evolution which tends directly towards the spiritual view of students of Theosophy. Professor Osborn realizes the mystery of life.

A part of his second paragraph emphasizes this: "Lest the reader imagine that, through the energy conception, I am at present even pretending to offer an explanation of the miracles of adaptation and of heredity, some of these miracles are recited in the second part of this volume to show that the germ evolution is the most incomprehensible phenomenon which has yet been discovered in the universe, for the greater part of what we see in animal and plant forms is only the visible expression of the invisible evolution of the heredity-germ."

This insistence on the invisible forces which control evolution recurs again and again throughout Professor Osborn's book. For example, speaking of "chromatin", equivalent to the "germ-plasm" of a generation ago, he says: "It is the *visible centre* of the energy complex of heredity, the larger part of which is by its nature *invisible*. Chromatin, although within our microscopic vision, is to be conceived as a gross manifestation of the infinite energy complex of heredity, which is a cosmos in itself" (page 95, note). And three pages further on, he speaks of "the chromatin as a microcosm"; while the parallel columns on page 142, the first entitled "The visible body", and the second, "The invisible germ", are strongly suggestive of the occult teaching in *The Secret Doctrine*, just as what Professor Osborn has to say of "four 'life elements', namely, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, and Carbon", immediately recalls ideas in the same work.

We may quote one more very interesting passage regarding the "invisible" forces, or unknown powers, directing evolution: "May there not be in the assemblage of cosmic chemical elements necessary to life, which we shall distinguish as *'life elements'*, some *known* element which thus far has not betrayed itself in chemical analysis? This is not impossible, because a known element like radium, for example, might well be wrapped up in living matter but remain as yet undetected, owing to its suffusion or presence in excessively small quantities or to its possession of properties that have escaped notice. Or, again, some *unknown* chemical element, to which the hypothetical term *bion* might be given, may lie awaiting discovery within this complex of known elements. Or an unknown source of energy may be active here" (page 6).

Of equal importance with the "energy concept of life", and equally fundamental in Professor Osborn's thought, is the insistence on Law

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as against Chance, throughout the whole process of the evolution of living beings. Only a few phrases can be quoted: "That life forms have arisen through *law* has been the opinion of another school of natural philosophers, headed by Aristotle. . . ." The question "of law versus chance, in the evolution of life, is no longer a matter of opinion, but of direct observation. So far as law is concerned, we observe that the evolution of life forms, is like that of the stars: their origin and evolution as revealed through palæontology go to prove that Aristotle was essentially right when he said that 'Nature produces those things which, being continually moved by a certain principle contained within themselves, arrive at a certain end'" (pages 8-9). As to this guiding power of "Nature", there is a remarkable passage on page 156: "This principle of homodynamy and heterodynamy applies to the body as a whole and to every one of its parts, according to two laws: first, that each individual part has its own mechanical evolution, and, second, that the same mechanical problem is generally solved on the same principle. This, we observe, is invariably the ideal principle, for, unlike man, nature wastes little time on inferior inventions but immediately proceeds to superior inventions."

If space permitted, it would be of absorbing interest to follow Professor Osborn in his application of the "energy concept of life", and "the principle of law against fortuity", through the successive ages, of invertebrates, of fishes, of amphibians, of reptiles, of mammals and of man, which correspond, in a general way, to the Oriental teachings of the succession of great life-periods. But we can quote only one passage, which bears directly on the question of life-periods and cycles: "Of the eighteen great orders of reptiles which evolved on land, in the sea, and in the air, during the long Reptilian Era of 12,000,000 years, only five orders survive to-day. . . . The evolution of the members of these five surviving orders has either been extremely slow or entirely arrested during the 3,000,000 years which are generally assigned to Tertiary time; we can distinguish only by relatively minor changes the turtles and crocodiles of the base of the Tertiary from those living to-day. In other words, during this period of 3,000,000 years the entire plant world, the fish, the amphibian, and the reptilian worlds have all remained as relatively balanced, static, unchanged or persistent types, while the mammals, radiating 3,000,000 years ago from very small and inconspicuous forms, have undergone a phenomenal evolution, spreading into every geographic region formerly occupied by the Reptilia and passing through multitudinously varied phases not only of direct but of alternating and of reversed evolution. During the same epoch the warm-blooded birds were doubtless evolving, although there are relatively few fossil records of this bird evolution" (page 231).

The inquiry into the causes of this remarkable slowing down and arrest of development is of deep interest. We can quote only the last paragraph: "Consequently the causes of the arrest of evolution among

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the Reptilia appear to lie in the internal heredity-chromatin, i. e., to be due to a slowing down of physicochemical interactions, to a reduced activity of the chemical messengers which theoretically are among the causes of rapid evolution."

If Professor Osborn does not ask the question which logically follows, namely, "What are the causes of this slowing down, this reduced activity, in the invisible forces behind the chromatin?"—it is simply because he has frankly admitted, from the outset, that "we know to some extent *how* plants and animals and man evolve; we do not know *why* they evolve."

Professor Osborn speaks of periods of 3,000,000 years for the Tertiary, and 12,000,000, for the era of Reptiles. This raises the deeply interesting question of the total length of geological time since the deposition of sediment began, under something resembling present conditions. This question is discussed by Professor Osborn, and he appears (page 153) to estimate the whole period at only 60,000,000 years. But there are weighty reasons for greatly extending this estimate; among others, the immensely greater periods which appear to be demanded by the processes of radioactivity which we have touched on: the degeneration of uranium through the expulsion of helium, for example.

This aspect of the question, as well as others, is very ably discussed by Mr. Arthur Holmes, in *The Age of the Earth,* which fully considers the time estimate drawn from the total of sediment deposited; the estimate based on the total quantity of salt in the sea; on the accumulation of carbonate of lime; and also on the relation between such a substance as uranium or thorium, and the helium which it has extruded. On page 89, he gives tentative results, as follows: Using the accumulation of salt as a basis, he deduces a period of from 210,000,000 to 340,000,000 years; from the accumulation of sediment in the sedimentary rocks, he derives a period of from 250,000,000 to 350,000,000 years; from the accumulation of calcium carbonate, the figure reached is 320,000,000 years.

These estimates are peculiarly interesting to students of Theosophy who are acquainted with the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* (1888, II, 710): "It is certain, on occult data, that the time which has elapsed since the first sedimentary deposits is equal to 320,000,000 years."

There is very much, therefore, in the speculations of Professor Soddy regarding the alternation of "cosmical days and nights", and in the thoughtful views of Professor Osborn regarding the energy conception of life and the obedience of evolution to cosmic law, which students of Theosophy will sincerely welcome, as a marked approach toward the teachings of the Eastern Wisdom, as they understand them. The progress in the thirty-three years since *The Secret Doctrine* was published is noteworthy and significant.

This brings us at last to the marked points of contrast, which have already been suggested.

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First, as regards the cosmical speculations of Professor Soddy. He conceives the whole mass of substances, of chemical elements, which make up the earth (and other worlds), as gradually passing from their present solid state to a phase of incandescent gas; then, because of the rapid radiation of energy, as again condensing, and taking substantially the same solid forms as before; each of the elements, numbering nearly a hundred, having its own complex atomic form; each atom being, in fact, a cosmos, "far more complex than a grand piano", to use his own simile, these atoms apparently being small solar systems of whirling electrons.

The conception, therefore, is, that these infinite myriads of tiny solar systems preserve their orderly character, their inner electron rotation, through the "age of incandescence", and return in an orderly manner to their former place in the re-solidified world.

Of this conception, we have no criticism whatever. But we do view with wonder the corollary he attaches to it: that the appearance or revival of life on the restored world, if it should happen, is a happy accident.

Exactly the same criticism applies to Professor Osborn. He steadily, and, as we think, quite rightly, holds out against Darwin's idea that chance determines the processes of evolution, insisting that they obey cosmic law. None the less, and this appears to us a startling philosophical hiatus, Professor Osborn appears to hold that the most vital fact of all, the original appearance of life on our planet, was the result of a happy chance, a sheer piece of "fortuity".

The cause would seem to be, as we have suggested, that, while both have meditated profoundly, one element of meditation has been lacking in both: namely, the consciousness of consciousness itself. They might almost be said to be unconscious that they are conscious, so slight is their grasp on the fundamental reality of consciousness.

Professor Osborn often quotes Huxley. But we remember a fine passage of Huxley's, in which he says that, while certain philosophers have sought to derive consciousness from matter or force, he, in the hardness of his heart or head, cannot see how consciousness could conceivably be derived from either matter or force. The materialists who have tried to bite that file have, as he vividly says, simply broken their teeth.

The missing element in their meditation would, therefore, seem to be meditation on consciousness itself; the immediate recognition of its reality and character. And nowhere, perhaps, is there a happier definition of consciousness than in the Buddhist dialogue between King Menander and the sage Nagasena: "In exactly the same way, your majesty, whatever form a man beholds with the eye, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever sound he hears with the ear, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever odour he smells with the nose, whatever taste he tastes with the tongue, whatever tangible thing he touches with the body, whatever idea he conceives with the mind, of that

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he is conscious with the consciousness. Thus, your majesty, consciousness is the act of being conscious!" (Warren, page 182).

And the act of being conscious is something as different from energy as it is from matter, just as Huxley said.

The Eastern Wisdom rests on consciousness; on the steady recognition of consciousness, not as something considered theoretically, but in the very act of being conscious, which is a far more real miracle than the miracles of heredity rightly recognized by Professor Osborn; on the study of consciousness, the gradual growth and expansion of consciousness, until stages of consciousness are reached, spiritual and divine, which give an insight into the laws, the invisible causes, the existence of which Professor Osborn so clearly recognizes.

In a remarkable passage (page 182), Professor Soddy considers the traditional association of transmutation with the elixir of life, and asks: "Is, then, this old association of the power of transmutation with the elixir of life merely a coincidence? I prefer to believe it may be an echo from one of the many previous epochs in the unrecorded history of the world, of an age of men who have trod before the road we are treading to-day, in a past possibly so remote that even the very atoms of its civilisation literally have had time to disintegrate."

But the truth would seem to be, that it was not so much the study of radiant elements, as of radiant consciousness itself, which taught the wise men of the immemorial past, not this secret only, but many of the deeper secrets of spiritual insight and of immortality.

As a general criticism of the two very able works considered, we, therefore, think that what is lacking in both is a thorough recognition of the reality and character of consciousness, which might be expected to yield two results: first, an understanding of how, even throughout the "age of incandescence", the higher forms of consciousness persist, "in the Heaven of the Radiant Gods", as the Buddhist book symbolically says, ready to manifest themselves again in the new "geological age"; and, second, a deeper insight into those invisible forces insisted on by Professor Osborn, the processes of which, as he describes them, are so analogous to processes of consciousness; so that he compares the inventions of "Nature" with the inventions of man, in terms not flattering to the latter. Is it not thinkable that, in a heightened, deeper and more intuitive consciousness, we should find a closer approach to Nature's perfect handiwork, and, therefore, a clue to the workings of these "invisible forces"?

The Eastern wisdom begins practically at the point where these men of science stop; with the real exploration of consciousness, in its ascending degrees. But there is no good reason why they should stop. We urge them to go valiantly forward, to cross the line between mortality and immortality.

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FRAGMENTS

ONCE the question was asked: Help us, O Wise One, to comprehend how we may find unity in diversity, truth in falsehood.

This is the answer that was recorded:—

Unity in diversity, always, when faith and understanding have made the mind synthetic instead of critical, as is the lower mind. Truth in falsehood, never. Falsehood is a perversion, and must be transmuted back again to truth.

Unity springs from God, and diversity springs from God. Unity is life as God sees it; diversity is life as man sees it, for man sees but part of which God sees the whole, being that whole himself. For that which we are not, we cannot see, since sight is the expression of the power of comprehension. We pass the angels on the road, but we do not see them, because, lacking altogether the angelic nature, we do not comprehend it. Comprehension comes before sight. Where there is sight before comprehension, it is not sight, but psychic vision.

It is not wrong for man to see life as diversity; diversity creates comparison, and through comparison we learn, as the rubbing of two sticks produces fire. It is the law of illumination. Man errs when he makes of diversity a finality, saying: "This is the only way. I alone have truth";—forgetting fundamental unity, denying his faith, that is, neglecting God, who, though triune, is yet one.

There exists your truth and my truth. Yet, in that they are truth, they are essentially one. We should not ignore their differences, as we do not ignore the fact that you have one body and I have another body, that you have one mind and I have another mind, or that you have one soul and I have another soul. But the spirit and the life which animate these, our differences, are one. As St. Paul saith: God *is* all *in* all.

Faith is our ladder while we climb to knowledge. Why not faith in the spiritual life, as well as faith in the material life, where our daily existence is rooted and grounded in faith?—in the rising and setting of the sun, in the security of the earth in space, in the return of the seasons with spring-time and harvest. Yet from material eyes, that which lies behind the veil of these manifestations is invisible, mere matter of speculation and of faith. Even so, the whole civilization of man is based upon them.

Falsehood is not an expression of diversity of mind, however much

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some may try to prove it so; falsehood is an expression of *dishonesty of will.* A pure motive precludes falsehood.

The perverted, self-seeking will is the child of the devil, the father of lies. All those possess truth who honestly seek and serve it *for its own sake,* regardless of diversity of mind. All possess falsehood who seek only themselves. Their formulæ may be true, but their faith is a lie.

The would-be disciple who waits for more favourable opportunities has not as yet the making of discipleship in him. "Adventures are to the adventurous," and opportunities are to those who create them out of available circumstance. The manvantara will close, but the more favourable circumstance will never have appeared.

Nay, more, with each recurring cycle, big or little, the opportunities will be less favourable, the way a little harder, the situation more difficult, until it becomes desperate.

To the man who really desires discipleship, the immediate situation is always the best possible. The fact is, that any personal holiness, any spiritual advance that we can clearly recognize, is well within our present power of attainment. This is not always true of material things, whether of the body or of the mind, though it is far more often true of them than men generally realize. But in the spiritual world it is an invariable law, since vision follows power, as it must of necessity precede attainment.

The first half of discipleship is self-mastery through love; the second half, the attainment of union with the object of that love. What circumstance can be other than richest opportunity for the acquirement of either of these?

I cannot be a disciple, saith one, because I have a wife. Saith another: I cannot be a disciple because of many children, or large affairs, or poverty, or ill-health, or isolation, or too much company,—there is an endless list of them. Nay, friend, those circumstances exist that thou mayest become a disciple; without them thou couldst not arrive. Search the impediment in thy lack of understanding, or in the weakness of thy desire. God does not give his children stones for bread.

CAVÉ.

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IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH
KATHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

III.

Because these things, lasting only until the morrow, O Thou who makest an end, consume this fire of all a mortal's powers, and even the whole of life is little; Thine, verily, are chariots, Thine are dance and song!

Not by wealth is the son of man to be satisfied. Shall we choose wealth, if we have seen Thee? Shall we live, so long as Thou art lord? But that is the boon to be chosen by me!

Having drawn near to the unfading Immortals, a fading mortal here below, and understanding Them, thoroughly considering the enjoyment of these beauties and of desire, who would delight in long-drawn life?

This, concerning which (even the Radiant Divinities) question, O Death,—What is in the Great Beyond—tell us that! This boon which enters the hidden—no other than this Nachiketas chooses!

THIS is the reply of Nachiketas, as the disciple, to the great temptation, the "temptation in the wilderness". It is the threefold temptation, appealing to the desires of the body, the vanity of the mind, the ambition of the spirit, which runs through the whole of human life; and the shameful succumbing to which, unhappily, constitutes so large a part of unregenerated human life.

The task of the disciple is, with the help of the Master, to see these things in contrast with the reality, the beauty, and holiness of the Eternal; and, having completely made the contrast, to choose the Eternal.

And, since the Great Initiation is the summing up of human life, in order to make it the stepping-stone to the Great Beyond, it would seem that the first part of the Great Initiation consists in a final viewing of this threefold allurement, and its final rejection.

This rejection by Nachiketas, as the disciple, is the theme of the passage just translated; and the rejection will always be made on the same grounds: the contrast between the Eternal and that which is out of the Eternal; or, putting this in a more concrete form, the contrast between the beauty of holiness, in the Master, and the desires of the lower self, as the disciple finds them within him.

This rejection must continue, in heart and mind and will, in understanding and in act, throughout the whole course of discipleship; discipleship is just this progressive choice and sacrifice, where the field of choice is lit by the light and love of the Master, the holy light of the

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Eternal. First, through the Master's light, a discerning between the things of the Master and the things of the lower self; then the courageous sacrifice of the self to the Master; the process carried out in moment after moment, in situation after situation, in act after act, with the unceasing regularity of breathing, or the beating of the heart; like these, this perpetual choosing and sacrifice is the essential condition of life, life in the Eternal.

When the Master sees that both discernment and sacrifice have become habitual, inevitable, penetrating the whole nature of the disciple even to the most hidden corners and crannies, so that no element remains of bodily lust, of vanity, of the ambition which is always based on "the great lie of separateness"; when sacrifice of his own will to the will of the Master has become, not a second nature, but the primary, exclusive, and inevitable bent of his whole will and heart; when the Master sees the heart of the disciple to be clean utterly, then, it would seem, comes the Great Initiation, which is the theme of the eleventh book of the *Bhagavad Gita,* and of much of the Apocalypse, especially the fourth chapter. The inner life and consciousness of the disciple become one with the life and consciousness of the Master, the life and consciousness of the whole Divine Hierarchy; the holy, illimitable life and light of the Logos, the very Being of the Eternal. During the Great Initiation, the disciple, through this union with his Master, is one with the Eternal, possessing the full consciousness, the omniscience and omnipotence of the Eternal. He has become the Eternal, making actual in his conscious realization the great truth that underlies and sanctifies all life: that the true Being of each one of us is, indeed, the Eternal.

The tradition is that, during the Great Initiation, the disciple sees clearly all steps of the divine stairway, up to, and including, the ultimate Being of the Most High; but that, after the Initiation is complete, and he returns to waking consciousness, he sees clearly only the next step, the task immediately before him, revealed by his Master's light. He must set himself to that task. When it is completed, the Great Mystery will again descend upon him, the Eternal will be once more revealed; and he will return from that Illumination filled with the vision of a greater task, a further step forward toward the ultimate goal.

Since the Great Initiation consists, not in set teaching, but in the union of the disciple's consciousness with the consciousness of the Master and the consciousness of all the Heavenly Host, it is clear that no written record of set teaching can embody it.

Therefore, the remainder of this Upanishad is not a continuation and completion of the Drama of the Mysteries, but rather a series of precepts and teachings, as we may believe, from some book of discipline for disciples. Every part of it will lead up to the supreme Mystery; but, for a knowledge of the Great Mystery itself, we must await the day of final trial and illumination, when death shall be swallowed up in victory.

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We come, therefore, to the series of precepts for disciples, though the form of a dialogue between Death and Nachiketas is still loosely maintained:

One thing is the better; other than that, verily, is the dearer. These two draw a man in different directions.

Of the two, for him who takes the better it is well; he fails of his goal who, verily, chooses the dearer.

The better and the dearer come near to a man; viewing both well, the wise man discerns between them. For the wise man chooses the better above the dearer; the fool through lust of possession, chooses the dearer.

Thou, indeed, pondering over dear and dearly loved desires, Nachiketas, hast passed them by; not this flowery way of wealth hast thou accepted, in which sink many of the sons of men.

Far different are these two ways: the unwisdom of delusion, and that which is known as wisdom. I hold Nachiketas a chooser of wisdom; nor do many desires draw thee astray.

Others, turning about in the unwisdom of delusion, self-wise, thinking themselves learned, stray, wandering in the way, deluded, like the blind led by the blind.

This is so clear that it needs hardly any comment. It may stand for the practical application of the whole of the Eastern Wisdom.

The point to keep in mind would seem to be that the initial choice of the disciple is only the first step; it must be followed by successive choosings of the better rather than the dearer, day by day and moment by moment. It must be kept in mind, it must be engraven on the heart, that every moment brings its choice of the better, whether as effort or as sacrifice and acceptance. And unbroken, never flagging effort, is by no means the least difficult sacrifice. Often we feel ourselves ready to ask for suffering rather than the hard necessity of effort; but to seek suffering that we may shirk effort, is to choose the dearer rather than the better.

The word here rendered "the unwisdom of delusion" is hard to translate in its full meaning, because it goes back to a deep conception of the whole universe of Life. There is the Eternal, beginningless, undying, everlasting; there are also all manifested and transitory things, the whole many-coloured pageant of the worlds, which are unreal in so far as they are not eternal.

In every situation, in everything without exception, both these powers or elements are present: the Eternal, and that which is but the painted apparition of the Eternal, part of the great Glamour of things visible and manifest. Wisdom must discern between them, but it is a moral discerning, an act of will and sacrifice, rather than an act of understanding; or, more truly, an act at once of sacrificial will and understanding. The East, perhaps, lays the greater emphasis on the understanding; the West, on the choice of the will. But this is mainly a

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matter of emphasis. Both discernment and sacrifice must be present in each moment, each act, if the goal is to be completely won.

The Great Beyond shines not to the child, led forward by allurement, misled by the delusion of wealth. "This is the world! There is none beyond!"—thinking thus, again and again he falls under my dominion.

He who is not to be gained by many, even for a hearing; whom many know not, even when they hear: wonderful is the speaker, blessed is the receiver of Him; wonderful is the knower, receiving the teaching from the blessed.

Nor when declared by the lower man is He to be well known, though pondered in many ways. There is no going to Him, unless He be declared by the other, for He is inconceivably more subtile than the measure of the subtile.

Nor is this mind to be gained by reasoning; declared by the other, verily, it may be known well, beloved!—this, which thou hast gained, for thou holdest the Real firmly; may there be for us a questioner like thee, Nachiketas!

The fundamental thought here is the divine and mysterious principle which makes possible the Great Initiation: the sharing of consciousness by virtue of the ultimate reality that all consciousness is One, namely the consciousness of the Eternal.

Were it not true that the consciousness of the supreme Eternal is the highest and most real consciousness of each one of us, it would be eternally impossible for us to attain. It is only because our consciousness is realized as greater and ever greater, that we can go forward even a step upon the spiritual way.

And only because that supreme Eternal is the ultimate Self of each, and, therefore, of all, can there be any communication whatever between living beings. Even though we do not recognize it, every word spoken to another invokes that highest Self which is in us both. Even hatred and envy and malice bear testimony to that common Being.

Sharing of consciousness, therefore, is the deep, vital truth; a sharing of the consciousness of others, based ever on the supreme mystery, our partaking in the consciousness of the Eternal.

On this shared consciousness rests all human life; all human betterment, through sharing a consciousness even a little higher than our own. It is the direct sharing of the consciousness of the Master that makes discipleship possible; that makes the Great Initiation possible, when the supreme day comes.

Therefore, we are told: "There is no going to Him, unless He be declared by the other." The divine consciousness is communicated to the disciple by the Master; the knowledge of the Master is communicated by the disciple to him who is not yet a disciple, but who seeks discipleship. And the disciple communicates that consciousness by living in unison with it; there is no other way.

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I know that what is called treasure is unenduring; nor is that unchanging One to be gained by things that change. Therefore the fire of Nachiketas has been kindled by me; for changing things I have gained the Unchanging.

The gaining of desire, the world's foundation, the unending fruit of sacrifice, great fame, the wide foundation, thou, wise in valour, Nachiketas, hast passed by.

But He, who is hard to see, who has entered the hidden place, who dwells in secret, standing in the deep, the Ancient, pondering on that divine One, through the path of union with the Higher Self, the wise leaves exultation and sorrow behind.

Hearing this and fully comprehending, the mortal, setting aside that which is conditioned, and gaining this subtile One, rejoices; for he has gained what is worthy of rejoicing. I think Nachiketas is an open dwelling.

In the loosely woven dialogue, the first paragraph is attributed to Nachiketas; the remainder, to the Teacher, Death.

The second paragraph is once more "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them",—the great temptation which Nachiketas has overcome.

Having conquered, he is ready to seek the Divine Self within himself, to receive the Master's light. Therefore he is an open dwelling, emptied of all other things; ready to receive that Divinity which declares, in the words of the Sufi poem: "the house will not hold Me and thee."

Other than law, other than lawlessness; other than what is done or abstained from here; other than what has been or what shall be—what thou so seest, say that it is That.

That resting place which all Vedas proclaim and all fervent devotions declare; seeking for which, they fulfil the service of the Eternal—that resting place briefly I tell to thee: It is Om.

For this unchanging Om is the Eternal; this, verily, is the Supreme. Knowing, verily, this unchanging Om, whatever a man desires, that is his.

This is the most excellent foundation; this is the supreme foundation. Knowing this most excellent foundation, he is mighty in the world of the Eternal.

The full mystical meaning of Om is set forth in the *Mandukya Upanishad*. It is the universe as the manifestation of the Divinity, which yet remains one, the hidden Spirit.

That Divine Self is the theme of all Vedas, or books of wisdom; it is the goal of all fervent devotions. It is that which all disciples seek, each finding it first in his own Master.

Since all things are but the manifestations of the Divine One, he who has found that, possesses all things; whatever he desires, that he has.

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This is in truth the most excellent foundation for the soul to rest on, since it is the foundation of the universe itself.

That Seer is not born, nor dies; nor does He proceed from aught, nor has any become He. Unborn, eternal, immemorial, the Ancient is not slain when the body is slain.

If the slayer thinks to slay Him, if the slain thinks of Him as slain, both these understand not; He slays not, nor is slain.

More subtile than the subtile, yet mightier than the mighty, the Self is hidden in the inmost heart of the creature here. Him he beholds, who is without desires, his sorrow gone, through the grace of that divine Disposer, beholding the mightiness of the divine Self.

This is the original of the splendid passage, in the *Bhagavad Gita,* in which Krishna, as the Initiator, incites Arjuna to the immemorial battle. It inspires the splendid intuition of the Higher Self, unborn, eternal, everlasting.

The contrasted nature of That which is more subtile than the subtile, and yet mightier than the mighty, is expressed in a very similar way in the parable of the grain of mustard seed, "which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof." So, in the Upanishads, the Divine Self is likened to the least of seeds, the kernel of a grain of rice; it is also a great tree, lord of the forest; to it all beings come, as birds come to a tree to rest.

Seated, That goes far; resting, It goes everywhere. Who other than I is worthy to know that Divinity, who is joy without exultation?

Bodiless in bodies, stable among unstable things; understanding this mighty Lord, the Divine Self, the wise grieves not.

Not by speaking is this Divine Self to be gained, nor by reasoning, nor by much hearing. Whom It chooses, by him It is to be gained; this Divine Self chooses his body as Its own.

He who has not ceased from evil doing, who has not attained to peace, who is not one-pointed, whose heart has not gained peace, cannot win Him even by much knowledge.

Of Whom Priest and Warrior are the food; Whose condiment is Death: who knows truly where He is?

Here is a final truth which every disciple, everyone who has come into contact with discipleship, will confirm. After all is said and done, after all aspiration and sacrifice, every effort and act of discipline, there remains, in the unveiling of the Divine Life, an inscrutable element of grace.

Nor is it thinkable that, even when the mightiest Masters have attained the final culmination of divine illumination, they can penetrate the ultimate secret, the last and unfathomable mystery, why God is love.

(*To be continued.*) C. J.

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SHELLEY AND KEATS

LORD BACON'S warning against "Idols of the Forum" is always timely. In considering the present subject, it must be heeded. Often words are accepted as exact and complete definition of a thing, while, in fact, these popular words (idols) may give no true account whatever of the matter under discussion. In his life-time, Shelley was called atheist. Many regard Keats as pagan. In a recent volume by Miss Underhill, which studies the method of devotion used by Christ, by His disciples, and by the Saints of the first four centuries, a line of Shelley's is used on the title page as motto. An inference from that title page might be: Shelley is then Christian after all. Is any one of these epithets correct,—atheist, pagan, Christian? Or may all be "idols"?

The subject involves a larger issue than the life and accomplishment of two poets. This issue is: the relation, on the one hand, of Religion to Science, and, on the other, to Art. Shelley was, first of all, a seeker and lover of truth; he was a scientist, a philosopher. Keats was an artist with comprehensive sight that gathered up every lovely object, "from silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon." What is the attitude of Religion toward Truth?—not toward "speaking the truth", which is an effort obligatory upon everyone, but toward Truth as a scientist understands it: Truth in its cosmical aspect which concerns man's place in the universe? What is the attitude of religion toward Beauty?

The second question would seem to have been answered in the Middle Ages by the invention of Gothic architecture. By creating a Christian form of art as a further medium of expression, the Christian religion seems to have recognized a unity underlying Virtue (or Goodness) and Beauty. But have the consequences of such unity ever been frankly faced? Has any one ever been told, that, in order to reach Heaven, he must not only be good, but must also love and appreciate Beauty? Francis Thompson was not a radical poet; he was an orthodox Roman Catholic. Yet he writes as follows of the present day attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward Art: at best, Art is superfluous, at worst, pernicious, on an average, dangerous (*Essay on Shelley*).

As regards Truth and Science, the old hostility of Religion has disappeared. But nothing constructive has taken its place. Religion has a right instinct about the extreme harmfulness of Christian Science, Spiritualism, etc., but it has no metaphysical base from which to proceed against these errors. On the whole, its attitude is apologetic. It lacks confidence in its own *raison d'être*. It endeavours to justify its place in an economic world by a mad scramble for social service.

Such are conditions today, in this matter of Religion, Truth, and

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Beauty. What were they a century ago, before the influence of Keats and Shelley had been radiated by enthusiastic followers, Tennyson and the Pre-Raphaelites? before Darwin and Wallace had rescued from oblivion the old doctrine of evolution? Here is Newman's estimate of what Keble did, beginning with the publication, in 1827, of *The Christian Year*. "He did that for the Church of England which none but a poet could do; he made it poetical. The author of *The Christian Year* found the Anglican system all but destitute of this divine element [note Newman's use of the word divine for poetry]. . . . heaviness, feebleness, unwieldiness, where the Catholic rites had the lightness and airiness of a spirit,—a dreariness which could be felt forcing itself upon the eye, the ear, the nostrils of the worshipper; a smell of dust and damp". Newman's loyal affection for an old friend, and a desire to get in a stroke against the English Church, led him to exaggerate what Keble did. Keble did turn upon the Church a thin rill of poetry. He could not have done even that, save for Shelley and Keats who had bombarded an arid sky, one with defiance, and the other with indifference, until the rain came down. Keble could not himself have brought down rain. Newman's phrase, "dust and damp", is a fair description of the Church in 1800, describing its alienation from more than Beauty. Is it any wonder that the sensitive eye, ear, and nostril of Keats turned from that Church with indifference?

On the side of Truth or Science, the case was no better. Consult a book like Dr. Patterson's conservative and orthodox *History of the English Church*. He shows that Wesley's revival did not, unfortunately, as it might have done, create a Franciscan Order in the Anglican Church, but resulted in the formation of a new Nonconformist body, which, while it often excelled in practice, was also very often weak, mentally. Within the Church, there was formed through the Wesleyan mission, an evangelical party whose practice also was excellent, but which failed, through lack of intellectual grasp, to maintain its position. Shelley had a simple and logical question to ask that dull, dead and dogmatic Church. He wanted to know why Plato and Socrates must perish, while the meanest spirited knave in England could boast of an immortality which he had done nothing to earn? There was no adequate answer. As a consequence, Shelley, until his death, regarded not only the Church but Christianity as superfluous and harmful.

Before considering what they offer in place of Religion, let us do Keats tardy justice by hearty recognition of his successful life. Tragedy is the word with which even his admirers wrong his splendid courage. What is there tragic in his gay and manly endurance of misfortune? Misfortune is not tragedy. Aristotle's definition of tragedy is—a losing struggle carried on by a noble but imperfect character which, finally, loses. Is it a moral defeat to die, aged twenty-five? Read the life of Keats so lovingly recorded by Colvin. Read the *Letters*, which have their human spots of depression and discouragement, but which, on the

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whole, are so manly, gay, and forgetful of self for others. The *Life* and the *Letters* change pity for Keats into glowing admiration; we do not say in comment: this man was hardly used—alter his environment, give him another chance and he may do better. We say instead: how bravely this man accepted his lot—how clearly he recognized some of his weaknesses and the need to correct them; he has done well in this grade of Life's school—promote him to something higher and more difficult.

> It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, doth make man better be;
> Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer far in May,
> Although it fall and die that night.
>
> (Ben Jonson)

Shelley's life, on the other hand, is a warning, not an inspiration. It shows the grave danger of two errors fashionable at the present time—Spiritualism and parlour Bolshevism. Shelley had a "psychic control," and his mad, flitting, fitful life was obedient to what he imagined "her" wishes for him to be; but, in fact, what he did was to gratify his natural impulses. Throughout his harassed years, he was the victim of nightmares and visions, unable to discriminate between delusions of night and facts of day. But the master motive in his career was the being who came to him in childhood and youth ("Epipsychidion"),

> on the air-like waves
> Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
> Paved her light steps.

Shelley's verse describes accurately the psychic plane and makes comment unnecessary. He did not see this being, because the glory of light surrounding her was too dazzling for his eyes to endure; but he took for granted that this celestial creature was feminine. "She" spoke to him of "knowledge and truth and virtue", and set before him lofty hopes of divine liberty. He dedicated himself to her service in this high enterprise, with desire that the world might be freed from its slavery. But, to his consternation, this being passed from the tremulous plane of wonder-level dream, to which Shelley seems to have had reasonably free access, into

> the dreary cone of our life's shade,

where she was lost to him. Thenceforward his purpose in life was single—to labour in her service for humanity, to free the world from every kind of oppression; and, in that effort, to find her again, and to

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worship her in ultimate union. While his purpose is single, the episodes of his life alternate between quixotic endeavours at "uplift" work (even anticipating the present Irish Republic movement), and temporary raptures when he thinks he has found his lost vision incarnate in a mortal woman. Though, in opinion, he was radical and revolutionary to an extreme, he did not seek, by open violence, to overthrow traditional despotisms in family and state, in order to introduce his millennial period of brotherhood; he contented himself with propaganda allied to soap-box oratory. In the matter of marriage, however, he put his Bolshevist opinions into practice—with deplorable results; and led a mad-house kind of existence. The sane Keats would never cross his threshold. Much has been said, pro and con, about Shelley's relations with women. He seems to have been oblivious of women unless they could talk something that sounded like philosophy (he was often unable to distinguish between philosophy and its counterfeit). When one could so talk, Shelley became infatuated—the infatuations were of varying lengths—and were influenced by circumstances of environment. Madness and horror—the ends to which psychism and Bolshevist theories lead!

Shelley's life is tragi-comedy. Perhaps its most disgraceful incident is the episode with his wife Harriet, whom with his two infants, he had deserted, for a six-weeks' elopement to the Continent in company with Mary Godwin. When the fugitives returned to London, they were penniless. Shelley drove in a cab, *with* Mary Godwin, to his wife's lodgings, and obtained from her £20 to pay the cabman and so forth. Notwithstanding these deplorable weaknesses, the completeness with which Shelley gave himself to the measure of light he had, is an example that all might follow. His measure of light was but a shadow—"the awful shadow of some unseen power." Even a shadow, however, may possess something of radiant energy, if the Reality that casts it be of sufficient force. Thus we read in the fifth chapter of Romans that, as reports of Christ's life and of the miracles of His disciples spread, the people "brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least, the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." What was the spiritual reality that cast the psychic shadow of which Shelley was enamoured? He gives a clue when he writes

Her spirit was the harmony of truth.

"The harmony of truth"—that sounds like something theosophical.

Shelley was born in 1792. He was passing out of childhood when the last cycle of the century closed—the cycle of the Lodge Messenger. We know that the Lodge effort of 1775, whatever it accomplished, did not result in the carrying over of an instrument like the T. S., which H. P. B. had to forge for her work of 1875. We can conjecture that the Lodge would wish to leave in the outer world some record of its effort, and that line after line of reserves had broken under the pressure of the Black

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forces. Then the cycle closed in 1799. But, as the Lodge withdrew from the outer world, its *shadow* retreated behind it, slowly. And it was that shadow, "the harmony of truth", (we can conjecture) that fell upon Shelley. He and the other poets of that period, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc., preserve in their verse reflections of immortal Truth and Beauty. After their shortcomings and faults are noted, we should then acknowledge immense gratitude to these poets. It is as if, when the regular ranks had broken, boys of eight had been armed and called into action. By a miracle, those boys held, and waged their conflict remarkably well—for boys. It is the Beauty and Truth and Virtue radiant from that shadow—the shadow of the Lodge—that gives to the poetry of Shelley and Keats, charm and power. Shelley responded with self-abandon to his glimpse of an ideal. He sprang after it,—

Like one sandalled with plumes of fire.

How do we, members of the T. S. today, respond to the flood of light that has been poured upon us? Are we winged with fiery desire to fly along the Path of Discipleship? Shelley, mistakenly, sacrificed for his shadow, things that may be useful—fortune, reputation, friends. To us, the T. S. opens the gate from shadow to light. How ardently do we long for the Reality that awaits our taking? Shelley sang of the shadow ("Prometheus Unbound"):

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire.

Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds.

Are we not, rather, like snails, coiled in our shells, fixed upon the Path,—not travelling?

Keats and Shelley are mystical poets. Many people would add that both poets, notwithstanding possibly indignant protestations on their part, are, essentially, Christian, also. Miss Underhill's use of a line from Shelley as motto for her book, *The Mystic Way,* may represent that second point of view.

It is easy to understand the grounds for that opinion, since what separates the two poets from those who, by stricter usage, would be called Christian, is a difference, not of nature, but of degree. Without trying to establish precise definitions, we may take Dante as one of whose position there would be no question, either religious or poetic. Suppose we use as a figure for Dante's Paradise, the old symbol of a

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celestial city, with towers and turrets resplendent in light. Dante dwells within that city. He is acquainted with its streets and citizens, its Lord and His Counsellors. The jewelled walls of that city,—emerald, sapphire, and amethyst—suffuse the clouds with rainbow-fire. Now all poets are not like Dante. Some are content to sing of the tints they see on the clouds. Others, more truly enamoured of beauty, follow the rainbow to the city gates, "every several gate, one pearl." Then, if they are disciples and seers, besides being poets,—as Dante was,—they go through the gates, and become citizens. But even to reach the jewelled wall,—is not that a high degree of victory? And to write its sparkle into verse, so that others, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" on earth, recognize an authentic glimpse of veritable fact—is it not entirely natural that prisoners of "sullen earth" should hail as saviours, those who bring them tidings of a "country far beyond the stars," outshining the sun and moon in splendour? Ought we to expect, from those who sit in darkness, fine discrimination between degrees of light—between the Lamb, which is the light of the city, and the lustrous wall and gates. To earth, it is all one glory, dazzling. Nor is it only to the prisoned inmates of "sullen earth" that such poetry comes with wings. What about the dwellers of that city who go to and fro in the pigsty of the world—when, on earth, they find mention of their home, and see a sparkling fragment from the "ageless walls"?

> For very love beholding
> Thy holy name, they weep.
> The mention of thy glory,
> Is unction to the breast.
>
> (Bernard of Cluny)

Is it not a sudden meteoric dart of heavenly fire that Shelley often gives, while Keats glows with steadier radiance?

> And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
> And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
> A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of Queens and Kings.

> Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
> And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
> As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
> Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
> And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
> And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
> She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
> Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
> She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.
>
> ("Eve of St. Agnes")

It is also easy to understand that those whose own wills are not one-pointed, suffer little perplexity in following guides of unequal mood

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and temper. Even the *Divine Comedy* does not represent the ascent to heaven as swift and smooth. Many hesitancies, doubts and impediments hold back the pilgrim. But the pilgrim is taught (and the teaching of the Holy Spirit is comfort, also) that even these doubts and delays are occasions for greater gifts. On the other hand, Shelley and Keats, and poets in general, pass, in a breath, from ecstasy at Heaven's gate to shuddering dejection over man's inexplicable fate.

> I could lie down like a tired child,
> And weep away the life of care
> Which I have borne and yet must bear,
> Till death like sleep might steal on me,
> And I might feel in the warm air
> My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
> Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.
>
> (Shelley)

The passionate song of the nightingale drives gloomily into the heart of Keats a contrast between the bird's life and man's cruel fate,

> Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!

And an ecstasy of

> Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth,

with magic casements and rainbow foam, ends in chilling doubt as he sees the enchanted foam become a barren sea, "perilous" and "forlorn." This alternation of melancholy with joy is only the restlessness of a soul without the walls, that has not come to rest in its Creator (cf. St. Augustine). Thus, while one can understand, and, in great part, sympathize with those who would class Shelley and Keats as Christian, it is safer to call them mystics. For while both poets give expression to Christian (and universal) truths, in poetizing some old legend, they do so unconsciously. What attracts them in the legend is its beauty. Dante would deliberately have shown the three sides of the legend—he would have shown it from the angles of the True and the Good as well as of the Beautiful. Keats and Shelley in setting forth its Beauty, set forth the True and the Good also—but far less consciously. They are poets and mystics,—but Christians, only potentially; and because they were not disciples, they could not understand.

In the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for April, 1919, there is a study in "Notes and Comments" of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. Theosophy had furnished to the student a key with which to open the meaning hidden within that drama of Initiation—a meaning that was hidden from Shelley himself. Let us now apply the key of Theosophy to the wonderful fragment which Keats worked and reworked without being able to conclude it,—*Hyperion*. In an early sonnet, Keats had written of seeing

> Upon the night's starr'd face,
> Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance.

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Keats feared he might not live to write down what he saw. Fortunately he did live long enough to give us this beautiful fragment of his visions. *Hyperion* is a poem of epic scope, and shows, among other things, in what large dimensions Keats had learned to think and imagine. It is a story of

> Gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
> Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
> Creations and destroyings.

The dire events recorded are the superseding of one set of powers by a second. This seems as if it might be revolution; but the poet calls it ordered change, not insurrection. The successes and failures of the persons involved are

> Symbols divine,
> Manifestations of that beauteous life
> Diffused unseen throughout eternal space.

The persons who carry along this symbolic action are majestic gods and princesses. There is Saturn, the dethroned monarch, who in grief over his lost sway, cries out:

> Cannot I create?
> Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
> Another world, another universe,
> To overbear and crumble this to nought?

There is the Queen of the air who wails

> My life is but the life of winds and tides.

Finally, there is Hyperion himself, a swift and splendid god, though dethroned.

> Hyperion arose, and on the stars
> Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide.
> And still they were the same, bright, patient stars.
> Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
> Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
> Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
> And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

In general, it is the theory of Evolution that Keats is unfolding under the symbols of the old Greek myth. Life, having evolved for the manifestation of itself, certain forms and faculties, is not content, but strives for higher and better modes of expression. Life succeeds in its endeavour—and if the old moulds and powers cannot maintain equal speed, cannot transform themselves to fit the new conditions, they are thrown off from Life's fast revolving wheel, and are left behind to perish. It is the law of growth; and one of the gods tries to console Saturn with this thought of law.

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We fall by course of Nature's law,—not force
Of thunder, or of Jove.

He counsels Saturn to give up his personal view of their catastrophe and to look at it more philosophically:

As thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last.

Nothing more has overtaken Saturn through the advent of the new king than, through Saturn himself, had overtaken Saturn's predecessor—and a similar fate may in turn await the new ruler. It is the law of Karma.

As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness. . . .

* * * * * * *

For 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might.

It is the God of the Sea who thus reasons philosophically with Saturn—and reasons from experience. For he has caught sight of his own dispossessor, and he feels the justice of the dispensation that dethrones him in favour of the new and more splendid god.

Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed water scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire.

Apollo, the God of Light, is the new Emperor God, and his pinnacle of beauty gives the *coup de grâce* to the discouraged brood of the former gods; they feel they could never attain to his height of splendour. One of their number has heard him sing, and Apollo's transcendent sweetness drives despair deep into their hearts.

I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
From a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,

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There came enchantment with the shifting wind.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes.

All nature responds to the singing of its new Lord and cries out:

Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!

This wonderful fragment breaks off suddenly just at the point where the youthful Apollo is entering, through pain, into the maturity of his powers.

Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
All the immortal fairness of his limbs:
Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
Or liker still to one who should take leave
Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
Die into life: so young Apollo anguish'd.

Taught by Theosophy, we understand what Keats is writing; we have glimpses of the celestial city of which he paints so lovely an image. The old myth symbolizes the superseding of the natural man by the spiritual. The first creature,—of the earth,—has served his turn, and must now yield to the second man, the Lord from Heaven, symbolized by Apollo, God of Light. The bewilderment of Hyperion and Saturn, at what seems to them catastrophe, is the bewilderment of the natural man whose eye cannot see, nor his ear hear, nor his heart conceive the hidden wisdom of God which is only discerned by the new, spiritual individual. So too, in the victorious anguish of young Apollo, there is a shadowing forth of that other young Victor, Christ, who took leave of death, and died into life. Keats lived to trace the symbols he read upon the night's starred face. But he did not live, nor did Shelley, to set forth the "high romance" within those symbols. That romance is Christianity.

One is loth to conclude a study of these inspiring poets, leaving them, as it were, shut out from Heaven. And if that be human feeling, how would Heaven itself regard this sentence upon two who caught so much of its beauty, and who, through the beauty they pass on, guide so many toward Heaven. Can not the Divine Compassion find excuses and reasons where human charity fails? Might not Shelley's flight of fire toward his goal, or Keats's dying sigh for steadfast love, win the regard of that Compassionate Heart which so generously interprets the motives of men?

One remembers the inscription casually placed upon Shelley's grave-

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stone, "Cor Cordium." Are those words casual after all? While Shelley and Keats were writing their poems, there was maintained in France, from 1800 to 1820, a quiet effort of prayer which finally established the Society of the Sacred Heart. Is it a wild stretch of fancy to lodge Keats and Shelley in that Divine Heart? St. Thomas Aquinas was of the opinion that for special reasons an Angel might leave Heaven to baptise a dying pagan. Our conceptions of truth are so petty and distorted. We have disfigured the victorious Christ into a "pale Galilean." What if that "Cor Cordium" be a special baptism from Heaven—the seal of the Heart carrying with it the sign of the Cross made in proud recognition of two souls whose fire was but a single spark from His Flame, whose zeal for Truth was but a pale reflection of His own? Whatever their faults and short-comings, Shelley and Keats may be lodged secure in the safe retreat of that Heart. The vast and charitable spaces of eternity afford ample opportunity for their purification.

C. C. CLARK.

You say your husband is a religious man; tell him when you meet him that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that in my opinion, the religion that gets men to rebel and fight against their own government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1864).

A man who knows that he is a fool, is not a great fool.—CHUANG TZU.

Even though Olympian Jove does not avenge at once, he will do so, though he tarry long; and with their own lives and the lives of their children the wicked pay a heavy penalty for their sins.—HOMER.

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HISTORY AND ITS INTERPRETATION

THERE is a history dating from the fourteenth century which is prefaced by the following rather suggestive phrase, "History, a species of knowledge universally esteemed, largely cultivated, and manifoldly useful." After six centuries have added their quota of "useful" historical material, it would be interesting to know the extent to which this phrase is still recognized as true. Leaving aside the extent to which the subject is esteemed and cultivated, how is history used to-day? For what purpose, in the majority of cases, is it studied? To what extent has the modern tendency to turn from the past and throw away tradition, blinded us to its value? How general a recognition is there of the fact that in the nation and in the race, character is developing, evolution progressing, in a manner and toward a goal identical with that of the individual?

The idea of the close correspondence between individual and nation is not a new one. It was probably recognized as true, centuries before Plato, in his *Republic,* declared that the character of the state must depend on the character of the individuals that composed it, that a city can be no better than are its citizens. Coupling with this idea, the statement that the destiny of man is to become perfect even as the Father in heaven, we get a host of suggestions, the first perhaps being the need for a recognition of spiritual life and progress, as a vital element in the present day interpretation of history.

With the coming of the Christian era, a new element entered into the life of nations. Prior to that, separated and frequently hostile peoples lived an intensely national life with sharp lines of demarcation; and history, where historical records were kept, showed little consciousness of an interrelation of nations or of connection with the whole past of the human race. Christianity, with its teaching of the Father and of a common sonship, of a common humanity subject to the laws of a divine kingdom, established a sense of the continuity of the whole human race in the present and in the past. For centuries—through the Middle Ages—this resulted in a very one-sided view of historical facts, since all life was regarded so exclusively from the side of religion and the Church that other elements were frequently pushed out of their proper perspective. In our own day the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. The tendency now is to explain historical developments in any one of a number of ways, but practically all of them intensely materialistic. The most generally used, perhaps, is the economic interpretation, the effort to explain all human events as necessarily the outgrowth of economic

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conditions. Some writers attempt to explain everything by biological laws, others by geographical conditions. Again, mathematics or mechanics is used, or the epochs of history are regarded as just so many stages of physiological growth and explained by physiological laws. But if, as has so often been quoted in these pages, the universe exists for the purposes of soul, certainly the true interpretation of human events would be less materialistic, more lofty than any of these.

The history before quoted—a universal history written by Ibn Khaldoun, a learned Arab, living in North Africa and Spain shortly after 1300—adopts a point of view which is, in some respects, unique. The author was one of the first to treat history as a science. He regards it as the science of civilization and sees in it a collective movement, an incessant and inevitable development. Recognizing the fact that nationality is to a people what individuality is to a person, he makes the *spirit* of a people (using the word in the same sense as the French *esprit*) his interpretation, so to speak, of all that he considers. Economic conditions, then, physical conditions and so on, fall into position as contributing causes of the spirit which characterizes a people. And in turn, the development and growth of that spirit is the cause of the events which mark the outer life of the people.

Khaldoun distinguishes very definitely, different grades of *esprit* with their attendant or resultant conditions—grading them from the state of envy, wrangling and strife, or perhaps luxurious ease, weakness and cowardice, up to that of intense religious ardour. The religious impulse (and in this is apparently included the religious zeal of the fanatic) he considers the highest and most powerful animating force. His distinction between this and the next lower grade is rather closely drawn when he portrays a large and powerful nation, relying for its strength on what is, in many respects, its excellent *esprit de corps,* overwhelmed and conquered by a nation much smaller in numbers, inadequately equipped, but animated by *esprit de corps* plus religious ardour—the spiritual force. Without the latter force, party spirit, self-interest, perhaps even cowardice may creep in under stress of circumstances. When the spiritual force is predominant, all unworthy sentiments disappear, all hearts are united, all work toward the same end, with devotion, valour, exaltation in the face of death—there is a synthesis of effort that is irresistible.

The idea of the close interrelation and interaction between individual and nation is markedly suggested in his account of the slow and laborious process by which the family spirit, then the tribal spirit, is developed, and finally a dynasty founded, the *right* to rule established (a process analogous to the development of real individuality in a man). And in this connection the author's view on the subject of nobility is interesting—a family has no claim to nobility, he thinks, simply because its ancestors were nobles. It may be influential and respected, but "only among families united and animated by a strong common feeling so as to form a powerful and distinguished confraternity, is nobility a reality." He

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traces the course of nations through the stages of growth, till the prime is past; wealth, luxury, indulgence have brought their weakening effect; *esprit de corps* is lost, and the spirit of strife and insurrection is growing. Concerning a people in this state, he writes: "They have forgotten in what manner their empire had its beginnings. They are ignorant of how much God has done in order to raise the dynasty which governs them; they see a sovereignty well established, an authority which enforces obedience and maintains order in the State, without having need of the support which the family and tribal spirit could furnish it. They have no idea of the difficulties their ancestors had to surmount before arriving at power."—His observations are especially pertinent in our own day when such a condition as he depicts is so vividly before the world.

The history of Ibn Khaldoun is of interest here chiefly because it suggests an interpretation of history from the point of view of the inner life and development of the people, regarding external conditions in their proper subsidiary position. To the student of Theosophy, it may contain in its gradations of *esprit* a further suggestion of which its author was, without doubt, wholly unconscious. Most readers of the QUARTERLY are more or less familiar with the theosophical teaching of the seven principles—the idea that man is composed of seven fundamental aspects of the One Reality, three higher and four lower. Many of us have dwelt upon it sufficiently to recognize in ourselves, under varying circumstances, the operation, the predominance, of one principle or another—certainly to distinguish between those impulses and motives that are characteristic of the lower quaternary (the less good or actually evil elements in us), and those of the higher triad, the better element, the aspiring nature in us. Have we ever stopped to consider that by the law of correspondences—as in big so in little—the nation must be similarly constituted? Each nation, then, would be likewise composed of seven principles arranged or predominating as the aggregate of the principles of its individuals. There is something suggestive of this fact in the statement, made several centuries ago, that every nation has its governing principle; in England it was liberty, in Holland trade, in France honour of the King, and so on. And in the growth of a nation there should be discernible the same features that characterize the growth of character in a human being—the slow struggle toward the development of a true individuality, a gradually increasing self-knowledge, a hardly-won freedom and power to manifest its true self, and at last the period of achievement when it finally enters into its genius. Regarded from this point of view, the movements, the characteristics, the spirit of nations, take on a new significance, as we see in one situation the lower elements of greed, avarice, self-seeking, predominant, in another the higher virtues, honour, sacrifice, loyalty to principle; or, more probably, good and bad both at work, the nation in the throes of that struggle between higher and lower which so often overwhelms the individual.

It is said that we may have a very illuminating experience by going

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back in thought, step by step, over our childhood and early life. We shall discover events so shaping themselves that, time after time, the same lesson was taught us, now in one way and now in another, as time after time we failed to learn, or only partially learned. We shall see one quality after another slowly and laboriously developed in us, with the patience that only the divine powers possess; or again, repeated opportunity offered for the conquest of some weakness or sin. We shall find that at fairly definite intervals, the same tendencies came to the surface, the same sides of our nature became active—our growth followed a cyclic law. And if, looking back over the past, we use our discoveries wisely and well, we shall regard them as guideposts, pointing the way to our right course for the future, indicating to some extent the lessons we still have to learn, the points where weakness must be most carefully guarded against, where the lower elements in us are likely to take us unaware, and the points where our real selves have the best vantage ground to fight from. With the threads of our life thus in hand, we shall be forewarned and forearmed for the future. Far more than that, we may be able to trace out the Master's plan for us, see what he means our life to be, and so, ceasing the struggle for a realization of our own plans and hopes and will, seek to follow his will, and consciously work with him.

There would be a parallel to this in what might be called the theosophical interpretation and the theosophical use of history. In viewing any situation in history, whether past or present, there would immediately be applied the questions: how has it come to be what it is? what does it tend toward? what causes have given it the character it possesses? what is its relation to the growth and the high destiny of mankind? One aid that has been suggested for this purpose is to ask ourselves, repeatedly, in reading a newspaper or a book, "How does this or that point affect the coming of the Master's kingdom?" To follow out this plan with completeness would, of course, require a deep understanding of human nature and a wide knowledge of world events. But it is worth while to make a beginning at the point where we now are, with our present limited understanding and distorted vision. And as the effort is persisted in, as we correct present impressions or conclusions by further observation, not only will our struggle with our own selves, our efforts at self-knowledge and self-mastery, aid us in understanding and interpreting world events, but our very effort to understand the latter will in turn help us to get outside ourselves, and thereby bring light to many a corner in our nature hitherto darkened, make clear many a problem hitherto unsolvable.

J. C.

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THE SECRET DOCTRINE AND MR. EDISON

THE *Scientific American* for October 30, 1920, contains an interview recording Mr. Thomas A. Edison's "Views on Life and Death," as reported by Mr. Austin C. Lescarboura. The same ground was covered in a more popular way, in a second interview published at the end of January. The substance of these interviews may be divided into two parts: first, a discussion of the question whether communication with the dead is possible, a problem which Edison seeks to solve by the use of a delicate apparatus similar to the valve used in wireless telegraphy; and, second, Edison's conclusions concerning the nature of organic matter, a theory of living atoms, and a description of the part these atoms play in the formation of the conscious personality, with the further question whether the personality thus formed can survive the dissolution of the physical body.

The part of the interview which deals with communication between the living and the dead aroused a storm of controversy in the newspapers, as an episode in the general discussion of Spiritualism which has been going on for months. Much was said, and somewhat heatedly said, on both sides. The view of the most thoughtful Spiritualists appears to be that, if our human ears were attuned to finer vibrations, the disembodied personalities could speak to us, and we could hear them; but the main difficulty in the way of communication lies in the fact that, with all the desire in the world to communicate, disembodied personalities are hampered by the fact that they have not yet fully mastered the use of their newly acquired astral organs, and cannot use them in such a way as to come into contact with us; and, when they have at last learned to use these unfamiliar instruments, the law of progress carries them forward to a condition in which communication with those still embodied is no longer possible. On the other hand, it is held that, if we are willing to undergo the necessary training, we can go to them, though they cannot come back to us. By discipline and training, we can enter the state in which they live, and can return with information about it; just as we can go to a hospital to visit a sick friend there and can return with the memory of a conversation, while the sick friend is unable for the present to return the visit.

Among those who took part in the discussion, there were also those who held that communication with the dead could, in the nature of things, never be proved scientifically; or that, if such communication be possible, it is, nevertheless, morally wrong.

Since the valve, the apparatus which Edison proposes to use to

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decide the possibility of communication with the dead, is still a physical mechanism, however sensitive, it is clear that it can respond only to a physical stimulus. But, if the vibrations of thought be super-physical, a mechanism is needed which will respond to the vibrations of thought. Therefore the test which Edison proposes appears to be quite inconclusive.

We purpose, however, to put aside for the present the question of communication with the dead, in order to consider Edison's theory of the nature of organic and conscious life and of the living atom.

The idea of the living atom is by no means a new one with Edison. More than thirty years ago, in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1890, an earlier interviewer reported him as saying:

"I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or interesting shapes and colours, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if expressing their satisfaction. . . . Gathered together in certain forms, the atoms constitute animals of the lower orders. Finally they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" asked the interviewer.

"From some power greater than ourselves," Edison answered.

"Do you believe, then, in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?"

"Certainly. The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

It is of deep interest to find Mme. H. P. Blavatsky commenting on this view, a month or two later, in her editorials in *Lucifer*. Thus, in April, 1890, she writes:

"Edison's conception of matter was quoted in our March editorial article. The great American electrician is reported by Mr. G. Parsons Lathrop in *Harper's Magazine* as giving out his personal belief about the atoms being 'possessed by a certain amount of intelligence,' and shown indulging in other reveries of this kind. For this flight of fancy the February *Review of Reviews* takes the inventor of the phonograph to task, and critically remarks that 'Edison is much given to dreaming,' his 'scientific imagination' being constantly at work. Would to goodness the men of science exercised their 'scientific imagination' a little more, and their dogmatic and cold negations a little less. . . ."

After more than thirty years, then, Edison has once more recorded his views concerning organic life and the living, intelligent atom. The substance of what he now says may be stated as follows:

1. Life, like matter, is indestructible.
2. Our bodies are composed of myriads of infinitesimal entities,

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each in itself a unit of life; just as the atom is composed of myriads of electrons.

3. The human being acts as an assemblage rather than as a unit; the body and mind express the vote or voice of the life-entities.

4. The life-entities build according to a plan; if a part of the organism be mutilated, they rebuild this exactly as before.

5. Among the life-entities, ninety-five per cent are probably workers, and five per cent directors; the directors are located in the part of the brain known as the fold of Broca, as is proved by surgical operations.

6. The life-entities are indefatigable workers. If, for any reason, they depart from our bodies, they go to work on some other form of life. They cannot be destroyed; they simply change the form and character of their work, by a process of transformation and regeneration, so that they are used over and over again.

7. Science admits the difficulty of drawing a line between the inanimate and the animate; perhaps the life-entities extend their activities to crystals and chemicals.

8. While the "workers," the life-entities which have been doing the routine work of the body during life, depart at death in various directions, it is possible that the "directors" remain together as an assemblage; in this way the conscious personality might survive.

9. The life-entities live for ever; so that, to this extent at least, the eternal life which many of us hope for is a reality.

This is much more comprehensive than what Edison put forth in the passage, already quoted, embodying his views in 1890. A comparison will be made between Edison's views and what Mme. Blavatsky wrote, thirty-five or forty years ago, on the same subject, in *Five Years of Theosophy* ("The Transmigration of the Life-Atoms," page 340), and *The Secret Doctrine* (First and second editions: Pages 49, 85, 110, 130, 143 (footnote), 213, 223 (footnote), 224 *et seq.*, 249, 260, 267, 274 *et seq.*, and 280, Volume I. The third edition was repaged.)

These passages uphold the view that Life is the eternal, uncreated energy which finds expression in the law of continuity. The various forms under which objective things appear to us in nature—minerals, plants and animals—are the different modes in which this Life-force manifests itself. Were it inactive for a single instant, the particles would lose their cohesion and the object disintegrate; though the force would remain in each particle, in a dormant state.

A distinction is drawn between atoms that are moved by kinetic energy, which are called life-atoms, and those which contain imperceptible potential energy, the sleeping atoms. Mme. Blavatsky suggests that it is possible to awaken into activity the dormant life inherent in the so-called inorganic atoms, or, conversely, to disintegrate objects composed of these atoms; that living forms are perpetually casting off "lives" which have fulfilled their purpose; and that, after the human stage has been

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reached, life-atoms can be transferred to other objective forms under the action of the will, or, at times, of emotion. It is further suggested that, in nature's workshop, the life-atoms, whether kinetic or dormant, are worked up into various forms, and pass from one to another, unless the holding power of the individual be strong enough to keep them together for evolutionary training; so that, in a literal and physical sense, we transmit our life-atoms to each other, each one of us thus being his "brother's keeper."

This process of combining and separating goes on through life-cycles of varying duration, whether it be in the objective appearance and disappearance of mineral, plant, animal and human being, or in the manifestation and withdrawal of planet, solar system or universal cosmos. "The Root of Life was in every Drop of the Ocean of Immortality. . . . Life precedes Form, and Life survives the last Atom of Form" (*The Secret Doctrine,* Volume I, p. 58).

It should be borne in mind that for the documents and Commentaries on which *The Secret Doctrine* is based, an antiquity of thousands of years is claimed.

Coming to more detailed comparison, we find that *The Secret Doctrine* fully agrees with Edison that Life is indestructible. Whatever appellation the mind of man may give to the Divine Power—whether He, or It, be called Brahma, or First Cause, or God, our finite minds can only comprehend the idea of a cause, immanent in universal nature, and manifesting as Life. And, just as the microscope has discovered an infinite number of organisms, only to have them as infinitely extended by the ultra-microscope; just as the number of the visible stars has been indefinitely extended by the development of the telescope, so all manifested life is built up of an almost infinite number of infinitesimal lives. Edison speaks of myriads, while Mme. Blavatsky takes from the Eastern books the word "Crore," a crore being ten millions; comparing the life-entities to atoms, but adding that the life-atom is to the material atom what the tiniest infusorian is to an elephant. Speaking of the electrons, Edison uses a similar comparison: the electron is to the atom what a grape-fruit is to the Woolworth building. It will, of course, be remembered that, in 1888, when *The Secret Doctrine* was written, the name "electron" was not yet in use.

The lives revealed by the microscope, the bacteria and infusoria, are themselves composed of myriads of lesser life-units or electrons; so that our bodies are built up of an enormous number of cells, or microbes, or electrons, or life-atoms, each a life in itself, and grouped together in specialized organs with functions of their own, but all working together to serve the purpose of the unified directorate, the unit man. So long as all conform to the law of harmony and obedience, the organism prospers. Disharmony brings sickness and death.

Human beings act as an assemblage, in the state or nation, but they

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also tend to act as self-assertive units, ultimately to their own discomfort. The individual organs of our bodies likewise work together for the common weal. Where this united action fails, suffering and ultimate dissolution take place. If this be the law in the aggregate human body, there should be a corresponding process in the aggregate body of a nation, and of humanity.

So far, we have covered the first three points of Edison's argument. We come now to the fourth: that the life-entities build according to a plan, or replace damaged tissue from memory. With this, *The Secret Doctrine* agrees, but adds that the plan has existed from the beginning; it is the plan impressed on nature by the Universal Mind, Anima Mundi, or Alaya. This plan is carried into objective manifestation by groups of "Builders." These work under the guidance of "Architects," who, in turn, follow the plan in the Universal Mind of which they, together with the Builders, form a part. For there are many degrees of such workers, each class having its own function and intelligence, while all contribute to the fulfilment of the great Law of Life, originated as Divine Ideation and impressed on Universal Substance.

Thus, for the Builders, the cells, or the life-atoms of the body, or the still higher forces which direct the action of life in matter, there is always a plan, according to which they carry on the process of building from the beginning; or a memory, to guide the rebuilding of what has been destroyed. The "astral body," or "design body," is the mould on which the physical body is built. One may find an analogy in electro-plating; in the way in which particles of metal, drawn from a metallic solution, are deposited in all the details of the mould. If, for the mysterious electric force of the battery, we substitute the still more mysterious vital force of the semi-conscious and semi-intelligent Builders, guided by the fully conscious Architects, we have a picture of how the matter of the body is deposited on the astral mould, and made to clothe it. Or we may find another picture of the process in the experiment of Chladny's figures, where a metal plate or membrane, on which some light powder has been sprinkled, is put into vibration by a musical note, when the powder arranges itself in various patterns according to the quality of the note. A similar line of thought was followed in a work called *Geometrical Psychology,* in which the ideas of Mr. Betts are expounded by Miss Louisa Cook, who shows that the relative interferences of vibratory forces produce exquisitely graceful flower forms. So that we have a number of illustrations, showing how physical matter may take form under the stress of directing forces.

Edison's fifth point is, that ninety-five per cent of the life-atoms may be routine workers, while five per cent may be directors. *The Secret Doctrine* teaches that the Universe is guided from within outwards, both as a whole and in all its parts; and that an infinite number of semi-conscious and semi-intelligent workers, guided by fully conscious and

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intelligent directors, carry the plan into execution. It is further suggested that, while the work proceeds from within outwards, human beings may co-operate in this work, making a contribution from without inwards: "Man ought to be ever striving to help the divine evolution of Ideas, by becoming to the best of his ability a co-worker with Nature in the cyclic task." These forces become more powerful, as they approach the consciousness of Unity, thus taking rank as directors of the work. Edison fancies that the directors should be located in the fold of Broca in the brain, just as Descartes thought that the soul dwelt in the pineal gland; but, surgical operations notwithstanding, this seems to us like saying that the creative work of a musician dwells in the keys of the piano or the strings of a violin, because he uses these instruments in playing.

Coming to the sixth point, *The Secret Doctrine* agrees with Edison that the life-entities are indefatigable workers. All, from the highest Architects to the lowliest Builders, are ceaselessly at work, building, conserving, or pulling down and thus transforming and regenerating the forms of nature, from those which are objective and perceptible to our ordinary senses, up to the most subtile and super-normal subjects of super-sensuous perception. So long as there is Life, there is work; and, when Life is no longer outwardly manifested, there is still Life and work, though of a kind which our finite intellects cannot comprehend. The ordinary man can distinguish one colour from another. The trained craftsman can distinguish sixty shades in each colour of the spectrum. Science considers the long series of vibrations from the slowest to the most rapid, octave after octave. But science well knows that only an octave here and there has as yet even partially been apprehended. Audible sounds stretch from the lowest note of an organ to the voice of the gnat, but there is a whole series of unexplored octaves of vibration between the highest sound vibration and the lowest light vibration, or even the heat vibrations below the red.

Science is increasingly conscious of the difficulty of drawing a line between inanimate and animate being. This brings us to Edison's seventh point. He thinks that the life-entities may work, not only in what we call living things, but also in chemical substances and minerals, directing, for instance, the symmetrical formation of crystals. On this point, *The Secret Doctrine* is quite definite, declaring that not only our own bodies and those of animals, but also plants and stones, are altogether built up of the same life-entities. The same infinitesimal, invisible lives compose the bodies of the ox and the man, the mountain and the daisy, the ant and the elephant. Each particle is, in turn, life-giving and death-giving to each particular form. By aggregation the life-entities build up universes and planets and the ephemeral vehicles ready to receive incarnating souls; and as eternally change the forms thus built up.

Coming now to the eighth point: Edison thinks that the routine

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workers among the life-entities may carry on the general work of nature in various ways, and in different directions. *The Secret Doctrine* confirms this view, and distinguishes at least three classes of such Builders at work on this earth. There are (a) the purely "physical" atoms, or their smaller particles, now called electrons, which compose the crust of the earth, and supply the basis of all objective forms. Next come (b) the "lives," providing the mould or model on which the physical particles, the electrons, are deposited, and which are interblended with the physical particles, or, as it were, incarnated in them. These two classes work out the regular evolutionary process, building up the consolidating forms and "habitations" in accordance with the plan of the World-Soul, and the records carried over from the preceding planetary life-cycle. But *The Secret Doctrine* also tells of (c) a third class of Builders, who are the skilled and instructed Architects in relation to the earth; they are the evolved and perfected humanity of earlier periods of the solar Cosmos, and play a very important part in our evolution and progress. It is further suggested that, in the same way, human beings may be divided into three classes, while there are hints that further classes will be added in future circling Rounds of this planetary period.

Thus we have (a) the elemental lives which are the basis of form, guided and moulded by (b) the Builders, who provide the moulds or models upon which the first class consolidate themselves; and we have also (c) the Architects, still higher in the scale of conscious evolution, who bring to the work of the first two classes the element of universal intelligence, or Mahat. These last are the Creators, who work out the plans of divine ideation with which they are impressed, and who guide the life-entities subject to them, and under their charge. All are subject to the evolutionary law of cause and effect, the law of Karma, which they work out in every life-cycle. But the Architects, the celestial Hierarchy, reached their present high rank through orderly development; through growth, they became what they now are. And in the same way this Hierarchy will pass on, in the next life-cycle, to higher worlds, making room for a new Hierarchy, composed of the elect of mankind.

We come, finally, to the ninth point in our analysis of Edison's views: the belief that the life-entities live for ever. *The Secret Doctrine* is in full agreement with this. It teaches that there is a progressive evolution going on throughout the universe. Conscious Powers, whom we may call Dhyan Chohans, Archangels, Messengers or Planetary Spirits, are the executive agents of the universal Life. Each in their degree, they work out the plan from within outwards; and, when the human stage is reached, man should collaborate with them, making a contribution from without inwards. Conforming himself with the spirit of these guiding Powers, he should co-operate with them, in working out the universal Law. When he does this, conforming himself with the spirit of the Architects, he enters into their consciousness and shares

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the eternal nature of their life. In this way he attains to a greater, wider and more powerful consciousness than that which is dimly outlined in Edison's democracy of the life-entities, routine workers and directors.

Thus *The Secret Doctrine* places its record before us. After a period of quiescence from objective activity, the cycle of activity returns. Life moves toward manifestation. And throughout the different stages of this development, in whatever direction, or on whatever plane they may appear, there is a unity, a correspondence of activity. The same Law operates in the universal Kosmos, the solar system, the planet; in mineral, plant, animal and man.

The One Life moves. From the Unmanifested Logos comes the manifested Logos, which is reflected in the collective aggregate of Planetary Spirits and nature spirits, synthesized and personified as Fohat, the primordial, vital, electric Force, which is also a conscious, intelligent Entity.

Fohat, then, is the personified, vital, electric Power, the transcendental binding unity of all cosmic energies, on the unseen, as on the manifested planes; every manifestation of that Force partaking of the nature of consciously exerted Will.

On the abstract side, there is the One Life. On the objective side, there is a septenary scale of manifestation. The one, unknown Cause, manifesting itself as omnipresent Life and Mind, is immanent in every atom of Matter.

There is a Kosmic Fohat, a unity of conscious Force, for the whole universe. There is a unity of conscious Force for each world. There are as many unities of conscious Force as there are worlds; together, they make the one universal Fohat, the Entity aspect of the one universal Non-Entity.

Fohat, the unity of conscious Force, builds the worlds in the likeness of older worlds, on the plan stored up in the Universal Mind, of which Fohat is the manifesting agent. These earlier worlds, these "older wheels," existed in former life-cycles of the universe; for the law of the birth, growth, decay and regeneration of everything is perpetually the same, whether it operate in the universe as a whole, in the solar system, in the sun or in the glow-worm. It is an everlasting progress toward perfection, whose underlying Substance and Force are for ever the same.

From the point of view of ordinary human observation, we have the objective phenomena of electricity, magnetism, light, heat, sound, cohesion, and so on, which are all the progeny of the super-sensuous activities of Fohat and its subdivisions. To these various forces *The Secret Doctrine* gives "a distinctive objective, if not material, structure, in the relatively noumenal, as opposed to the phenomenal, Universe." *The Secret Doctrine* postulates intelligent, divine workmen as the direct

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cause of such forces as electricity, magnetism, light, heat, sound, cohesion, and so on, instead of regarding them as forces generated by matter, or as modes of motion. These consciously directed forces are what have been called elementals, or nature-spirits; they are the active, though, to our senses, imperceptible causes of terrestrial phenomena; and are themselves the effects of prior causes behind the veil, causes which unerringly guide their operation. Electricity, light, heat and cohesion have been called "the ghost of matter in motion;" they are super-sensuous states of matter, whose effects alone we are able to cognize.

When a planet "dies," its informing principles are transferred to a sleeping centre, possessing latent, potential energy; and this centre is thus awakened into life, and begins to form itself into a new sidereal body. It is Fohat, the parent of the infinite progeny of forces, which guides the transfer of energy from one planet to another, from an outworn star to a new child-star. And as above, so below; there is a complete correspondence of activity in regard to the building of a planet, a mineral, a plant, an animal and a man.

The Secret Doctrine postulates a collective Architect who furnishes the plan on which the hosts of intelligent Forces build the objective forms. But these objective forms are finite and perishable only in their objective manifestations, not in their ideal forms. As Ideas, they have existed from eternity and will ever exist; it is, therefore, the privilege and duty of man to apprehend these ideas and, to the best of his ability, to work for their realization, thus becoming a co-worker with Nature in the cyclic task.

Thus, between the views which Mme. Blavatsky put forward thirty-two years ago, in *The Secret Doctrine,* and, still earlier, in *The Theosophist,* and the thoughts expressed now and in the past by Edison, there is a good deal of likeness. The idea of the life-entities is common to both; but *The Secret Doctrine* further teaches the existence of many degrees of conscious, intelligent directors, ascending Hierarchies, who build up the vesture of man, and, when the times comes, inform that vesture; Hierarchies which are the builders of man and of every other form, on this world, as on every other world.

Man's freedom of will, which is imparted to him by one of these Hierarchies of celestial builders, makes it possible for him either to co-operate with them in the divine plan, or to work against them, to the confusion of the work, and to his own confusion. Where he thus acts against the universal law, he pays the penalty, and has the opportunity of learning his error and its cause.

We may, perhaps, draw to our aid Maeterlinck's happy inspiration of the "soul of the hive," guiding the community of bees. That soul may represent the collective purpose of the hive; while the separate units, the queen, the workers and the drones, carry out their specific functions in regard to the hive as a whole. A parallel may be drawn

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between the bees and ourselves. When there is harmonious conformity to the soul of the hive, all goes well; where there is disobedience, confusion follows. Life is not a democracy in reality, though so many human beings think it ought to be. The soul of the hive (in our case, the divine plan), is the intelligent guide for the individual units of which it is composed; and those units must obey the direction of the soul, or else endure those transformations which lead to discord and the dissolution of the hive. So man must obey divine law, expressed by the Hierarchies of Architects and Builders, who will, in the fullness of time, "descend on radiant earth and reign over men who are themselves."

Until man realizes this, the separate personalities will be more and more subject to disease, misery and suffering. When he learns to conform to the divine law, no longer amusing himself with the illusion of his pride of place, and his assertion of his personal right to do as he pleases, it is possible that the Architects, now hidden, may reveal themselves as his leaders and guides. A. K.

We must hold this opinion of the just man, that, if he fall into poverty or disease, or any other of these seeming evils, all these things work together for good to him, either during his life, or after death. For that man is never neglected by the gods, who exerts himself to the utmost to become just, and, by practising virtue, tries to approach, as nearly as a man may, to the likeness of God.—PLATO.

Heedless, allured, one moment I forgot my goal,
A thousand years it stretched the journey of my soul.—ANON.

We must only love ourselves as for God, instead of which we are always trying, if we are not careful, only to love God for ourselves.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

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ASPECTS OF DISCIPLINE

THE story of a man's life, which he himself told me some weeks ago, interested me greatly at the time, and has interested me still more since, in view of those things which seemed to me, upon reflection, to be behind the narrative and to extend into all life and all living. The story itself was commonplace and familiar enough. It was the history of a young man, educated, of good family, engaged to be married, employed in a confidential position in a bank in a small city; a young man of many fine qualities and of much promise, generous, and universally popular. Little by little this popularity led to minor neglects of daily duties both in the family and at business, to extravagances, finally to excesses and to dissipation, to self-indulgences of every kind, with the inevitable result, that finally he became hard-pressed financially, and saw no way out. As matters became increasingly worse, he "borrowed" money from the bank, and with the connivance of a friend, an under officer of the bank, forged several checks, meaning to return the money before the irregularity was discovered. It was, of course, discovered; the usual legal steps were taken; for business reasons the bank officer was eliminated from the proceedings, and this man was made to bear the whole brunt of the charges. He was tried and convicted, and was sent to the State prison for a term of years.

His history since that time is not the important thing, although, as a matter of fact, he has been released on parole, is working at good pay for a business man who had himself a similar experience in his youth, and his fiancée has stood by him, as have also his entire family. What concerns us at the moment are the reasons, the *real* reasons, behind the whole occurrence; the man's response to the involuntary pressure which was put upon him, with the result of this response.

Let us suppose that the real qualities of this man were not those qualities which had been evident, outwardly attractive as many of them were. Let us suppose, for instance, that his generosity, of which mention has been made, was only another expression of that self-indulgence which later manifested itself in grosser forms; that when he was in funds he liked to give money away indiscriminately, with both hands, not with the desire of relieving distress, but because of the personal pleasure it gave him to be a distributor of largesse. Generosity was perverted, turned into self-indulgence; other splendid qualities were distorted in the same way by self-will. But let us suppose that other eyes, tender and clear-seeing and full of love, looking steadfastly at those things in their real perspective, saw not only the virtues behind the perversions, but also saw in him possibilities and potentialities that he himself had never dreamed of,—graces, even, that could be developed. Let us suppose

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that unseen powers had caused the utmost pressure of life to be brought to bear against his weakest points, quietly, unceasingly, unyieldingly, in order to bring him to the depths, to strip him of all that was unreal, that he might come to himself and see,—and seeing, become.

What was this particular man's response to the *involuntary discipline* which life thus imposed upon him? Far from thinking that heaven had anything to do with it, his first feeling was one of rebellion. Self was uppermost, self-pity for his hard luck, resentment that, with all his friends and his fine qualities, some way out had not been found for him, some exception made. There was nothing at first but resentment, and the wish to escape the penalty; there was no repentance.

But little by little, in the loneliness and solitude of his imprisonment, the Unseen Powers increased the pressure upon him, until his real self began in some measure to break through; until he began to have a glimmering of the purpose and meaning behind all this *involuntary discipline*. Gradually, very slowly, he came to understand that he had violated greater laws than those penal laws whose demands he was then satisfying. Help to a further understanding came to him through others, as help always comes if the desire for it, and the self-surrender, be complete enough. Little by little there dawned upon him something of the right perspective;—a realization that, in being ruled by self, he had been ruled by devils; an understanding that, in betraying his employer, his family, his friends, the Divine in himself, he had been a traitor to One to whom his heart was now turning for help. With this realization came the beginning of repentance, deep and heartfelt, and then a desire to atone, to expiate, for love's sake.

Let us take another case of *involuntary discipline,* one that goes even further and deeper. Let us suppose the case of a child afflicted for years with incurable illness, forced not only to give up the normal, happy things of youth, but driven also to the realization that life, so long as it lasted, must be renunciation and continued pain. What is such a child's response to this *involuntary discipline,* granted again that the Unseen Powers send that understanding and help which continued high courage, patience, faith, never fail to receive? It is not impossible for the child to learn that such circumstances are both a result and a preparation; that the important thing is to win on the inner plane at all costs, whatever the apparent outer giving-up may be; that beneath suffering is a purpose and a meaning, a gift. I have seen such a child, groping with infinite courage through times of darkness, come to the heart of Life, to find there not darkness, but, radiant and glorious, the Master Himself; to know, as a *fact* quite simply expressed, that at the heart of pain lie "Beauty and Truth and Christ." For a crippled child to enter so fully, here and now, into the joy of the Lord, is surely a reward that transcends expression. Impossible ever to go back, now, to a "normal" outer life, even should the clouds and shadows lift. From this point on, it must be only a question of time before a complete understanding

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comes, and a final and joyous acceptance; and then for a faithful soldier and servant, life's *discipline* is no longer *involuntary,* but *voluntary:* a new *motive* has entered in.

It is interesting to note how this matter of motive enters into discipline in the Army; what widely divergent results are reached, depending upon whether the discipline imposed be involuntary or voluntary. The men who came into the Army from civil life when we entered the war, found the very antithesis of their former surroundings. For the first time, in most cases, they led a regulated life. Everything went by rule, under orders, even to the position of one's shoes under the bunk, the exact angle of the head-dress, the hour at which one was required to be in bed. They learned how to obey. They learned, also, that this new life lived in obedience was a far simpler thing than anything they had ever known before. But those who were not able to see beyond the exacted obedience to the reasons behind its exaction, utterly missed the point of the whole experience: ten chances to one they became mechanical, wooden, and lost initiative. The man who caught something of the pride in the Army as a whole, who was able to look beyond the daily life and routine and experience of his platoon, or of his company; who was able to see that his regiment was, after all, only a part of the great whole, and that the success of this whole depended upon the way in which the smallest units in it performed their task—that man was able to take Army discipline and use it with a definite purpose, and to make others use it in the same way. It was the man who voluntarily accepted Army discipline because he saw the Army as the outward expression of militant force arrayed against an evil thing, who was able, also, as many were, to treat Army discipline as a Spiritual Rule, to be glad of fatigue and hardship and suffering because it was for a Cause greater than himself;—it was this man who used his circumstances and surroundings to the uttermost, and helped others to a clearer vision and to its fuller expression. It was by no means necessary for a man to be imbued in the first place with such clear perception of the actual facts and possibilities of the situation. One saw constantly, in the Service, individuals whose motive so improved under this new *involuntary discipline* that, slowly at first, in the end completely, they accepted the discipline voluntarily, as something which they *wanted* in order to accomplish the work which they had set themselves to do.

So it must always be with the discipline which life brings to each one of us. It is involuntary at first, and, in the nature of things, resentment and rebellion ensue; our spiritual eyes are holden and we cannot see. But as the unyielding, kindly pressure persists, the perception grows that there is a spiritual harvest to be gleaned, that in every portion of life this is possible, and that one begins to be a disciple when one crosses the line between involuntary and voluntary discipline. Then we face the question as to what, exactly, we want to do, how much we want to do it, and how best we may do it.

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What *does* one do when one wants with all one's heart and soul and mind and will to be a disciple, to serve, to give, to help? The will and the desire are not enough in themselves. One must *be* the things oneself. One must be trained, not only by the circumstances and surroundings of life, but by personal effort, by deliberate self-schooling in certain ways, with the help from others which will come increasingly as one earns it by strong effort, and by bearing always in one's heart and mind the deeper motive.

This is how one woman, Madame Leseur, did it. She lived in France, and died there, in 1914, at the age of forty-eight. She kept a journal in which she wrote, sometimes at long intervals, for herself alone, the thoughts and feelings and aspirations which she found in her heart. This journal is the narrative of the evolution of a soul, written in utter simplicity and humility; it is a history of "renouncement, detachment, voluntary poverty, dislike of the world, sacrifice and forgetfulness of self, acceptance of suffering." Yet, on the outer plane, this woman lived in the world, with household cares, with many social and family ties and duties, with a multitude of outer activities constantly engrossing her and demanding her attention. She was married to a husband who was without real inner life, and whom she adored with the whole of her great heart. Gay and charming, attractive in appearance, her manners were full of distinction, and she was an accomplished hostess, with a multitude of friends in the world of her day. The later years of her life were marked by constantly increasing pain and physical suffering, until the end came. Yet, living in the world, fulfilling every outer duty, meeting every active call upon her, she was not of the world, but truly lived the most intense spiritual life in an inner world of her own.

Perhaps some of the things which she herself has written will best convey the beauty and strength of her inner and outer life of discipleship; her joyous acceptance of everything, without exception, that life sent, as something to be used in her Master's service; her increasingly purified motive. Some of these are passages from her journal, some are Resolutions, some are from her Rule of Life.

"I want to re-form my life. That is, without any great exterior change or singular behaviour, to establish in my soul more serenity, true humility and charity . . . I must try to be all things to all men" (this is constantly repeated). "What we have to do is to work upon ourselves, to accomplish our own transformation—to be ourselves the things that we would have others be." "I believe there is no humble, unknown act or thought, seen by God alone, that does not serve souls. To do each day, humbly, and so that God alone may know, all the good that one can do. To strengthen my will by regular work. To do the humblest things, and thus possess the truth and beauty for which I long . . . to miss no opportunity for an act of devotion, especially if it will not be remarked. I must sacrifice, unknown to anyone, my tastes and inclinations, everything but the principles by which I live; I

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must do what seems to me my duty—works of charity, devotion to others and to the poor—in a way that can hurt no one nor interfere with immediate duties. To love strongly without self-seeking, to accept by divine grace the duty of every day and hour, not neglecting the most infinitesimal."

"One resolution which I have taken, notwithstanding physical and moral weakness, is to be 'joyful' in the Christian sense of the word. And in view of a greater good, even to watch over my bearing and my dress; to make myself attractive for God's sake. To be *austere* to myself, and as *attractive* as possible to others."

"In that meditation and close contact with God, my soul gets greater strength to perform the wearisome, monotonous tasks of every day . . . To be unswervingly faithful to the daily task, in big and little things, in work, in painful inaction, in illness and suffering, as in joy and health." The enforced inaction of illness must have been, for her active spirit, a crucifixion indeed, and yet she says, "Since I believe in the Communion of Saints, I will ask God to apply to those I love the sacrifice of this inaction . . . By suffering and sacrifice I can obtain for them a transformation of life. To live is to fight and suffer and love."

"To go from the near duty to the far duty. To preach by prayer, sacrifice and example. I must be an influence, not a profession of faith. To try always to understand everyone and everything. Not to argue, but to work through contact and example. To interest myself in everyone, and to make our home a living centre, to give it a soul. To become little with the little ones, even the little of soul; to speak the tongue that they can understand."

"To be an apostle,—what a word! And what a task, impossible to perform alone. But I know well what this word 'apostle' means, and all the obligations it implies. *'By their fruits ye shall know them.'* God knows our souls thoroughly; He is aware of our least desire, the least movement of our wills. But men see only what we express outwardly. That is why our acts and words and attitude should be the faithful reflection of our souls, for men will judge God by His works in us."

"To act in spite of prostration of body and to suffer without any consolation is, perhaps, to secure what our prayer was not worthy to obtain. Only sacrifice is certain to go straight to the Heart of Jesus."

Thus did one woman live a life of discipleship. Along those same lines, it is possible for everyone who truly wishes it, to grow, to learn, to serve; to take the discipline that our own problems of the moment impose, the circumstances and surroundings of our daily lives, as being exactly what we need at this moment of time to strengthen some weak spot, to make stronger some virtue, to prepare us for the next step and for a larger work; to realize that, the harder the circumstances and the more severe the pressure, the greater the opportunity, and the greater the possible result; but not to care for the result: the weaver does not watch the finished pattern but concentrates upon each thread; it is the

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effort that counts; to be thankful for the discipline of life, and to trust.

Our determined, conscious efforts with ourselves—our lower selves—must be exerted also in the little things, the things of every day; it is in these that we must school ourselves. For when a crisis comes, a man acts in accordance with the decisions he has been making over a long period of time in the innumerable little things of life, in terms of the motive which has actuated him in those little ways. There is no time to say, "Here is a crisis," to think out what must be done, to try to raise one's level of thought and motive and action, to prepare for it. One has been unconsciously preparing for it all along, and one acts instinctively in accordance with the preparation that has been going on.

So it must be in terms of our inner effort. Nothing is too small or too unimportant to use for that inner discipline which we desire, and are determined to have, although the ways and means must vary as individuals vary. Take such an apparently small thing as rising every morning half-an-hour earlier in order to have time for reading and meditation: try it and see whether or not it is easy under all circumstances to persevere in it, day in and day out. Then too, the average person instinctively singles out and sinks into the most comfortable chair in the room; try habitually taking a straight-backed chair, and sitting straight. Almost ridiculous, such things, it may seem; but remember the motive with which they are done, that they are only for God to know and to see, as Madame Leseur believed. They are offerings to Him.

With these and other ways of inner self-discipline, the limits of our horizon are extended, our perspective is enlarged. In response to our effort and aspiration, the spiritual help which we receive is increased, until it may become like the turning of the full force of a torrent into a narrow mountain pass, causing the detritus and rubble of our faults and weaknesses to be washed away by the flow, the excrescences of our sins worn off, and the channel of the torrent made smoother and deeper. We must not merely accept; we must look actively for the means, calling on every quality within that may enable us to see and to see truly, asking help from the Companions around and above us. The help is there for the asking; and the Way will be made more and more clear to the seeing eye and the understanding heart. For we have been told the Way:—"If any man would come after me let him take up his Cross daily, and follow me."

The little things of each day are a divine gift to us: through the right use of them may be attained that poverty of spirit which desires to renounce in order to possess all; which finds, in freedom from the material and from the things of the world, freedom also to look within, to seek and to keep seeking, and more and more fully to possess the Divine. And, having looked and found within, to find the Divine in all the circumstances of life without exception, and in the hearts and lives of all others as well. Then we may enter fully, here and now, into the Kingdom.

STUART DUDLEY.

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AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

I

The Old Kingdom

IF we wish to grasp the true significance of Akhnaton, it becomes necessary to take a slight survey of the historical, political and religious events which preceded his reign. As will be seen later, Akhnaton can hardly be called a product of his times; indeed he presents so startling a contrast to all that goes before, he stands out so boldly even against the highly coloured background formed by the vivid and varied personalities, particularly of his immediate predecessors, that he has sometimes been called the first *individual* in history. In letting our thoughts range over a period of thousands of years before Akhnaton's time, it is difficult to make a wise choice of the salient points, because nothing that took place in Egypt is unimportant. The least happening or thought, traced to its source, will be found to stand on a vast foundation of hidden truth. This has so long been recognized that it has become almost proverbial, and it seems scarcely necessary to draw attention to it now.

In looking back, therefore, to the earliest records which human history has thus far vouchsafed us, we see glimmering through the mists, which half hide but which cannot wholly conceal them, the colossal forms of the Creators and Rulers of earliest Egypt, but so comparatively little is known of them as men that we must be content, in so brief a sketch as this, to leave them in their majestic isolation, dwelling of necessity more on what they accomplished, than on what they were. In that earliest time, in the very dawn of recorded history as we know it today, the Pharaoh occupied the most exalted position which it would be possible to imagine, mixing little with his subjects in general, and, though working unremittingly for the good of his kingdom, being surrounded by an impenetrable veil of mystery. He was almost literally worshipped by his people, to whom he was known as the "good god", their deep respect and reverence making them reluctant so much as to refer to him by name. Even to his courtiers he was known as "one", and official reports sent to the King were impersonally entitled "to let one know." Indeed, he was so completely supreme that he, as a result, represented in his sacred person all things, both religious and civil. He was chief worshipper in the temples, the intermediary between the people and their God, and while, at first, only the central offices of the state administration were known as the "great house", gradually this became one of the august titles given to the King himself, and the words "Great House", in Egyptian *Per-aa* or *Per-o*, have come down to us as Pharaoh.

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We shall see how, little by little, as time moves on, the Pharaoh becomes more human, more accessible, in fact more democratic, and that while, up to the very end, the mystery of Divinity clings to him, still more and more is he known personally to his people, takes part personally in their activities, becomes more the approachable human being.

The Pharaoh of the Old Kingdom and his court, and even the life of the people, lives for us again in the splendid art of that time, an art which never afterwards in Egypt reached a higher level. Just as hardly anything in Egyptian architecture of a later date strikes us with more solemn awe than do the pyramids, so, in no later art of Egypt, do we find the stupendous force, the majesty and power, that we see in the Old Kingdom statues and reliefs. When we look at the diorite statue of Khafra, or the minute carved ivory head and bust of Khufu (better known as Kheops) with its fiery intensity, its almost cosmic energy, so unsurpassingly expressed in so small a compass, we know that we are looking on a monarch who in all reality ruled by Divine Right. The statue of Khafra is one of the grandest works of art of all time, and, as in the case of all good portraiture, we know, in both these examples, that these *are* portraits and not ideas in stone. And the nobles and courtiers of that wonderful period have caught a spark of the Divine Fire, have been illumined by the teaching of their Mighty Rulers. One has but to look at the magnificent carved wooden panel of Rahesy, a high official of the IIIrd. Dynasty, the seated statues of Rahotep and his wife Nefert (also IIIrd. Dynasty), or the mortuary statue of Ranofer, a noble of the Vth. Dynasty, to realize that these men "talked with God." Their superb assurance, their majestic bearing, make them fit companions for the Great Lord, the Pharaoh.

The temple was quite literally the House of God, and the local noble was at the head of the priests of his community. But his duties as priest were not actually a vocation, for he continued his worldly duties as well as fulfilling those of the temple. Religion was so intimately bound up with daily life and routine in those pure early days, that this was not only a perfectly natural but equally possible arrangement. The Pharaoh, as supreme sacerdotal head, was represented in every temple in the land by a High Priest, who made offerings for the "life, prosperity and health" of the King. Some of the High Priesthoods were especially ancient, that of Heliopolis in particular, whose High Priest was known as the "Great Seer". Grain, wine, oil, honey were brought and reverently placed in the temple as offerings to the God, and the temple ritual was simple and devout, suiting the sincerity of the times.

We find a loftiness and grandeur in the religion of this early world which is what we should expect, knowing that Egypt was ruled by a line of King Initiates, and it is significant that the Egyptians "emerge into historical times—with an ancient religion of vastly remote prehistoric origin." [1] To the Theosophist such a statement is no surprise, nor is it

[1] Breasted's *History of Egypt*.

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even new, for he knows about that far Atlantean world from which earliest Egypt sprang, and from the wreck of which were saved the secrets of the Ancient Wisdom. Religion plays such a large part in the life of ancient man, that, if we wish to understand him at all, we must try to understand and sympathise with his religious beliefs. It is our surest, we might say our only means of comprehending him. But as in all religion, and perhaps almost more so in Egypt than elsewhere,—we must never forget to look for origins and real meanings, which are invariably hidden under a thick outer coat of cult and ritual. Unless we keep this clearly and unceasingly before us, we lose our way in an intricate and paralysing maze of detail. We can imagine that those Great Initiates, those early Pharaohs, had to give vast truths to the masses in such symbolic forms as the average could understand and accept, and, as is the fate of all symbols if they fall into ignorant hands, they gradually assumed meanings which were never originally intended, and in the end appear so distorted as to be hardly recognizable.

Therefore when we speak of Sun Worship and of Ra as the Sun God, thereby, perhaps involuntarily, calling up mental pictures of strange ceremonial customs and of Ra as a not always very admirable deity, we are speaking from the outer point of view. But when we stumble on the popular and deep-rooted belief that, in long ages before, Ra had been the first King of Egypt; when we begin to realize that all great and holy things dated from Ra, as is indicated in the popular saying (when referring to some unusual event), "The like has not happened since the time of Ra"; when we realize as we look deeper than ceremonial rites and extravagant ritual that it was Ra who exacted pure living and clean thinking,—we have in fact stumbled on a simple, undistorted reality; we have followed the stream back to its clear source, and are certain that Ra was in very truth the earliest Divine Ruler (Theosophists would believe him to have belonged to the Great White Lodge), whose wisdom, goodness and justice still echo down to us after these countless thousands of years. Contrary to what most of our folk-lore experts would have us believe, we know that Ra was not the creation of man's imagination, typifying the sun as a force in nature. Quite the opposite: the Sun in all its splendour typified Ra the Divine; the Sun was his insignia of Divinity. Even the spot where Ra dwelt was from hoariest antiquity held sacred. This was An in the Delta, the On of the Hebrews. Later, the Greeks, knowing it to be the centre of Sun Worship, called it Heliopolis, the name by which we now know it. There, throughout the ages, were temples and monuments dedicated to the Sun. Today only one obelisk, dating from the XIIth. Dynasty, has been recovered. But there are, fortunately, records which last longer than monuments built by human hands, and these are the sanctuaries erected in the heart, those memories kept holy and ever fresh because of the continued and loving recollection of the beloved. Thus the "legends" which cling to the "Sacred Spring of Ra" at Heliopolis, where the Divine King was wont to bathe and refresh himself, have out-

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lived the granite temples built for his worship; and thus even the modern Arabs, little knowing why, still speak of it as the "Spring of the Sun." It is here that Mary is said to have halted during "The Flight", and it is here that the Holy Child was bathed and refreshed. Botanists tell us that on the margin of this "Sacred Spring" there grows today a plant which is found nowhere else in all the world. Even the intrusion of the beautiful Osirian faith, while taking the strongest hold on the religious impulses of the people (for Osiris was deeply loved, and was called *Unnefer,* "The Good Being"), never really weakened the position of Ra, who was spoken of as "The Limitless One", as he who existed "before the pillars of the sky were made", and who continued to be thought of as the Father of Egypt up to the last.[2]

A few words should be said about certain aspects of Ra, because of the importance given to at least one of them by Akhnaton, some two thousand years later than the Old Kingdom times of which we have been writing. But it should be remembered that we are not writing on Sun Worship in general, and that Sun Worship is so tremendous a subject that we are only attempting to jot down points to serve as sign-posts, indicating a few of the roads which may be followed by anyone seeking further knowledge.

Ra had many aspects. In the earliest Sun Hymn which we know, we read:

> Hail to Thee Atum!
> Hail to Thee Kheper!
> Who Himself became (Self Generator).[3]

Atum (or Atmu, Tum or Tmu) was Ra in the West, the Setting Sun, the Aged Sun, the All-Wise, the All-Knowing. Kheper (or Khepr

[2] This statement might be questioned by some Egyptologists who declare that not only is there much evidence to show that Osiris antedated Ra, but that his worship certainly lasted into later times—Osiris being the "Great God" during the Greek period in Egypt, when Ra was almost forgotten. It is a much disputed question, but on one side of it there is never any disagreement. The worship of Ra was always the State Religion, the religion of the Pharaoh. The Pharoah himself belonged to the Solar Race and was believed to be the incarnation of the Sun God. (This, however, is not to be confused with the identification of the deceased with Osiris after death, which is quite a different matter.) Ra belonged to the Throne, Osiris more to the people. Therefore, as Egypt through the ages became more externalized, Ra might well have withdrawn, have become more and more hidden, but by no means forgotten by the chosen few, who remained true to the ancient faith; while Osiris, easier to understand, because more essentially human, should have become better known to the masses. Erman says that "up to the *latest times* the priests of On (Heliopolis) were credited with the possession of great wisdom." There can be little doubt that it was they, especially, who guarded the mysteries of the Secret Doctrine long after all outer forms and records had been forgotten or destroyed. Had Herodotus, Strabo and others relied, for their information, on written records alone, many, if not the greater part of the most valuable facts, religious and otherwise, which we learn from them, might still remain hidden treasures.

Regarding the question as to the relative ages of Ra and Osiris, Wiedemann says: "Ra was regarded by the Egyptians not only as the Sun God, but also as the first King of Egypt. In early times the people seem to have held this conception with a fixity which no theological attempts of the priests to set other deities higher in the pantheon could shake. Not until later times did he yield his place in popular favor to Osiris, the archetype of Egyptian kings; nor even then was he altogether deposed, but while Osiris was supposed to have ruled as a man over men only, the dominion of Ra was relegated to a time when Gods still sojourned among men, and Ra bore rule over both."

[3] Wiedemann's translation.

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or Khepera, represented by the scarabaeus) was Ra in the East, the Rising Sun, typifying Energy and Growth (though not in the sense of fertility)—"He who was Becoming." Ra, represented by the Solar Orb itself,[4] but that Orb as the *outer form*, not as the *Self* of the God, was the Sun in the Zenith, typifying Majesty, the Lord of Infinity, the All-Powerful. In a Turin papyrus (which, indeed, is XXth. Dynasty, but which may serve as example, as it is a late record of earliest times), we find the legend of Ra and Isis. Ra speaks, saying: "I made the Heaven, and the secret of both Horizons . . . I am Khepera in the Morning, Ra at Noon and Tum in the Evening."

Ra Horakti,[5] or Horus of the Two Horizons, is the aspect of the Sun God which we must bear especially in mind, for it was this aspect which was emphasized by Akhnaton. Horakti, "The Great God, the Lord of Heaven, Ra Horakti", was the Horizon of the East *and* of the West, Ra both at his Rising and at his Setting, symbolizing a Manvantara, a Day of Ra.

There is much disagreement as to when Sun Worship first came into Egypt. Petrie believes that it was brought in by the IInd. Pre-Dynastic people, and that the Priestly Line of the Vth. Dynasty were their descendants. It is evident that the line of Khufu, IVth. Dynasty, was replaced by a Dynasty of Kings all of whom bore the proud title "Son of the Sun", which forever after was one of the names taken by the reigning Pharaoh. In Hordedef's Tale,[6] we read how the wife of the Priest of Ra became the mother of Ra's three children, and that these were the first three Kings of the Vth. Dynasty, the first three "Sons of Ra". Breasted, however, thinks that this title was probably "not unknown earlier". In any case, whether the title "Son of the Sun" antedates the Vth. Dynasty or not, we know, at least, that Ra and that Sun Worship can be traced back to hoariest times.

We have spoken of the grandeur of this early religion. An objection is often made that the Pyramid Texts are written for the use of the Pharaoh only, but if this appears to be so, it is because, as we have seen, the Pharaoh represented within himself all aspects within the life of that time, particularly of religion, as though, through him alone, humanity could reach out and grasp immortality. If we look deeper, however, we find that the future state of the private individual was absolutely dependent on the quality of his own life lived on earth, he alone was responsible for his own acts; and while the Pyramid Texts are full

[4] It is probably hardly necessary to remind the reader of what he undoubtedly already knows,—that the hieroglyphic sign for Ra is the circle with the central point, the meaning of which is so brilliantly explained in the very opening pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. We also find this sign incorporated in many words implying the action of the sun, such as:—ahu=dry, heru=day, rek=time, neheh=eternity, etc., etc. In detailed hieroglyphs, Ra is represented by two concentric circles, the inner one red, the outer yellow. When Ra is represented anthropomorphically, he carries on his head the Solar Disc, the circumference of which is indicated by the Royal Uraeus, the Sacred Serpent.

[5] The Harmarkis of the Greeks.

[6] *Egyptian Tales*, translated by W. M. Flinders Petrie, and *Contes Populaires*, translated by Maspero.

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of protective magical formulæ, these were practically never perverted or used as a screen for wrong doing, as they were in later times. Charms, indeed, there were to shield the defenceless, newly deceased, from the dangers of the next world, a world to which the newly dead was not yet accustomed; but unless it could be said of him that "he is righteous before heaven and earth", or that "there is no evil which he has done", he could not be admitted to a happy hereafter. Only those who were morally fit, who had filled all their obligations, both social and religious, were acceptable. A man must "win immortality by the purity of his own soul."

There is a beauty of expression, a majesty of thought in the Pyramid Texts, which it would be hard to rival. Death is not the end of things, rather is it a beginning; the "dead" do not die, they pass on into a fuller life. Thus: "King Teti is not dead, he has joined the immortals, the dwellers of the Horizon"; and, "No! King Unis, thou didst not depart in death, thou didst depart to life immortal." Or again: "Oh Lofty One among the imperishable stars, thou perishest not eternally." "Ere ever the heavens were, King Pepi was. Ere ever the earth was made, King Pepi was. King Pepi lived before man was created, before the gods were born, before death itself was known . . . King Pepi is not dead,—death comes not nigh King Pepi, who is eternal in the heavens. Oh Ra, hold out thy hand to King Pepi! Oh Mighty God, stretch towards King Pepi thy royal sceptre, that he may live and flourish forever!" Later: "Oh King Pepi! it is life itself which comes to thee, not death. Glory is thine, even among those Shining Ones, and thou art greatest among the living [meaning the "dead" who have reached immortal life]. Thou art mighty, power has been given thee. Thy will is supreme,—come what may, thou art invincible."

Among the very earliest of the texts we find the following:

> Oh Thou Quiet Watcher, watching in peace! Oh Thou Divine Boatman! . . . King Unis has come to thee. Carry him in thy Boat to the place where dwell the gods. For King Unis has come as a god to his own place . . . King Unis has conquered life, King Unis has conquered death, King Unis has conquered fear . . . If thou refusest passage to King Unis, behold he will mount upon the wings of Thoth,[7] and thus will he reach the Horizon, and the place which awaits him there.

And how can we imagine a more royal "passing" than this, also among the earliest of the texts:

> Clouds darken the sky,
> The stars rain down,
> The bows (a constellation) stagger,
> The bones of the hell hounds tremble,
> The porters are silent
> When they see King Unis
> Dawning as a soul.[8]

[7] In reading this, one's mind inevitably reverts to the "Great Bird" spoken of in *The Voice of the Silence:* "Bestride the Bird of Life, if thou wouldst know."

[8] Breasted's translation.

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II

The Middle Kingdom

One wonders how, after reaching such lofty heights as this, it was possible for a people to fall again into chaos. But human progress moves in cycles, as we know, and mankind, despite its long line of Mighty Kings, must gradually have become too corrupt to follow their guidance; and we can only fancy that the Dynasty of Great Initiates was withdrawn from active life, for, with the downfall of the Old Kingdom, Egypt entered on a long period of darkness and disorder. During this time there was undoubtedly much abuse by those who had seized on the helm of state,[1] for when we again pick up the threads of history, we find that the Pharaoh is no longer unquestionably supreme; a powerful provincial society has sprung up, as though in protest against the centralization of control in unworthy hands. The nobles have now to be reckoned with. The Middle Kingdom is the Feudal Age of Egypt, and we realize how changed are the times when we read the bold statement made by one of the feudatory lords: "I rescued my city in the day of violence from the terrors of the Royal House." Gradually, however, with a firm hand to take again the direction of affairs, a new and splendid era set in which is known as the Classic Period; an era when literature thrives as never before and rarely after, when art finds expression in new and lovely forms, when religion, though somewhat altered and more complex, has still retained most of its early purity. It is the time of the Amenemhats and the Senuserts, a thoughtful and beauty loving age.

The men of the Middle Kingdom may be said to be more introspective than those of the Old Kingdom, and perhaps more self-conscious. Certainly they were less magnificently rugged, less simply direct. We sense this at once in much of the art of the XIIth. Dynasty, which has a grace of line, a delicacy, which we did not find during the earlier period. A good part of this is, however, it seems to us, somewhat inferior, because less superbly spontaneous,—except, indeed, for certain striking exceptions, such as some of the splendid portrait statues, and all of the jewelry belonging to the women of the Royal Household. This, for faultless taste and incredible delicacy, is quite unequalled. It makes us realize the high tide of culture to which Egypt has again attained, culture which would seem, perhaps, to have smoothed away many of the old forceful angles. It thus also makes us wonder if some of the old time virility is gone; but we recognize, in looking closer, that the force is still there though flowing in wider channels, so that the strength of the current is less evident. The Egyptian world had expanded; new interests had sprung

[1] Recent excavations by Professor Petrie (1920-1921) in a IXth. Dynasty cemetery at Heracleopolis, show the evident hatred of the Egyptians for those in power. To quote from the most recent account: "The IXth. Dynasty was the chief period of this cemetery, as the city was the capital of that age . . . Hundreds of tombs were opened, but most of them had been maliciously attacked, and the bodies entirely removed or burnt. This shows a detestation felt for the invaders,"—the usurpers of power.

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up. At home the State was represented somewhat more by an aggregate of individuals than by one powerful central force. Abroad, fresh conquests in Nubia and Syria had widened the horizon, and new influences from Asia Minor and the far Aegean were felt. The pure white ray of completely united effort, in the world of the Old Kingdom, had passed through the prism of the more diverse life of the Middle Kingdom, and had been split up into an intricate blaze of colour and beauty.

Ra, however, was still supreme. He had held his own even against the lovable Osiris,—though this is true somewhat in the official sense, for Osiris had taken a firm hold on the affections of the people. But so great was the power of Ra that he accomplished what the Pharaoh of the Old Kingdom had done: he absorbed into his Divine Person all lesser lights. Though the temples were larger and richer than they had been in the days of the Old Kingdom, there was still no very large class of priests (though such a class did exist); and in great measure, as in those early days, the local noble combined his religious with his civic duties, so that it was an entirely natural result of the growing power of the nobles that many local divinities should have sprung up, for each nome had its local god, its great man, its hero; and, as we are told in *Isis Unveiled*, "Eminent men were called gods by the ancients." It follows that in order to assure the life of the local deity, it was only necessary to discover in him some attribute in common with Ra, this attribute being, of course, his character as Sun God. An ambitious priesthood soon accomplished this metamorphosis, the usual method being that the name of the Great God was tacked on to the name of the lesser god, thus signifying that Ra had taken him under his protection.

The chief example of this arbitrary fusion of deities, the one at least which had the most far-reaching consequences, was that of Amen, a hitherto quite unimportant god of Thebes, who was suddenly discovered to be in reality a solar god, and, with Ra's august name attached, he unexpectedly burst into some prominence as Amen-Ra. This was no doubt the combined work of the priests of Amen and of the nobles of that particular city; also it was, in great measure, a result of the growing importance of Thebes as a political centre. We can see, on the one hand, what a mine of evil possibilities was thus opened up to a future unscrupulous priesthood; while, on the other hand, Breasted points out that "there were in this movement the beginnings of a tendency toward a pantheistic solar monotheism", and we shall see how, many centuries later, Akhnaton, by his wide, unhampered vision, his intense singleness of purpose, and his indomitable will, forcing to one side the evil priestly influences, brought this tendency to its final and glorious fruition.

We have said that the men of the Middle Kingdom were more introspective than their predecessors. We find this in the literature of the period, which we might divide into two parts, that immediately preceding the restoration of order, and that when the Middle Kingdom was at its height. While their belief in immortality was really just as firm, they

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wondered and speculated more about the life hereafter. They swept their eyes over the thousand years since the Pyramid Age; they saw in the sixty miles of tombs and mortuary temples along the margin of the western desert (tombs which had already repeatedly suffered at the hands of the despoiler), what seemed to them the melancholy evidence of the futile struggle of their ancestors with death, and a great wistfulness filled their souls, and the eternal questions, "Why?" "Whither?" arose in their hearts. Fragments of a Song of Mourning, possibly partly a funeral dirge, have come down to us in a deep sigh of yearning across the ages:

How prosperous is this good Prince!
It is a goodly destiny that the bodies diminish,
Passing away while others remain,
Since the time of the ancestors,
The gods who were aforetime,
Who rest in their pyramids,
Nobles and the glorious departed likewise,
Entombed in their pyramids.
Those who built their (tomb) temples,
Their place is no more.
Behold what is done therein.
I have heard the words of Imhotep and Hardedef,[2]
(Words) greatly celebrated as their utterances.
Behold the places thereof;
Their walls are dismantled,
Their places are no more,
As if they had never been.

None cometh from thence
That he may tell (us) how they fare;
That he may tell (us) of their fortunes,
That he may content our heart,
Until we (too) depart
To the place whither they have gone.

As a reaction from this despondency the singer then weakly advises forgetfulness, and much emphasis is laid on the joys of the life of this world, since we cannot be sure of the peculiar nature of our fate in the next.

Encourage thy heart to forget it,
Making it pleasant for thee to follow thy desire,
While thou livest,

sings this false counsellor:

Put myrrh upon thy head,
And garments on thee of fine linen,
Imbued with marvellous luxuries,
The genuine things of the gods.

[2] Two Wise Men of the Old Kingdom.

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Increase yet more thy delights,
And let (not) thy heart languish.
Follow thy desire and thy good,
Fashion thy affairs on earth
After the mandates of thine (own) heart.
Till that day of lamentation cometh to thee,
When the silent-hearted hears not their lamentation,
Nor he that is in the tomb attends the mourning.

Celebrate the glad day,
Be not weary therein.
Lo, no man taketh his goods with him.
Yea, none returneth again that is gone thither.[3]

The song of this Ancient Harper, probably written in the days just before order was brought out of chaos, offers no real solution for the doubts which are troubling him; and his song ends, as it began, with an unanswered question. But we cannot agree with some commentators on this period, who find in it, as well as in other (contemporary) documents, a full-blown scepticism, which they declare indicative of the times. Ineffective as a philosophy of life it certainly is, but ineffective chiefly because it is the product of a mind numbed and befogged by a long night of sinister dreams;—not of a mind worn out and exhausted, so much as of one only partially re-awakened. This man's immediate ancestors had lost the inner light which illumined the men of the Old Kingdom, and he is painfully coming to life again; slowly, perhaps quite unconsciously, trying to grope his way back to their position. A markedly deep veneration for the past, alone shows this. The men of this time did not deny the possibility of attaining knowledge, they were sadly conscious only of their own inability to reach it, which is a standpoint very far removed from real scepticism. (In saying this we are naturally speaking of a philosophical temper or mood, not of reasoned or systematic philosophy, for actual schools of philosophy, so far as we know, did not exist in Egypt till a very late date.) It has been said that "subjectivism usually ends in scepticism", but these men were not at the *end* of their subjective selves, as were the philosophers of the Post-Aristotelian schools in the Greece of a later age, rather were they barely at the beginning, and they therefore never reached anything as effete as scepticism. Pessimism, yes,—but pessimism is usually a sign of immaturity, and it is certainly so in this case. This was not the product of a decaying civilization, as was the case in Greece; rather was it the dawning self-consciousness which was the fore-runner of a most brilliant and enlightened era. Whether they may have been heading toward eventual scepticism or not we cannot say; fortunately for them, other and healthier influences poured in and swept them into a more constructive current of thought,—as we shall see presently.

HETEP EN NETER.

(To be continued)

[3] Breasted's translation.

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PRODIGAL SONS

THERE is a certain horrible dream which seems to be the common property of the race. In it you find yourself, inadequately or ridiculously clad, moving through shocked throngs of friends or strangers, some of whom appear to have a keen sense of humour, though your own is in abeyance. You have no reason or excuse—you are simply there—and you drift miserably about, your dreaming fancy occupied with your supposed effect upon those you meet. It is a dream uncannily daunting and disagreeable—a sort of foretaste of what it might mean to enter in "not having on a wedding garment."

This dream has some queer counterparts in waking life. The sense of the fitness of the wedding garment is ingrained in us, and not even the most obstreperous radical shall escape. Where earthly potentates are concerned, our observances must be iron-clad in their strictness, however casual we may be toward the spiritual powers and principalities.

Once, in a European city, the writer spent an afternoon of entertainment it would have been tragedy to miss, watching the mad cavortings of the democrat when bidden by royalty. The King ("that absurd relic of medieval darkness") was giving audience to a number of foreign physicians, and the cards of invitation read "full dress obligatory." The hour being three o'clock in the afternoon, some, unused to European ceremonial, chose to translate this as permitting black ties, but on presenting themselves at the palace they found a Court Chamberlain adamantine as the St. Peter of ribald story. Then for a crowded quarter of an hour the air of the city thrummed with passion; cabs dashed hither and yon, the windows blocked with distracted scientific heads looking for haberdashers; noted surgeons returned to their hotels in dog-trots, with white set faces, to re-array themselves; clinicians of world-wide repute burst in on astounded wives who had thought to be quit of them, with explosive and cryptic remarks, such as "givmeawhitetiequick!"; men who were irritatedly convinced that royalty should be wiped off the face of the earth as a silly anachronism said, "hang it all, we shall *miss* it!"; and all of them, in the eyes of their amused but helpful womenkind, turned into little frantic boys, as big men will in small crises. It was to laugh to see such a storm in a teacup, but, laughter sated, here was material for meditation.

At what risk does man maintain his puny indisciplines in a world so accurately preadjusted that the mystery of colours, among other mysteries, underlies its apparent topsyturviness, and where the mandate "let all things be done decently and in order" rules spheres and neckties alike. *The King said, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment. And the man was speechless.*

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What does it mean to have on a wedding garment? What relation does repentance bear to that meaning? Those doctors repented—they wanted so much to meet a king, that they accepted the king's conditions. So did the Prodigal Son. He did not arise and turn home because his money had given out, or because he was tired of cheap boarding houses, as some people seem to think; but because he was homesick to death for his Father, and could not stand it another minute.

The Father ran to meet him—it takes two to make a good repentance: a father and a son. The son brings his change of direction, his broken heart, the careful eagerness of his retracing steps; and the Father furnishes everything else—the exultant passion of welcome, the tumult of rejoicing, the feast, the wedding garment, and the ring.

It is not easy to travel back from that "far country." *Light on the Path* says: "the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved." If we turn to the great Scriptures, Krishna, through all his tonic rallying of Arjuna's spiritual forces, does not minimize the difficulties. The Master Christ tells us that the way is strait and narrow and "few there be that find it." He brought "not peace, but a sword," with which we must slash ourselves free from *maya,* though flesh and blood go with it, and the power of that tangling web is recognized so clearly in Heaven that there is joy there when one sinner repents. Then the angels—those creatures of enduring joy—greet each other with soft laughter and say, "Our Lord has one more lover."

The Prodigal Son was not a hardened criminal. He had not said, "Evil, be thou my good." He was just—well, he was just me, and you, and you—a delighted lingerer in psychic illusion. The world is God's prodigal son. While the substance lasted from which he spun his shining dream, he asked no more; he had what many prodigal sons have called "a hell of a good time," intending thereby only a blasphemous hyperbole, but achieving the bleakest realism. He was given the desire of his heart and did not perceive that to it was graciously added "leanness to his soul withal," till by-and-by the dream wore thin, wore thinner, turned into a nightmare of swinish horror, and he was mercifully shocked awake.

Repentance, then, is a terrific thing to put in train and carry through. It is a gift; it is an act; it is a state. In its gift aspect, vast forces of which we can form no conception are working overtime to bring it about. These forces intend our unconditional surrender to the Heart Doctrine. "Great Sifter, O Disciple, is the name of the Heart Doctrine."

Though its outward expression may be sudden, repentance is usually gradual in its growth. The prayer of man that he "be granted true repentance," is answered with homeopathic caution, and God's reticence as to His vision of us, veils us with shielding pity. This might suggest that we are asking for a drastic and devastating experience of which we can endure but little at a time—only a faint percussion through that "thick wadding of stupidity" in which a great writer has said the wisest of us dwell, swaddled for our comfort. Full conviction of sin

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would be like being struck by lightning. Our self-love shrinks from "the queer, unpleasant, disturbing touch of the Kingdom of Heaven". The trouble is it shrinks from the least, most infinitesimal touch, and thousands even of those who punctually repeat their *mea culpa,* adroitly practise this mad evasion, until their lives cry out for the lightning. Their time has not yet come; it may not come till after many days, and it may in tempered degree be granted to some rum-soaked derelict at the corner Mission to-night, for the wind of the Spirit bloweth where it listeth.

Perhaps we use this word of mighty meanings too casually. Perhaps we often mean that lesser thing—contrition—the bruised sense of our shortcomings that may persist for long before we arise and repent. It is possible to indulge one's self in varying degrees of contrition without getting much forwarder. When the physical body is constantly bruised, it hardens itself and forms callosities for its protection:—perhaps the inner nature does the same? St. Paul congratulates his penitents that they "sorrowed after a godly sort," leading on to repentance. Contrition indulged in as a sporadic mood, without leading on to repentance, may both harden and delay; but *after* repentance it is without doubt the habit in which the soul permanently clothes herself. Surely the prodigal son went softly all his days.

There are masquerading elementals which pose for this grace. We know what it is to loathe consequences, to cringe before suspicion, to despair at being found out. We have said "I'm sorry now," like three-year olds tired of the corner. We may even perhaps have repented—a little—with "a penitence too tardy, and too tepid, and too brief"—poised for the turn, "almost persuaded". If we happen to be church goers, we often all-too-easily concede that "we have erred and strayed like lost sheep." A penitential confession in concert is not difficult—all *we* like sheep—those on the other side of the aisle, these kneeling in the pew beside us, even the priest himself. It does not seem so dreadful—just a lot of silly sheep. Presently the priest will turn to us and make all right again; he will remind us that "God desireth not the death of a sinner" (*there* we pin our idle faith), but "rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live" (just what we planned to do some Monday), and "therefore He pardoneth and absolveth",—we almost feel the burden slip, and, lulled by beauty, we miss the awful key words "all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe". There is no least hint that He meets at this moment any other than repentant sinners, and mere boredom at our own pertinacity in sin is not a credential. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (*that* writer did not shrink from tautology). How near is the heart to breaking? As near as when that projected pleasure miscarried? As near as when the dog died? Not thus do we turn and go "like athletes, striding across the wilderness of our desires," not for this will Heaven's streets thrill with golden-throated laughter.

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Nevertheless, God be praised! there may be found an Altar here and there where penitents bow down before a living and realized Christ, where love's heartbroken compunction can be felt thrilling through the ranks like wind through corn, and where absolution is a living thing transmitted.

Students of Theosophy are of many types, and some may find boresome this insistence upon the need of repentance, their attitude being that they have turned to Theosophy as a welcome escape from the minutiæ that wearied them in religion—as a man might say he had turned to meat as a substitute for beef. It is possible they are making a mistake, and that their reappearance under the Christian dispensation, which places such stress on the need for repentance, is a hint that they have much of it to do. Although not officially adjured to repent, it is perhaps taken for granted that he has come in through that door, and he is now advised to carry on and not waste time crying over spilt milk. And yet repentance is of the essence of every implication granted him. Perhaps our attitude toward the paradox—if paradox there be—is the measure of our halting or our advance.

Those who can content themselves with the Eye doctrine, may escape this sense that the toilet of the soul must be made ere the wedding garment can be donned, for they are not bound for the inner temple. It is otherwise with those who are for the Heart doctrine, that plunge into a grand passion with all its penalties and privileges. He who said "My son, give me thy heart," preserved a significant silence as to those heads of which we have so good a conceit. So when one tells us he has no time to waste in mourning for the past, the words are true enough in their way, and very true in their place, but love speaks another language.

There would appear to be a seemly sequence in the progress of the soul toward union, which we ignore or discard at our peril. Not only the so-called theosophical books, but the experience of the saints (advanced theosophists who had never heard the word), the ordered devotions of the rituals (built up by theosophists who would have died of the accusation), and our own secret spiritual intimations, make frank disclosure of this sequence if we will but attend. "I fling my past behind me" is love's second speech, not its first. Love says, "I have sinned against Heaven and in Thy sight, and am not worthy to be called Thy son." Love holds out its past in both hands as a broken-hearted baby holds a broken doll.

"Trembling one, pursued by guilt,
Dash thyself against the bosom of thy God!"

L. S.

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TAO-TEH-KING

AN INTERPRETATION OF LAO TSE'S BOOK OF THE WAY AND OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

III.

17. *In the highest degree, men know only that they have rulers.*
In the second degree, they love and praise their rulers.
In the third degree, they fear them.
In the fourth degree, they despise them.
When the rulers lose faith in the Way, the people lose faith in their rulers.
The first rulers are guarded and reticent. While they fulfil their task and complete their work, the people say: We follow our nature.

IT would seem that the first four sentences may mean either four degrees of excellence, or the four traditional ages: of gold, silver, bronze and iron; in the last of which we are.

But the meaning is exactly the same. The kings of the golden age were kings of the highest degree; the King-Initiates of tradition, who led each man along the path of his own soul, inwardly co-operating with the soul. The will of the Higher Self and the will of the Master are one.

Rulers of the second degree, no longer ministering inwardly to the soul, seek to gain admiration through gifts and benefits. And so through the four degrees. Exactly the same thing might be said of churches, or of men, or of women.

18. *When the Way was no longer followed, humanity and justice were remarked.*
When wisdom and prudence came into sight, great deceit showed itself.
When harmony no longer governed the six kinships, the bonds of family love grew conspicuous.
When states fell into disorder, loyalty and devotion were noted.

Lao Tse recurs to the idea already touched on: Difficult and easy define each other; long and short reveal each other; former and latter define each other. In the earliest sinless races, the thought of holiness could not arise, as in broad daylight no one uses a candle.

But true holiness is a willed turning from sin; true sacrifice is the giving up of a cherished self-will.

Therefore the present age has its advantage. There can be a willed seeking of the Light, a willingly rendered obedience. Therefore it has been said that more spiritual progress can be made in the iron age than in the golden. But a better golden age lies ahead.

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19. *When wisdom and prudence are no longer noteworthy, the people will be happier a hundredfold.*

When humanity and justice cease to be noted, the people will be once more kindly and filial.

When craft is forgotten and gain undesired, thieves and robbers will disappear.

Renounce these three, and know that seeming renunciation is not enough.

Therefore I show men what they should seek:

To show simplicity, keep purity, renounce selfishness, abandon desires.

This way of return to the golden age is, in fact, the way of the disciple; through the renunciation of all the wills of self, with their accumulated sins, to return to the simplicity of obedience; to find joy in the eager effort of obedience instead of in the satisfaction of desire; once more to follow the Way of the Eternal, and thereby to inherit the divine blessedness of the Way, the riches of the Logos.

20. *Give up the desire to be more learned than others, and you will be freed from care.*

How small is the difference between the obedient "yes!" and the disobedient "yea!"

How great is the difference between good and evil.

What all men fear, is easily feared.

They fall into confusion, not checking themselves.

They are carried away, like one who feasts, or one mounted on a tower in spring.

I alone am still; my desires are not aroused.

I am as a new-born child that has not yet smiled to its mother.

I am detached; I seem to have no home.

The multitude have many possessions; I am as one who has lost all.

My thought is indrawn; I seem to know nothing.

The world is wise and prudent; I seem plunged in darkness.

The world is keen; I seem as one bewildered.

I am as a shoreless sea; a barque without a port.

The world is impetuous; I seem inert, like a rustic.

I am apart from other men, because I worship the all-nourishing Mother, the Way.

Lao Tse contrasts the show of outer learning with the pursuit of inner wisdom. Both consist in learning; therefore they are alike, as are "yes" and "yea", yet difference of motive makes them as unlike as good and evil.

This introduces other contrasts between the way of the world and the Way of the disciple. The world is carried outward by desire; the

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disciple seeks the inward home. The world is headlong. The disciple enters the silence, detached as a new-born child.

The contrast runs through all writings that speak of the soul. We may find a parallel in Saint Francis:

"As pilgrims and strangers in this world, serving the Lord in poverty and humility, let them go confidently in search of alms. This, my dearest brothers, is the height of the most sublime poverty which has made you heirs and kings of the kingdom of heaven: poor in goods, but exalted in virtue. Let that be your portion, for it leads to the land of the living."

Or we may find our illustration in Isaiah:

"For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

Equally apposite would be a passage from the *Katha Upanishad:*

"Thou indeed, pondering on dear and dearly-loved desires, hast passed them by. Not this way of wealth hast thou chosen, in which many men sink. . . ."

For all are equally concerned with the destruction of the fortresses of self, that we may begin to build the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Concerning this task, one might quote the whole of *Light on the Path.* A part of one passage must suffice:

"When the disciple has fully recognized that the very thought of individual rights is only the outcome of the venomous quality in himself, that it is the hiss of the snake of self which poisons with its sting his own life and the lives of those about him, then he is ready to take part in a yearly ceremony which is open to all neophytes who are prepared for it. All weapons of defence and offence are given up; all weapons of mind and heart and brain and spirit. . . . From that ceremony he returns into the world as helpless, as unprotected, as a new-born child. . . ."

Therefore Lao Tse says: I am as one who has lost all; I seem as one bewildered, a barque without a port.

21. *The visible forms of the Great Virtue emanate solely from the Way.*

This is the nature of the Way:
It is without form, It is concealed.
How formless It is, how well concealed!
Within It are the forms of beings.
How well concealed It is, how formless!
Within It are beings.
How profound It is, how deeply hidden!
Within It is the Spiritual Power. This Spiritual Power is enduring and true.

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Within It is the unchanging Witness; from of old until now, Its name remains.

It is the door through which all beings come forth.

How do I know that it is thus with all beings? I know it through the Way.

If, following the early translators, we were to write Logos in this passage, to express the Chinese word, Tao, it would be at once quite easily understood. Taking the Great Virtue to be the feminine, the form aspect of the Logos, in Sanskrit the feminine Viraj, the primordial Prakriti, "The Soul of matter, the passive female principle from which everything in this Universe emanated," the masculine aspect of the Logos is spiritual force, which sends forms forth into manifestation.

We can see exactly the same process in our minds, which are small copies of the Logos. In our minds are the images of what we have perceived. The will, the masculine principle, selects its material from these forms and creates some definite mind-image, some picture in the imagination. For example, Shakespeare, gathering many impressions from men and women, used the creative will to form Hamlet and Portia. The actor or actress, using the same creative imagination, takes Shakespeare's words and makes Hamlet and Portia visible.

This understanding of Tao as the Logos is completely in harmony with the great Chinese commentaries, one of which says: "Beginning with the heavens and the earth, down to the myriad beings, all things that have a body, a form, all things that can be seen, are the visible forms of the Great Virtue. They all come forth from Tao." And again: "Tao is bodiless. When It moves through the universe, It becomes the Great Virtue, and then It takes form. This is why the Great Virtue is the manifestation of Tao. Therefore it may be understood that all perceptible forms are the manifestation of Tao in creatures. . . . Tao has neither body nor visible form. Yet, although called bodiless, It contains all beings." To which another commentary adds: "It furnishes the substance of all beings." And, commenting on later words of this passage, the authority first cited says: "All beings without exception pass away. Tao alone passes not away."

This is thoroughly in harmony with all the teachings of the Eastern Wisdom, as set forth, for example, in the Upanishads.

22. *The partial becomes complete:*

The crooked becomes straight.

The empty becomes full.

The worn out becomes new.

He who has little (desire) finds the Way; he who has much, goes astray.

Therefore the Master keeps the oneness of the Way; he is the model of the world.

He seeks not to be seen, therefore he gives light.

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He does not magnify himself, therefore he gives inspiration.
He does not vaunt himself, therefore he has true worth.
He does not glorify himself, therefore he is above all.
He strives not, therefore none in the kingdom can stand against him.
The saying of the ancients: "The partial becomes complete," is not an empty phrase.
When a man has attained, the whole world is subject to him.

It has often been said that this ancient Chinese book, written between five and six hundred years before the birth of Christ, is peculiarly Christian in feeling, as, for example, in the emphasis laid on humility. The passage rendered above, well illustrates this.

We might take, for example, the text which the Master Christ took for his first public teaching in the synagogue of his own city, Nazareth, shortly after the temptation in the wilderness: "And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth."

For it is the work of the holy and healing Logos, as of the Master who declares himself to be the Way, to fill the empty, to make the crooked straight, to give new life to the worn and heavy laden.

And one may quote, perhaps, in supplement, his later words, recorded by the beloved disciple: "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing: and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent."

Perhaps a closer translation of the last verse would be: "As many as I love, I convince and train as children; be zealous therefore, and change thy heart."

The divine Logos, the Master who is the manifested life of the Logos, remains hidden, seeking not to glorify himself; he gives spiritual light and inspiration, making the blind see, healing the brokenhearted. He is unseen, yet the whole world is subject to him, as King.

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23. *He who keeps silence, gains detachment.*

The tempest does not endure all the morning; the rain storm does not last all day.

What produces these two? Heaven and earth produce them.

If heaven and earth cannot maintain (tempestuous violence), how then can man?

Therefore, the man who gives himself to the Way, becomes one with the Way; he who gives himself to righteousness, becomes one with righteousness; he who gives himself to evil, becomes one with evil.

He who becomes one with the Way, gains the Way; he who becomes one with righteousness, gains righteousness; he who becomes one with evil, gains (the shame of) evil.

He who does not give all (for the Way), ends by losing the Way.

Regarding the opening phrase, a Chinese commentator humorously says: "The immoderate love of discussion comes from an interior disturbance of the soul, just as the tempest and the rain storm are produced by the disordered action of heaven and earth. If, then, the disturbance of heaven and earth cannot long endure, it will be the same thing, in even greater degree, with the talkativeness of man."

The same commentator further says: "He who has true self-confidence, gains the trust of the men of his time, even when he is silent. But those who love discussion, who ceaselessly abandon themselves to the intemperance of the tongue, the more they speak, the less they are believed. This distrust comes wholly from the fact that they have no true self-confidence."

24. *Who raises himself on tiptoe, stands not firm; who strains his stride, walks not far.*

Who contends for his own view, finds not wisdom.

Who is self-complacent, gives no light.

Who boasts of himself, has no true worth.

Who glorifies himself, shall not long endure.

Viewed from the Way, these acts are like the leavings of a feast, like a repulsive tumour.

Therefore, he who has found the Way, shuns these things.

A Chinese commentator says: "He who stands on tiptoe seeks only to raise his head above others, forgetting that he cannot keep this posture. He who strains his stride, seeks only to outstrip others, forgetting that he cannot continue."

Another commentary says: "He who is self-complacent, with a sort of partiality for himself, imagines that all other men have less wit than he; he cannot profit by their gifts, therefore he finds not wisdom." Which would seem to be the Chinese expression of the Theosophical method.

Yet another commentator says: "He who has found the Way, perseveres in humility."

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25. *There is unmanifested Being, which existed before the heavens and the earth.*

How still It is, and bodiless!
It stands alone, unchanging.
It moves through all things, unmenaced.
It may be regarded as the Mother of the universe.
Its name I know not.
To give It a name, I call It the Way.
To describe It, I call It Great.
Being Great, I call It elusive.
Being elusive, I call It far-reaching.
Being far-reaching, I say It returns.
This is why the Way is great, the heavens are great, the earth is great, the King is great.
Man follows the earth; earth follows heaven; heaven follows the Way; the Way follows Its own Being.

One of the commentators says: "If I am asked concerning this Being (the Way), I answer: It has neither head nor tail; It is neither modified nor changed; It has no body or determined place; It knows neither over-abundance nor lack, neither diminution nor increase; It wanes not; It is not born; It is neither yellow nor red, neither white nor blue; It has neither inside nor outside, neither sound nor smell, neither depth nor height, neither form nor brilliance."

This is exactly the method followed in the Upanishads: defining the Eternal by the negatives of everything that is not the Eternal, "Unborn, undying, unindicable."

Another Chinese commentator says: "The Way has no companion in the universe. It dwells outside the limits of beings, and has never changed. Upward, it rises to the heavens; downward, it penetrates to the abysses. It circulates throughout the universe and can suffer no detriment."

Other commentaries add: "The sun's heat burns It not; dampness rots It not; It passes through all bodies and incurs no danger. It expands throughout the heavens and the earth, and dwells in the hearts of all beings; It is the source of all births, the root of all transformations. The heavens, the earth, man and all creatures, have need of It, that they may live. It nourishes all beings as a mother nourishes her children. This is why Lao Tse says, It may be regarded as the Mother of the universe."

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder spoke with an air of finality. It was hot. "The programme of the April issue is to be continued," he said. "This is to be an experience meeting. If I do the writing, you must do the thinking. Who will begin? Who has had an experience during the past quarter which is likely to be of service to others?"

"I doubt if one man in a million learns anything from the experience of others," the Engineer commented. "But I can tell you one thing that jumped at me a few days ago, and which may possibly suggest a subject for self-examination. It dawned on me suddenly that, in my business, I was asking the Master to co-operate with me, while, in my work 'uptown,' that is to say, for The Theosophical Society and so forth, I was trying to co-operate with him. I found shades and gradations of difference, but, in a general way, my attitude was what I have stated. I wonder if there are fathers and mothers who make the same mistake, and who ask the Master to further their own plans and wishes for their children, instead of trying to find out what his plans and wishes are, and then working to co-operate with him."

"I see your point, and I agree with you," remarked the Philosopher. "But I believe the difference, as usual, between a right and a wrong attitude, is a hair line, and that the ideal is not easy to find or to follow. There is much to be said for the sense of possession of the old-time family butler, who talked about 'my silver.' He did not really think of the silver as his; but his sense of responsibility was so great, and his pride in the right performance of his duties was so intense, that he completely identified his interests with those of the family he served. If we were the faithful and devoted servants of the Masters, that we ought to be, we should feel a sort of proprietary interest in their work, without that sense of possession which is characteristic of the lower personal self."

"Servants!" exclaimed the Visitor. "Is that how people ought to feel toward the Masters or toward anyone or anything in space?"

Now the Visitor was an old friend, a consistent sceptic who enjoys blunt speech and who never gets his feelings hurt. He was quite prepared, it seemed, for what followed.

"Bury your old democracy," the Gael thundered, with mock fury. "It stinketh. Even as a theory, there is nothing left of it except the worms of its own corruption. Part of its vileness is its contempt for humble service. Learn, oh wretched remnant of a bygone age, that a real King is a servant of his God; that a real nobleman is a servant of his God and of his King, and that the only utter outcast is the man who serves himself, because he, whether he knows it or not, is the servant of the devil!"

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Hot as it was, everyone laughed at the Gael's explosion.

"Triumphant democracy," our Visitor retorted, imperturbably. "It must be thirty years since Andrew Carnegie flung that in the face of England. And look at the world to-day: everywhere democracy triumphs, even in China. It is a new world, with democracy as foundation and goal."

"A paradise of a world," said the Gael. "If you feel a proprietary interest in democracy, to quote a previous speaker, why not try a dose of Russia, although China, which you have named, might save your soul from worse. Democracy, my friend, *is* triumphant: no one will deny you that. The writers of the Church Litany did not have foresight enough to include it with 'plague, pestilence, and famine.' Hence, too few have prayed, 'From it, Good Lord, deliver us.' It *is* triumphant, with the result that, the more there is of it in any given country, the more appalling the condition of that country. England has more of it than France, so England is worse off than France. The United States has less than either, so the United States is better off than either,—in spite of every imaginable natural handicap. *Demos* means 'the mob,' and *Krateō* means 'I reign': there you have it. It is the opposite of 'government by the best,' because, even if you choose to interpret 'mob' as meaning 'average,' you know as well as I do that the average intelligence and the average morality, of a mixed population of from fifty to a hundred millions, gives you at best the cousin of a Sinn Feiner."

"Enough," declared the Recorder at this point. "You have hit on a subject that involves the whole of philosophy, both in theory and in practice. We cannot possibly dispose of it at one meeting. And I want your experience. . . ."

"Please, one moment," the Historian interrupted. "Before we leave the Gael to sizzle in his still unexpressed indignation, let me comfort him to the extent of reading an amazing *reductio ad absurdum* of the democratic hypothesis,—amazing, because written by a man who, upon other subjects, can write sound sense, and who is a devout believer in the very theory which he unintentionally destroys. *Leaves for Quiet Hours,* by Dr. George Matheson, formerly Minister of a Parish in Edinburgh, is in many ways a really admirable book. It consists of brief sermons or meditations, and is practically and deeply religious. Yet listen to this: 'Easter Day was a new Christmas Day; it was the second birth of Christ. His second birth was grander than His first. His first birth was under disadvantages. The disadvantage lay not in the manger, but in the royal lineage. The swaddling bands that circumscribed Him were not the facts of His poverty, but the glories of His ancestors; the royal line of David separated Him from the main line of humanity. But when He came from the dead He changed his lineage. He broke with the line of David—with all lines but the lowliest. His second life was not from Bethlehem: it was from the common dust of all cities—from the city of the dead. . . . With Easter morn He came up from

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the *depths.*' The humour of it! Born a parasite, because by birth of royal lineage, he went through the wash, as it were, and came out the other side a good democrat, fit at last to shake hands with the proletariat!"

"It reminds me of a coloured preacher among the Swazies," said the Scientist, "who used to assure his converts that when Christ rose from the dead, he came up *black.*"

"Next!"—and the Recorder turned to the Ancient for help. "What have you got that will divert their minds?"

"An old letter, that I came across a few days ago, may not conform entirely to your demand for an 'experience'; but it can at least very easily be turned into an experience, by those who will listen and read rightly. Here it is,"—and the Ancient read as follows:

" 'My son: what is your object in life? Your answer, I am afraid, if you were honest, would be,—to do your duty and to avoid sin.

" 'Is that the best you can do? As a member of The Theosophical Society, of the ———— and of the ————, with the marvellous advantages and opportunities which such membership gives you, ought you not at least to pray and to work for *a passion* for the cause of the Masters, as you understand their cause? Will you please meditate on the meaning of the word "passion"?

" 'I can assure you of one thing: there is no happiness on earth, and heaven has no existence, except for right passion, for right love. Negative contentment is not happiness. Nor can it last. Negative contentment, like all other negative attitudes, leads only to negation, including the negation of itself.

" 'There is no happiness on earth, there is no heaven, except for a love so great, a passion so intense, that they carry you out of yourself, above yourself, to the world of reality and of things everlasting. The function of reason, primarily, is to lead you to that conviction; then, with the help of will and imagination, reason should feed the growth of love and passion; later, when love has become pure utterly, divine insight will take the place of reason, but, until that stage of purity is reached, reason will still serve to control and to direct the love and the passion burning within you.

" 'Unite your prayers and your desires with those of Masters,—with those of your own Master, who prays ceaselessly that your heart may become a living torch. *Realize* that that is his prayer for you. Feel his prayer, around you and within you. Make it your own; echo it, from the mud of your own nature. Rejoice that, because you are mud, or because you live in the mud and are muddy,—your echoed prayer will have more power, in some ways, than the prayers of angels who have never sinned. Rejoice that you can turn some fraction of the mud of the world (the fraction you have made your own) into that which catches and makes more vibrant the prayers which reach you from

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heaven. A man nullifies his prayers, if he permits himself to think that he originates them.

" 'But beware: do not confuse passion with emotion; do not mistake the red heat of sensuality for the white heat of pure fervour. Excitement is an opposite of spirituality. Beware lest you misuse the fire from heaven. Pray for it ceaselessly, but, if it should seem that your prayer remains unanswered, give thanks for the gift of desire, and give thanks that, in their compassion, the wise gods give you time to purify the temple which your mind and senses have polluted, and which must be made clean if that fire is to burn there safely.' "

"I like your letter, but I like mine too," commented the Lawyer. "Mine was written by 'Cavé,' not long ago, to a friend who very generously sent me a copy, with the thought that it might be of help to others, and perhaps through the medium of the 'Screen.' Shall I read it?"

We at once asked him to do so, and he read the following letter, omitting only some opening sentences:

" ' . . . You may remember saying something to the effect that perhaps what was the matter with you was that material life always had seemed so beautiful to you. I do not pretend to quote you, for it was not what you said which struck me, but the ideas which they suggested to my own mind about you—I saw something that you needed to have told you, that (unconsciously, perhaps), you were "asking" in your real and deeper self. This is what I should like to say about it:

" 'The material world, the physical world, is full of beauty. God made it, and all that He made is beautiful. In its essence it is the veil, the symbol, of the spiritual world. And he who cannot or does not see its beauty, is blind to truth. But here is where the difference lies.

" 'One man sees this beauty and loves it for *itself*, desires it for *itself*. Another man sees that beauty and loves it for *what it reminds him of*, and desires in consequence more intensely that of *which it is a reminder*. Let me make my meaning clearer by an analogy, if I can.

" 'Suppose you were travelling in New Zealand where the scenery is superb. You are away from home and wife and children and all the sweet surroundings which make life dear. You see something—never mind what—mountain or valley or tree or flower, which reminds you of home. Your heart fills,—love and longing almost overpower you; but it is not that mountain, that valley, that tree or that flower which has given you the feeling; it is that of which it has reminded you, to which your heart is given. You have seen and admired all that superb scenery. You may thoroughly have enjoyed it; but it is a foreign land, a land in which you are merely a traveller, in that sense an "exile." And it is the suggestion of home that breaks your heart.

" 'Is my point clear?

" 'This is the difference between the man who is a disciple and the man who is not a disciple. All other differences are minor in com-

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parison, because they grow out of this. The disciple sees all the beauty in the world—and I am using that word in its widest sense—indeed he sees it more clearly than the "native": but that which moves him in the beauty is the suggestion of "home," which constantly breaks his heart with a divine nostalgia. He is *not* "at home" in it; the surroundings, the ties of the world, are not his: he is "a stranger and a sojourner as all his people were," as he and his people always will be until the end of time. These feelings in him are not forced; he does not wrench himself away and make himself feel this way because he has some idea that he ought so to feel. No, he feels that way because he cannot feel any other way—because those are the facts of his consciousness and of his affections. He has to force himself to be interested in the affairs of the world, in his surroundings, in the members of his family, because he is among them for a purpose. He is sojourning in this foreign land to accomplish some piece of business—his "Father's business." Perhaps there are other "Exiles" to whom he should minister, some who have lived so long from home that they have almost forgotten, or who have suffered so much in exile that their faculties are impaired—prisoners, maybe, of the Father's enemies, like the Englishman in Kipling's story, *The Man that Was*. Perhaps there are things he must learn, or debts he must pay, or accounts to straighten out—there are many reasons, but always and for ever he is an "exile" and feels himself such.

" 'This is the great touchstone—Where do I feel at home? What are the things that touch the depths of me? For what are my deepest yearnings? And then: Am I true to them? Or do I keep them in some inner shrine for hours of meditation, and daily wind myself about other things, no matter how beautiful, which are not part of my real self? A man having this touchstone can always get his "bearings" on the Path.' "

We were grateful to the Lawyer, and said so. But the Recorder was still hunting for an 'experience,' and turned to the Orientalist, appealing to him for something at first hand.

"I think you are limiting the idea of experience," was the answer. "The letters just read to us were the fruit of experience, and perhaps of years of experience. A passing event or impression, cannot tell as much. Last week I saw a sunset, and it removed, for the moment, one of the veils between my eyes and God. But that kind of an experience cannot be told in words, unless perhaps in some great poem, such as I can never hope to write. Music might tell it: but I am no musician . . . I can speak, however, of a lesson which the past quarter, in my own experience, has reiterated a dozen times,—that a sense of humour is essential if you would enter the kingdom of heaven.

"Few people realize that both Buddha and Christ possessed a divine sense of humour. Some people, I believe, would feel that to attribute humour to Christ would be irreverent. What nonsense! What hopeless misunderstanding! Would they limit humour to horse-play? Where does humour come from, if not from the Eternal?

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"The irony of both Christ and Buddha was so fine that it was lost, as a rule, on their followers, who record, with unresponsive seriousness, sayings too deeply humorous for laughter. Do you remember Buddha's conversation with Sâriputta, as told in the *Maha Parinibbana Sutta?*

" 'Now the venerable Sâriputta came to the place where the Blessed One was, and having saluted him, took his seat respectfully at his side, and said: "Lord! such faith have I in the Blessed One, that methinks there never has been, nor will there be, nor is there now any other, whether Samana or Brahman, who is greater and wiser than the Blessed One, that is to say, as regards the higher wisdom."

" ' "Grand and bold are the words of thy mouth, Sâriputta: verily, thou hast burst forth into a song of ecstasy! Of course then thou hast known all the Blessed Ones who in the long ages of the past have been Arahat Buddhas, comprehending their minds with yours, and aware what their conduct was, what their doctrine, what their wisdom, what their mode of life, and what salvation they attained to?" '

"The irony of that was obvious. Less obvious, but perhaps more humorous, was the irony of Buddha's reply to Ananda, then a young monk:

" 'How are we to conduct ourselves, Lord, with regard to womankind?'

" 'Don't see them, Ananda.'

" 'But if we should see them, what are we to do?'

" 'Abstain from speech, Ananda.'

" 'But if they should speak to us, Lord, what are we to do?'

" 'Keep wide awake, Ananda.' "

"The irony of Christ in many cases was scathing, as when, addressing the Scribes and Pharisees, he spoke of the ninety and nine 'just' persons, 'which need no repentance,'—implying, of course, that no such persons existed.

"The humour of H. P. Blavatsky was of a different order. Like the humour of those she revered and followed, it was never unkind or mean. But it was rough hewn. It was titanic. She herself was often the bull's-eye of her target. A delightful instance of her humour is recorded by W. B. Yeats in a recent article. She had many visitors, as usual. 'They talked and she played patience, and totted up her score on the green baize, and generally seemed to listen, but sometimes she would listen no more. There was a woman who talked perpetually of "the divine spark" within her, until Madame Blavatsky stopped her with—"Yes, my dear, you have a divine spark within you and if you are not very careful you will hear it snore." '

"Some people would call that unkind. But H. P. B. knew to whom—to what—she was talking. The woman probably had a hide like a rhinoceros, and H. P. B.'s first duty was to protect her other visitors."

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"And what has been your experience?" the Orientalist concluded, addressing the Banker, the silent member of our party. "Now that the Recorder has pushed me to it, I do not intend that anyone shall escape!"

The Banker plunged right in. "I have been chasing some of my 'defeatist' ideas and feelings," he said. "Everyone harbours them, I believe. They are elementals, of course, and, judging by my own experience, they are more dangerous than cruder sins, because they are able to masquerade as angels of humility. They paralyse the will by throwing into the mind, at one time a picture of fatigue, at another time a picture of failure—memories of past failures, anticipations of future failures. In intellectual effort, such as that involved in writing, the fatigue is not often felt while we write. It is felt as a rule before we begin, or after we have finished. In the latter case, the fatigue may be regarded as genuine. But when we hesitate to begin, we shall find in most cases that what is needed is impetus, which is the result of an initial push. In other words, by an effort of the will we can 'get started,' after which, progress is easy. To start a physical object moving, requires ten times the power required to keep it moving. To push an automobile by your own weight and strength may be difficult. It may be still more difficult to stop it, once your initial impulse has proved effective.

"It is important in any case, as I see it, to recognize the character and methods of our 'defeatist' elementals, because they are, in truth, the devil. They will hurl 'failure' at us, whenever we are foolish enough to listen to them, and much that is best in us will respond with emphatic agreement. The only remedy I know is to meet them with agreement, and then with deliberate thanksgiving,—on the ground that the more incompetent and useless we are, the greater the glory of Masters who, in spite of our failures, will succeed at last in turning both us, and the people we ought to be serving, into denizens of the world of light."

"There is one more," said the Orientalist. "The Scientist has not yet given us his experience."

The Scientist laughed. "It will not please you," he said. "But you may have it for what it is worth. A man in a position of authority said to me recently (he was exhausted): 'No one ever comes near me except to ask for something. What they ask for, may be only that I should listen to them,—listen to their complaints, their troubles, their plans, their problems. Yet in that case they ask for sympathy, and always for attention. As I get older and more tired, there are moments when I dread the sound of a human voice: its demand for attention seems unendurable.'

"It may be said that any man who felt like that, when others needed him or thought they did, must have lacked sympathy; certainly lacked love. But he assured me that a real need did not affect him that way in the least. To be able to meet a real need, helped and stimulated him. The trouble was, he said, that so few supposed needs are real. People talk, he said, for the sake of talking. They 'let off steam' at the expense

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of others. They want attention: but he would not admit that a desire for attention can be classed as a real need.

"I suspect this also: that the most devoted of mothers, who is constantly with a number of small children, asking this and wanting that—and always wanting attention—feels at times as if she could not endure the depletion of it a moment longer. Even their devotion—supposing that to exist—would prove exhausting.

"Therefore it seems to me that we may well ask ourselves to what extent, if at all, we inflict the same exhaustion on the Masters. Some people would say at once: 'that is different, for Masters have infinite love and strength, infinite sympathy and infinite patience.' My answer would be: 'nothing is infinite, short of the Absolute; that which is still human cannot be infinite; therefore the humanity of Masters must be capable of exhaustion.'"

"Do you mean to imply that we should not go to the Masters, or to our own Master—that, for instance, I ought not to go to Christ with my troubles? How about the admonition I have so often heard, to go to him with everything, with absolutely everything that concerns us throughout the day?"

"My answer would be: that is what a mother wants from her children. She wants it even when they grow up. She wants all their real troubles; all their real problems. Her attitude never changes. But, as her children grow up, ought not their attitude to change? As small children, they took everything to her. Full of egotism, as small children are, it never entered their minds that she would not be as thrilled as they were by the discovery of a new stick or pebble, or by the sight of a fire-engine on the street. While small children, it did not occur to them that she might be exhausted when they were not. But her influence would have been harmful if, as they grew older, she had not taught them to be considerate, even of herself."

"But how can you pray, without asking the Master's attention?"

"That is just the problem," the Scientist replied: and he then relapsed into stony silence.

"Well?" The Gael looked at him in shocked surprise. Still there was silence. The Scientist seemed lost in the contemplation of his problem. "Another of your traps," remarked the Gael. "Science is always like that,—playing with the surface of things and leaving it to others to clean up the mess! Science is . . ."

"It will not take any longer to clean up the mess," the Recorder interjected, hopefully.

"But our feelings, man, our feelings," the Gael retorted. "It is bad enough to make us talk, on a day like this; but to try to make us think is barbarous. And I refuse to do it . . . Anyone can solve his problem."

"How?"

"Does not every beginner know that, in order to begin, he must

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strive to recover the child-state he has lost; that he must learn to pray about everything; must learn to refer the smallest act of his life, both inner and outer, to the judgment of Christ, for the blessing of Christ, and must make that attitude habitual, before it would be safe for him to consider what is involved in 'growing up'?

"Being a Scientist, poor thing, his premises, from first to last, are full of flaws . . . I am not criticizing him. I am commiserating . . . A mother does tire. But her fatigue does not count in comparison with her torture of anxiety when she feels that her child is holding back something from her, perhaps from motives of false consideration. And a Master, being human, doubtless experiences fatigue: but we know no more of the nature of that fatigue than we know what it means to be 'grown up' spiritually. When the Master said to St. Matilda,—'There is not a bee that throws itself with such eagerness upon the flowers in order to suck the honey from them, as I, through the intensity of my love, hasten to the soul that desires me'—it seems to me that he anticipated the Scientist's objections by several hundred years.

"And what is the use of speculating about the attitude we ought to adopt, or the consideration we ought to show, when we begin to 'grow up'? We are no more able to imagine what that condition will be than a little girl I once knew who used to say: 'Someday I shall be grown up like mother; and then I shall wear my hair on the top of my head, and I shall go into the kitchen, as she does.' No, Sir: these mental speculations about spiritual things; these attempts to reason, 'scientifically,' from the half-known to the unknown, with the idea that you will thus know something you did not know before,—are the methods that H. P. B. anathematized in *Isis*, and that she continued to anathematize until the day of her death."

The Scientist remained plunged in thought. "Thank you," the Recorder remarked, addressing him. And we prepared to adjourn.

"One word more," the Ancient requested. "I think it ought to be made clear that Masters are subject to universal law, as we are; and that they obey the law, as we do not. A Master, in his compassion, may be longing to help someone; but if that person, for lack of faith, or from diffidence, or for any motive whatsoever, good or bad, does not go to the Master, telling him all about it and asking for help,—the Master's hands are tied. He is barred from giving direct help. We must open the doors of our hearts, of our minds, of our desires, of all the circumstances of our lives, before the Master can enter in. He cannot open them from the outside. He would not if he could. He is not a burglar, or an intruder. He respects our 'rights,' our reservations, our locked closets. Above all, he respects the laws of his own being. He promises that if we will throw our doors open to him, he will enter and will share our lives with us. But he warns us that we must throw them open, or that he must stay outside." T.

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LETTERS TO STUDENTS

July 25th, 1912.

DEAR ———

I returned today from a ten days' very strenuous trip west on business, and found your letter of the 21st. Dear lady, I am sorry, more sorry than I can tell, for all your anxiety and distress and worry. But it is a real thing we all are trying to do—to reach the Master—and we must expect sorrow and hardship and trouble until we have learned to take them all to the Master, to share them with him. As we do so, we gain power from him to bear them cheerfully, serenely, and in the process we shed our impurities of all kinds, until we are fit to enter his presence.

It is perfectly normal for ——— to have reactions of all kinds—you must expect them. And please try to realize that you are trying, have been trying, to bring him to the Master, when what he needs first is to be made to behave, in the ordinary commonplace way. He must learn obedience, self-control, good manners, unselfishness,—all these and more before there can be hope that he will go further. He may appear for a time to go forward on the path of Life and Immortality, but sooner or later his commonplace faults, his lack of discipline, will rise up as insuperable barriers.

So these must be got rid of first. And you, dear lady, stop calling yourself names. You are what you are, and when upset and overwrought, are still the same person with the same virtues, the same weaknesses, as when at your best and highest. Calling names does no good: indeed it indulges the wrong mood you are in when you do it.

It is the same old story—a very simple story—self-control, patience, serenity, faith (even when, especially when, things go wrong), poise, calmness, devotion. You know them all, and their necessity. In a word, try to be yourself what you would desire ——— to become. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 16th, 1912.

DEAR ———

I am very much obliged for the report of July 29th, which I return, as I have marked it.

I suggest that you combine the first two columns. "Silence" covers the ground. Outer silence is not to talk with the mouth. Inner silence is not to talk with the mind. Also you could combine "Repose" and "Do not hurry." Please add "Gentleness."

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Also there is a positive and negative aspect of each quality:

Patience	Impatience
Repose	Hurry
Gentleness	Roughness
Quietude	Noisiness
Punctuality	Lateness

It would, I think, be useful for you to mark yourself for the times you have remembered the good, as well as for the times you have done the bad. It will encourage you to see how much effort you really make, and how very often your efforts are successful. You dwell too much on the number of failures, hence your occasional fits of discouragement. . . .

No, you will not lose your glimpse of what contemplation means, when you stop suffering. On the contrary, we do all spiritual exercises better when happy than when miserable. As a matter of fact, being unhappy is wrong: it is unnatural and a result of our own perverseness.

Last year I suffered more than ever before in my life because I had to surrender something I loved very dearly and did not want to give up. After it was all over and I had surrendered, I *saw* for the first time the truth, that I did not really want that thing and would not take it back, and that all my pain came from ignorance and misunderstanding. It had all been explained to me in the effort to save me suffering, but I could not understand until I had made the sacrifice, or what I then thought was a tremendous sacrifice. Now I see that what I called a sacrifice was no more a sacrifice than when you pay a dollar for something you want very much. You have not the dollar any more, but you have what you very much prefer to the dollar. This is true of *all* sacrifice, of all giving up of self—of all the pain of self-conquest and purification. . . .

Now *please* be patient and kind and gentle with yourself, and trust the Master's love and wisdom to see you safely through every crisis.

As always,

———————— C. A. GRISCOM.

Vevey, September 2nd, 1912.

DEAR ————

I am much obliged for your several letters and reports. The dominant feeling I have is one of affectionate sympathy for you,—you do have such a constant succession of troubles and trials. I am so sorry ———— was again ill, not for his sake, for about him I have no anxiety. The Master knows and does what is good and best for him. About you, too, I have no anxiety, for he also knows what is well for you, but I have a deep sympathy. I would save you these experiences if I could; I regret the necessity for you to live through these trials in order to learn their lesson. I still more regret the obvious fact that, like

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every one else I know, especially including myself, we are so stupid and obstinate and self-willed, that we have to go through the same experience time and time again instead of only once. Oh! why do we not learn our lessons! Why do we not see that it would *pay* to surrender and no longer to *fight!* You fight ————'s illness; why not stop fighting it? Accept it, and while doing everything you possibly can to remedy, ameliorate and cure, welcome it as the best possible thing for him and for you, and look deep into it for the lesson it is designed to teach both of you. The instant that lesson is learned, the illness will go.

He [the Master] loves you very much, watches over you ceaselessly —and longs for a surcease of your suffering.

As ever,
Yours sincerely,
C. A. GRISCOM.

September 19th, 1912.

DEAR ————

I have your letter of September 10th, and it quite cheered me up. I feel that you are doing very well, and that you are gradually getting control of those activities of your personality which are your barriers. It may not seem so to you, at times, but it does to us. Keep it up—the fight—and there is no doubt at all that you will win out. . . .

I am dreadfully sorry about ————: it is heart-breaking, and I wish there were something I could do to help, but beyond sympathy I know of nothing. . . .

I shall go into the question of your records when we meet. I think they also show improvement. . . .

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

October 15th, 1912.

DEAR ————

I have your letter. I think you must expect any child to be rebellious and impertinent and flatly disobedient at times. I should; and I do not blame myself, or think that everything I have done or tried to do is wrong, because this very natural and usual thing has happened. There may be children who never act in this way, but I have never known them. So please do not think that the world has come to an end, even your world, or that the Master is any farther off than before.

* * * * * * * *

I am, as always,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

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November 26th, 1912.

DEAR ————

I was exceedingly sorry to learn from ———— this morning of the continued hard time which you are having.

I hope it is needless to assure you of my deepest sympathy. There is one thing more I want to say. It is at times like these, when our burdens seem more than we can bear, when our keeping of our Rule breaks down and when we see ourselves to be utterly unworthy, that the Master wants most that we go to him and tell him our troubles and our failures. He is not a fair-weather friend; he is the friend of the sinner, of the man who has failed, who is failing daily, who cannot carry his burdens.

All the Master asks of us is that we shall continue to try. It is our effort that he measures us by, not our accomplishment. Instead of its being sacrilegious to go to him when you are in a bad condition, that is just the time when he wants you most and when it would be sacrilegious not to go.

With kind regards, I am sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

1913.

DEAR ———— * * * * * * * *

Would it help you to realize that the Master wants you in exactly your present environment? He sees that you need all the harassments and annoyances, and interruptions and worries and details, which interfere with your serenity and your efforts. He wants you to learn quietude, gentleness, dignity, courtesy, in the midst of confusion and trial. He would have put you in a convent, or in an entirely different set of circumstances, if that had been the experience you needed. That being so, and you must convince yourself of it, then you can go forward with courage and hope, to do what he wants you to do—courage and hope, because we know he never asks more of us than we can perform. He never gives us a task beyond our strength. Difficult—yes. It would not be worth doing if it were not difficult. We *want* to do something hard for him.

If you go back over your own records, you will find that when you fail most completely, it is after you have had too little sleep and too much fatigue. It is nearly always a question of physical nerves and has but little to do with your character. We are greater slaves to our bodies than we realize, or like to believe,—hence the need for simplicity of living, of food, of rest. For instance, you write one time that you waited up till 12.30 A. M. for ———— and were very tired. Then that you did not want to pray, and that your prayers were no good. Who could have fervent and heart-felt prayers at 1 A. M. after eighteen hours' hard work and when dog-tired? Surely you are foolish to blame yourself for such a feeling? What you can blame yourself for is letting

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yourself get so tired. If that was unavoidable, as it sometimes is, then it is better to postpone your prayers entirely, if you are going to be discouraged and unhappy because you do not go to them with enthusiasm and devotion.

Remember, too, always, that it is our effort that counts. Keep on trying. That is the secret. No matter how hard and dull and inert we are,—if we keep trying, in time we shall wear through our shell and reach Him in the clear light of the inner world. Look forward to that, and determine to get there.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

DEAR ——— March 11th, 1913.

If you will send me the original of your reports, hereafter, I can return them to you fairly promptly and it will save you the labour of copying them. I want to save you all unnecessary work, and you should try to do the same. I have been over a big batch of them which have accumulated during these very busy times.

You *should* reread your reports, at regular intervals. A large part of their value lies in this. Please remember this and act on it.

I have told you many times that your recollection has not gone. You are more recollected now than ever before in your life. Believe me, this is true. We pass through phases of these things, learning one phase; and then another, which we do not yet know, or have not mastered, comes up, and we are drilled on that. Only those above us can see what we really are and what we really accomplish. It is all a question of the amount we *try*, not the amount we accomplish, or seem to ourselves to accomplish. Also, sometimes we are helped at the start, and then, when we get on our feet a little, the help is withdrawn. The immediate effect of that is to make us feel that we have gone down hill and are doing very badly, while, as a matter of fact, we are doing well.

Both of these things are true with you. You are now doing with little or no help what a year or two ago you could only do with a great deal of help. . . .

And now what can I say that will be helpful? I have been reading your records for nearly two hours and feel as if I had had a long talk with you. Poor dear child, fretting and fuming, and accusing herself and blaming herself, scolding herself, as if she were a very bad child, while all the time she is a very good child and is trying very hard. It is pitiful, and I wish there were something I could do to lessen the strain and ease the sore heart.

The Master loves you, I know it, and you can know it too, if you will be still for a moment and allow his peace and love to well up inside you.

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Look for it in your heart, not in your mind.
And now good night.

As always,
C. A. GRISCOM.

April 3rd, 1913.

DEAR ———

I return your recent reports. You need rest, more sleep, less running about, more quiet. It is the same old story, and until you get these there is no use in giving you more advice.

You can rest as a sacrifice to the Master, something you force yourself to do for love of him. That will help your recollection both ways.

You are learning all the time, and doing well in the main, but you fret too much about what you call your failures. Think more of your successes and of your efforts, and less of what seem to you inadequate results. They belong to the Master. You *do* love him. What is your intense desire to love, save love?

With kind regards, I am

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

August 2nd, 1913.

DEAR ——— * * * * * * * *

I wish you did not react so constantly and so violently. You write what you feel and think at the time, which is what I want, and then an hour, or a day, or a week afterwards, you always say that what you wrote were just lies. They were *not*. They may not sound true in another mood, but were when you wrote.

* * * * * * * *

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

August 8th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I have your special delivery letter. I also have your last record.

No one but a Master should accept the responsibility of another's life. I certainly would not dare. All I can do for you is to suggest, to advise, to encourage, to readjust.

There is no use looking for another way. You can progress only by the way already pointed out to you: and, in the main, that is the way of quietness, of silence, stillness of mind and of body, of serenity, of calmness. You must learn these. Their absence is the cause of your various troubles, as you see for yourself.

You have been told this dozens of times, and often you have said that at last you understood. But you have never done it. Even this summer, when rare opportunity has been given you, you will not rest.

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What is the use of talking about obedience, of your desire to dedicate yourself, your life, your energies, to the Master, when you will not do this one thing you have been told to do with steady insistence for three years?

You are tempted, among other things, by the thought that you can help people. You are intended to help people—in time. But you must learn first to establish in yourself that which you desire to give them. It is folly at present to permit yourself to violate your own Rule and duty in the hope of helping others.

Get, if you can, a copy of Walter Old's edition of *The Tao-Teh-King*. It may help you to understand; for your trouble is that you do not understand. It is not lack of will, or of desire, but of understanding, and understanding sometimes comes slowly and painfully. But do not be discouraged. You know much more now than you did six months ago, or a year ago, and you are learning by degrees. Persist, and you will come out all right; perhaps sooner than you expect.

I am, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

August 12th, 1913.

DEAR ———

By all means change the form of your report. It ought to be what you find most useful. The blank form you enclose seems to me very good. . . .

You do not need more direction or more advice. You need to carry out that already given you: to *rest*, REST, REST: to be quiet, physically and mentally. You have not as yet even a glimmer of what this means, and it is *your* Path to the Master and to your heart's desire.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 8th, 1913.

DEAR ——— * * * * * * * *

I think you were wise. . . . I should not, however, have written to Mrs. X. You must beware of scrupulosity. You say without hesitation that you are "out" when you wish to preserve your privacy. So in the street you can pretend not to hear, although technically you do. Mrs. X. is pretty sure to misunderstand such a letter, and you must do nothing to make people think you are peculiar. This is for future guidance—not that there is anything more to do in this case. . . .

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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The Hindu Yoga System, Charles Rockwell Lanman, Harvard University (Harvard Theological Review, October, 1918). This valuable essay should have been reviewed nearly three years ago. But the theme is so enduring that consideration of it is always timely.

The first thing that strikes one, in Professor Lanman's study of the Yoga system (and, more specifically, of the translation of Patanjali's Yoga Sutras, with Commentary, by Dr. J. H. Woods, published in the Harvard Oriental Series), is his method: he begins by comparing the spiritual experience recorded in the Yoga Sutras with the spiritual experience of others, a Christian mystic, Angelus Silesius who, some three hundred years ago, sought "to attain the unattainable, to utter the unutterable," and certain of the Greek philosophers, such as Demokritos of Abdera, who may owe to contact with India certain of his teachings, such as "his view concerning peace of mind." There is the clear recognition that the Indian teachings rest upon the spiritual experience of those "followers of the Mystic Way, who—time out of mind—have held retreat for meditation in the solemn stillness of the forests 'lapped by the storied Hydaspes,' "—the Jelum, rising in the North Western Himalayas, in Kashmir. This comparison of spiritual experience is worked out with special closeness between the Yoga Sutras and that great compendium of Buddhism, Buddhaghosa's Way of Salvation (Visuddhi-magga).

And we find this profound generalisation: that all the spiritual records of India rest upon "the fundamental morality (specifically, neither Brahmanical nor Jainistic nor Buddhist) which is an essential preliminary for any system of ascetic religious training, and is accordingly taught again and again, now with a touch of gentle humour, now sternly, and always cogently, by Brahmans and Jains and Buddhists alike."

We should like to add, or, indeed, to set down first, the Rajanyas or Rajputs, to whom some of the greatest passages in the Upanishads are explicitly attributed; while both Krishna and the Buddha himself were of that kingly race.

The second striking thing in this essay is the very serious tribute paid to the value of the Yoga system. The Commentary, attributed to Vyasa, which may be used in the general sense of "Revealer", rather than as a proper name, is, we are told, "informed by the noblest spirit and loftiest purpose"; the commentary on a passage in the third book, concerning temptation, "rises to a pitch of sustained and noble eloquence"; while the "historic importance and moral dignity" of the work is insisted on. And, in a striking comparison between the Four Noble Truths of the Buddha and the "five means to the higher concentration" in the Yoga Sutras (i, 20), "faith and energy and mindfulness and concentration and insight," and between the treatment of the higher states of consciousness in the two systems, there is this notable comment: "The whole spiritual situation in both cases is similar; and that the substantial coincidences of the two descriptions may be nothing more than the natural outcome of that similarity, we will not deny."

The third point, of subordinate, yet genuine interest, is the discussion of "the supernormal powers which, as Buddhist and Yoga texts alike maintain, are among

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the fruits of the cultivation of profound concentration or samadhi. In order to make my meaning clear, let me instance some of these powers; such are clairvoyance and clairaudience, knowledge of the future and of one's previous births, thought reading, power to become invisible, the cessation of hunger and thirst, the power of hypnotic suggestion: 'your mind-stuff enters the body of another', the power to walk upon water or a spider's thread or sunbeams or to pass through the air, the power by reason of which 'the fire, hot as it is, burns you not', and so on. To seek these powers as an end, or to make a display of them to satisfy the curiosity of the vulgar, is wholly unworthy, and indeed most strictly forbidden. In the Gospel-narrative of the temptation, when the Devil says, 'If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence', the answer of Jesus is an uncompromising rebuke. And in like spirit, the Mahabharata threatens with 'a hell from which there is no release' the Yogins who are thus guilty."

In this context Professor Lanman has much of value to say of "the interest of studying Yoga in the light of the discoveries of modern psychology"; of Braid's hypnotism; of William James. In a word, the subject is treated in a sincere and adequate way.

But the passages which make the most direct appeal to the present reviewer come toward the end of the essay. On the one hand, like certain allusions in Shakespeare's plays, they fix the time when it was written. On the other hand, they reveal the spiritual integrity of the writer. The passages are these:

Speaking of the work of translation carried out by Dr. J. H. Woods in the fine Harvard edition of the Yoga Sutras, Professor Lanman pays tribute to the "genuine enthusiasm and indomitable patience" required. "All this and much more was needed to advance our scientific salients into the territory of the Hindu dialecticians. We may well imagine those jealous guardians of their sacred lore as saying to themselves of us, *ils ne passeront jamais!* But Dr. Woods' intellectual emplacements were good, and his preliminary bombardments have been effective."

So much for the time note. Now for the greater matter. Professor Lanman goes on to speak of "our dearly loved French brothers with whom he (Dr. Woods) is now so zealously working," and who "are showing us the supremely great lesson, that the first thing needed for substantial victory is the loftiest moral courage."

C. J.

Un Drame dans le monde, by Paul Bourget (Plon-Nourrit, Paris), is the latest publication, we believe, of this great psychologist and artist.

While it is not customary for the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY to review novels, unless they deal avowedly with Theosophy, we wish to use this opportunity to pay our respects to a writer whose aim, throughout his long career, has been to portray life truly, and whose understanding of life, therefore, has never ceased to grow in depth and clarity. Working, at first simply as an artist, but as an artist who loved the truth for its own sake, and who never sacrificed truth for base or worldly ends, he works now, with even greater mastery of his art, and in the spirit of a deeply religious man,—the reward of his fidelity. Because, as St. Paul said of himself, so may it be said of Bourget; he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but followed the Light always, whithersoever it led him, until now he sees the many ways of life as God's ways for man's redemption.

From the beginning he saw that "the wages of sin is death." There was always a suggestion of moral purpose in his stories. His *Deux petites Filles,* with its tragic tale of Simone, written in 1888, concludes: "I have been thinking that it is a serious matter to have sons and daughters, and that many people take it, this very serious matter, very lightly." In his *Monsieur Legrimaudet* (1889-1891), he remarks: "It has seemed to me often that the highest morality of a work of art, by which I mean a work of literature, consists in redoubling in us the sense of

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mystery, hidden in the depths of every human being, alike in the most wretched and in the most comic, as in the most sublime."

We gather from his writings that at one time he was a sceptic, if not an atheist, but that later, "after years of struggle," he recovered, through "the dry analyses of science," faith in the Unknowable, which made it possible for him once more to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven." For how long this stage lasted, we do not know. The turning point seems to have come with his writing of *Le Disciple*. In any case, to-day, Bourget is a devout Catholic, but broad-minded, mellow, Gallican. As we have said,—fidelity to the truth which he saw, although a limited truth, enabled the great Lover of Truth to lead him to a breadth and depth of vision, which although still limited, none the less gives power to serve such as perhaps no other publicist in France possesses. If he were to know more, we doubt if he could accomplish as much: and because now his desire to serve, quite obviously, is even greater than his desire to know (which is just as it ought to be), Bourget is reaping the reward which his own soul would have chosen.

Un Drame dans le monde is the story of a crime, followed by a great repentance; of a betrayal, followed by a complete forgiveness. Neither the man nor the woman had any faith. But the frightful facts of their existence compelled them to think, and after their agony, they found peace,—in the determination of one to atone, and of the other to work with and for that atonement. There are actions, said the woman, which, once committed, leave you without any age, without hope, without expectation. And the man, though without faith, echoed his childhood, and spoke of "buying back," of "making good"—of expiation. The woman grasped at the straw, and found the full meaning of words which he had used emptily. "Christ means redemption," she discovered. And through her need, the man found salvation also.

It is nothing, as we tell it. But Bourget's art is marvellous,—the more perfect, we think, now that his motive illumines it from within. He gives life, and vivid life, to every character he draws, to every incident he describes. He has humour, beauty of diction, rare simplicity of style, profound insight. His sense of perspective, of proportion, is Gothic. Each story is complete, no matter how brief. And yet, like all true art, his art creates more than a living form, more than colour and movement: it creates atmosphere. Not one word of this is suggested, but the atmosphere of *Un Drame dans le monde* says quite clearly: "Yes, that woman sinned, and knew it; and because she knew it, her sin became the mainspring of her life and effort. She flew, while you crawl. Are *you* without sin? Are you without the opportunity which sin gives? Have you no need, no occasion, 'to buy back,' 'to make good,'—to expiate? See your past as it really was, see yourself as you really are,—and you too might fly!"

We are among those who love France. It is our privilege, therefore, to express gratitude when an author represents so truly and so consistently, the nobility, the insight, and the charm, of the French genius.

Still,—we are not satisfied. We want more!

Novels are used by most people "to kill time," or to distract their minds from the worries or boredom of daily routine. In the latter case, novels are used as a "harmless" substitute for alcohol or drugs. But they can and should be used primarily to help us to understand ourselves and to help us to understand the Divine, or, rather, the action of the divine will in human affairs. And because it is of vital importance that we should see into the depths of our own lower natures, down to desires and tendencies which perhaps have not as yet emerged, we can gain much from the patho-psychology of such books as *Le Disciple*, and even from *André Cornélis*,—on condition that we approach them in the right spirit and for the right purpose. As a general rule, however, we believe it is far wiser and better to do as Paul the Apostle urged us to do (and M. Bourget, we are sure, would agree that Paul was a greater psychologist than

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any modern), namely,—"whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Therefore we hope to read some day, in the form of a novel, the constructive, the positive side of Bourget's philosophy. He will be able to do that supremely difficult thing,—portray his own ideal. He has described the *Inferno;* he has described the *Purgatorio;* he has not described the *Paradiso.* And we ask that of him: his greatest and noblest achievement, to be written, we fear, "for the few", but to be cherished by them, for many generations, as an inspiration and a delight. Z.

Death and its Mystery: Before Death, by Camille Flammarion, translated by E. S. Brooks; The Century Co., New York, 1921.

An idea of the scope of this book may be gained from the titles of Chapters: Materialism—an erroneous, incomplete, and insufficient Doctrine. What is man? Does the soul exist? Supra-normal faculties of the soul, unknown or little understood. The will, acting without the spoken word, without a sign, and at a distance. Telepathy and psychic transmissions at a distance. Vision without eyes—the spirit's vision, exclusive of telepathic transmissions. The sight of future events. Knowledge of the future.

The most interesting thing about this book, it appears to the reviewer, is the presence in it of two contrasted elements, broadly corresponding to what we mean by the words psychical and spiritual. Flammarion sets himself to solve the problem of death, the problem of "the Great Beyond," by marshalling the evidence for the existence of the possible survivor, from facts recorded before death; that is, in our present experience. He brings together many well attested facts to show that this possible survivor, whom he calls the Soul, does exist; that it has supranormal faculties of action and of perception; that the will can act at a distance; that there is vision without eyes, and hearing independent of the ears; and, perhaps the most interesting section, because of the philosophical problems it raises, that there is definite prevision of future events, which may or may not be dramatic and significant.

All this, of course, covers ground with which students of Theosophy have been familiar for years; in their view, it proves the existence, not of the Soul, but rather of the astral or psychic body, and its range of psychical powers of perception and of action. It is of real value to have this evidence so well and lucidly brought together; and, it will probably be agreed, this method of gathering evidence from living people is far sounder, far less objectionable, than much of the modern necromancy so fashionable just now.

But all this is limited to the psychical world. Where are we to find the contrasted element, the spiritual, in this book? The answer is: in the great personality of Flammarion himself. It is really, although its distinguished author was probably quite unconscious of this, a deeply interesting chapter of autobiography, the revelation of a valiant and loyal soul, inflexibly honest, full of aspiration, in which power is balanced by humility and inspired by compassion for the sorrows of men.

The picture of Flammarion toiling, in the midst of his work among the stars, to lift the pall of blackness from human life, to lessen the sorrow of the bereaved, to lay firmer foundations for faith, seems to us far better evidence for the existence of the soul, and for its immortality, than all the supranormal powers and faculties recorded, even though this record be cogent and convincing. C. J.

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QUESTION No. 258.—*I am trying to think out a problem. I have all the facts, but my combination of them produces no solution. Exhausted, it may be, my mind does not work upon the problem longer. It does not seem to work at all. I do not seem to be thinking at all. After a while the solution comes to me. The mind seems to have worked it out by no will of mine. Sometimes days will elapse, and I have thought of many things foreign to the subject, when suddenly the solution comes to me. How does Theosophy explain?*

ANSWER.—It is one of the fundamental principles of The Theosophical Society and of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY that no one can claim that his particular belief is "Theosophy," or that his explanation is the "Theosophical explanation" of any question. Each one can give only his own belief, or quote from the writings of older and wiser students of Theosophy which in his opinion are applicable to the matter under discussion. Others are always free to agree or to disagree with what is quoted, irrespective of its source. From my reading of theosophical literature, and from my own experience, I am convinced that we are conscious of only a very small part of our real selves, and that a great deal goes on inside us of which we are not conscious at all or of which we only see the results. Few people are conscious of their real motives, or of the extent to which they are influenced by vanity and other forms of self-love. The consciousness of the average man is said to be centered in Kama-Manas, in which centre he may be quite unconscious of his real Self, the higher Triad, Atma-Buddhi-Manas, the "Re-incarnating Ego". This real Self is constantly trying to guide and help the personality. It may be that the solution of the problem comes from this Self, or it may come from some one of the many other parts of ourselves which have a consciousness of their own, some higher and some lower than the level of our personal consciousness. If it be a problem in which the soul is interested, it may be that the answer is brought through from sleep. Mr. Johnston, in his *Song of Life,* speaks most illuminatingly of the fact that during deep sleep the consciousness of all men rises to the spiritual plane and bathes in that ocean of immortal power and peace, but we are robbed of all memory of this by the army of shadows, our own fears and desires, that meet us on the threshold of waking. One purpose of purification is to enable us to bring through to waking consciousness more of what our souls learn in sleep. M.

ANSWER.—Experience would say growth is the law of all real things. Gardening is an example. The gardener exhausts himself digging and pulverizing the soil. Then he puts in the seed, and *leaves it.* After a few days the miracle has taken place. The same process governs the production of any work of art. It would seem true of moral problems also. C.

ANSWER.—Theosophy helps us to answer such a question, or in any case to obtain some light on it, because one of the principles of Theosophy is the universality of law. "Man is the mirror of the universe." Physical laws are the

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reflection of spiritual laws. The processes of physical digestion correspond to the processes of mental digestion. The will and the emotions in both cases play an important part. "Thinking about something,"—as many people use that expression—corresponds to mastication. Thorough mastication we know to be essential to good digestion and assimilation, but we know also that it is only a preliminary step in a series of steps. "Thinking," in that limited sense, means analysis, or the separation of a problem into its parts.

Intellectually, however, comparatively few are capable of mental mastication. They reject anything which is not in liquid form. They have not outgrown a milk diet. It is impossible, therefore, to generalize. We should have to know, first, *the age* of the person concerned. T.

QUESTION No. 259.—*Each one of us has put a definite amount of time and of force into building up the faults of his lower nature. Must there be a corresponding amount of time and of force expended in the effort to overcome them, before these faults can be eradicated?*

ANSWER.—Have you ever watched a building in process of construction? How slowly it rises. Each brick, stone and beam must be so carefully placed, by hand, one at a time. Have you ever watched a demolition? How quickly it moves. Plaster, lathes, and brick, a whole section that required half a day to erect, falls after a few solid blows. C.

ANSWER.—It would certainly seem that there must be a relation between the amount of time and force expended in building up, and that required for the destruction of our faults, but this does not mean that the same amount of time and force is required. There are many different kinds of force (and no doubt of time also, if our minds were capable of recognizing them). That we have spent ten years or ten incarnations in building up a fault, does not mean that it will take the same number of years or incarnations to eradicate it. Perhaps it would, if we had only the same lower force of our own self-will to draw upon to destroy it, that we used to create it. Nature takes a million years to form a rock and another million to wear it away, but the application of a different type of force (dynamite, for instance) may pulverize it in a moment. So we have often been told that of ourselves we cannot conquer our faults, but that the help of our Master and of his force is essential.

J. F. B. M.

QUESTION No. 260.—*How can we best strengthen the will?*

ANSWER.—By exercising it. It is to that end that so many of the self-denying acts are directed. The things banned may be quite innocent of themselves. But by prohibiting them, the inertia of the will is checked. It is given something to think about, something upon which to make an effort. Through effort, it grows. C.

ANSWER.—One knows well how to strengthen a muscle—by exercising that muscle, or group of muscles. One has a purpose in so doing.

The growing child is taught and disciplined to exercise a faculty by various mental processes. The object in view is the gaining of personal power, and the gain is in the personal will.

But the strengthening of the real spiritual will depends on the performance of deliberate acts of discipline in the faith and full conviction that, though they may deny the personal self, such acts will add to the power of the united spirit of life which is man's only true Self. A. K.

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ANSWER.—1. Through greater love, and more constant and concentrated prayer and communion.

2. Then, self-surrender becomes more complete. Our will is to do the divine will; it is no longer "our" will, but is swung over to the side of God.

3. Finally, by work, by using the will. We pray "Thy will be done," that the Father may be glorified. We have been told "Herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." By work, therefore, the outward expression of our inner desire or motive, that inner motive is in turn itself strengthened. C. R. A.

QUESTION No. 261.—*I have heard it said that each time a desired object or pleasure is given up, an inner growth takes place: is this so?*

ANSWER.—All depends on motive. If a man makes a sacrifice of pleasure in order to obtain inner growth, such growth would be at least stunted. The gift or sacrifice would be made under conditions which would have self as their basis. But when such self sacrifice is a free gift, unselfishly laid on the altar of the heart in devotion to the Master, all such offerings must surely be attended by inner growth. K.

ANSWER.—It must depend upon the motive. If the sacrifice is made for another, for the Masters' work, that the Divine will should be accomplished, yes,—even if the sacrifice is actually mistaken, unwise, in the light of higher seeing. But if the sacrifice is made for one's personal growth in grace, if it is a mere subtilty of self-indulgence, in that we take more pleasure in the thought of what we have been able to give up than in anything else, the growth is of a different sort, the progress is along the left-hand path. A.

QUESTION No. 262.—*What is the true basis of tolerance?*

ANSWER.—The true basis must be in the expression of Universal Brotherhood, the relation of all souls with the Over-Soul. A. K.

ANSWER.—Tolerance should not be confused with indifference. Too often it is so confused. Humility and aspiration would seem its foundation. One perceives a ray of light and truth. A proud man thinks he has gained it, has gained it all, and will gain for himself any small portion of it not yet won. A humble man feels that only a beginning has been made. He thirsts for more of this precious truth. And he seeks it everywhere,—from all men. C. C. C.

ANSWER.—Love—for if we truly have that, we shall be able to see, in what may seem like a hasty or ill-considered expression of thought or opinion on the part of another, the real needs of that individual, his weaknesses, his potentialities. Tolerance is not a rigid, polite imperviousness to anything with which we do not agree; it is the quality of sympathetic understanding based on a desire to help, which can come only from the heart. R.

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QUESTION No. 263.—*What is the attitude of Theosophy towards asceticism?*

ANSWER.—Theosophy as such can have no attitude towards anything and the writer assuredly can make no claim to speak on its behalf. But a thing is either true or false, and the results of an action vary with the motive which prompts it. Asceticism is thus true or false, useful or mischievous according to the purpose which prompts it. A rigid rule of self-denial and self-sacrifice which leads to the mastery and conquest of self and its conversion to other uses, has a purpose of very wide application. Asceticism for its own sake is mischievous because it thus becomes a travesty of something valuable. A. K.

ANSWER.—There is true asceticism and false. The aim of true asceticism is to bring the will and higher faculties to function. Self denial and other ascetic practices are to that end—to awaken those dormant and higher faculties. C. C. C.

ANSWER.—What is asceticism? It must vary as individuals vary, in accordance with the circumstances and surroundings of their lives, depending upon the complexities of their inner and outer duties. It may be right for one man to become a contemplative, take a vow of silence, embrace holy poverty, undertake all kinds of austerities. It may be frightfully wrong for another, no matter how much he may wish it, to do this; placed in the world, with definite duties and responsibilities, he must play the game, keeping wealth as a trust imposed upon him instead of giving it away, bringing the light in what measure he is able, to those with whom he comes in contact in the crowded ways of life. All this may mean something infinitely harder; the renunciation, the sacrifice may be much more complete than in the case of the contemplative. So, too, the inner rule by which such a man must live in the midst of outer activities, may contain immeasurably more of real asceticism than the rule of the contemplative.

What is one man's meat may be another man's poison. Theosophy requires each to define asceticism for himself, in the light of the position in life in which Karma has placed him, his duties and responsibilities, his real inner vision.

R.

QUESTION No. 264.—*Are the so-called moral laws natural or divine?*

ANSWER.—Infraction of the moral laws incurs, automatically, penalties on the external and physical plane; in that sense they are natural. But all such natural laws are the outward expression, on the physical plane, of the Divine law which governs the universe, of spiritual cause and effect, of the working out of good or evil. A.

ANSWER.—So far as such "moral" laws are the expression in ordinary life of some of the laws of the soul, they are natural *and* divine. But some of such "moral" laws have their origin in association of animals and in self-protection: some are impositions of stronger individuals on weaker neighbors. But the moral law which is the basis of protection of the weak against the strong, the law which acts in restraint of selfishness in any form, that law is divine in its origin, though the selfishness to which mankind has given way, now renders it unnatural.

A. K.

ANSWER.—Is a sunset less of a divine thing because man has discovered something of its beauty? Are not Prudence, Temperance, Courage, and Justice qualities divinely placed in the order of life to be discovered by man in his process of experimentation? He discovers, through suffering, that gluttony brings unhappiness—so he comes to prize temperance. Perhaps in a similar way, higher virtues will become entirely natural, after one has been lifted to their plane, through the interposition of an Avatar. X.

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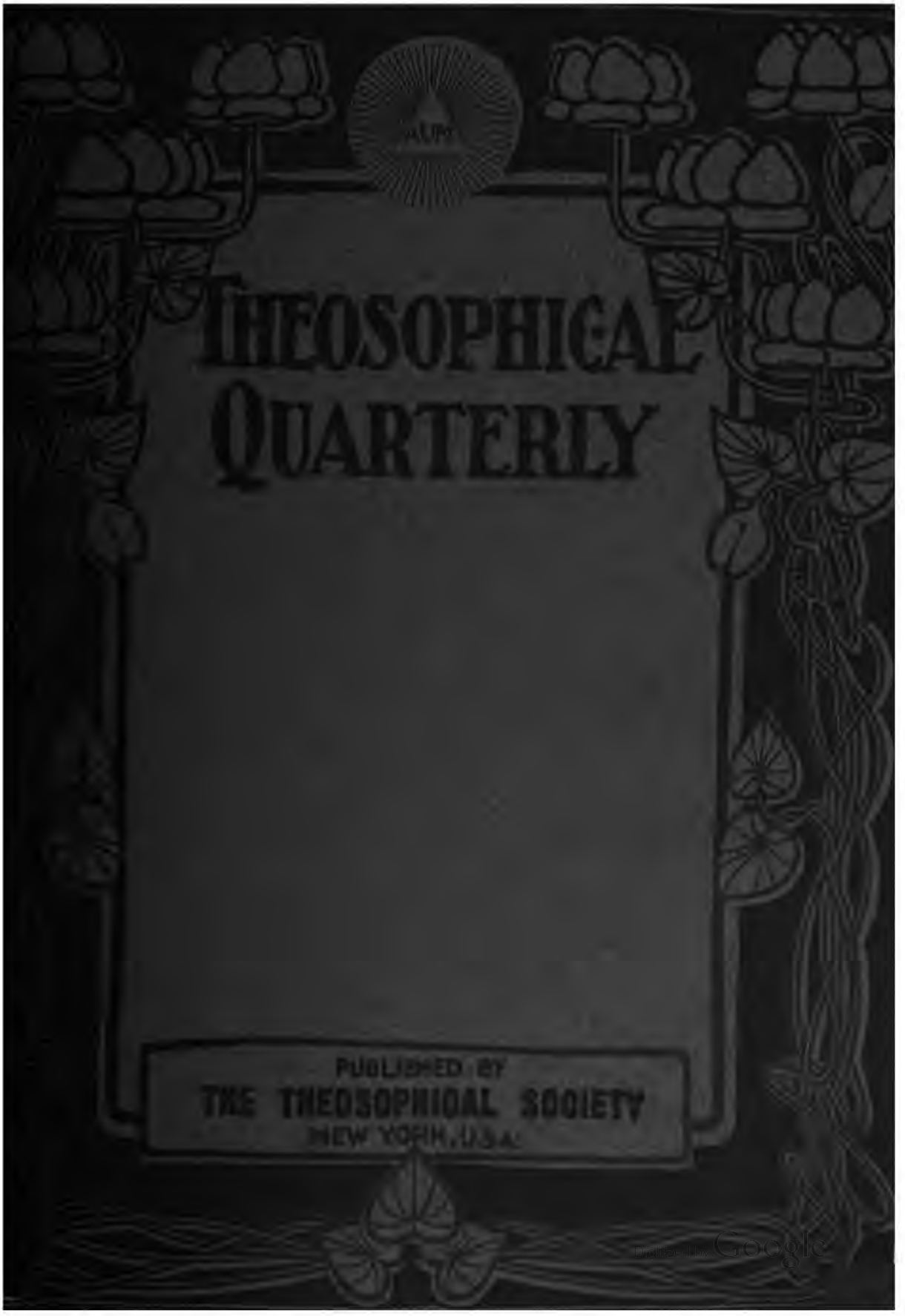
THEOSOPHICAL
QUARTERLY
PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents

Published by The Theosophical Society at
[illegible] Washington Street, Brooklyn, New York

July, October; January; April

Address all communications to P. O. Box [illegible], Station [illegible], New York

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from and subscriptions may be sent to John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England, or to Mr. E. H. Lofoth, 4 Sunningdale Avenue, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, from whom all back numbers may be obtained. Annual subscription price 6s., postpaid

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Entered June 11, [illegible] at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter [illegible] act of [illegible] of July 16, [illegible]
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NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1922

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Roger Bacon, Theosophist

(1214-1294)

"Perfecti in sapientia divina."
"Men perfected in divine wisdom."
Roger Bacon, *Opus Majus.*

At the very beginning of his greatest work, the *Opus Majus,* Roger Bacon discusses the "obstacles to real wisdom". Among these obstacles, he puts first the example of weak and unreliable authority and the uncritical acceptance of traditional views. Perhaps we shall be wise to follow his example and, before we try to get a true view of this great Theosophist, set forth and put out of our way certain accepted views of his life and work, which are completely misleading.

The first of these misleading views, which was strongly, though in all probability unconsciously, supported by the popular discussion last Spring of certain cipher manuscripts attributed to him, and made the subject of lectures and articles in Philadelphia, is that Roger Bacon's ideas and principles are at once very mysterious and very little known; that our understanding of them depends on the unravelling of a highly complicated cipher, in a manuscript which is not certainly his, and even the subject of which is still doubtful. But the reality is, that practically every good library contains half a dozen or more of Roger Bacon's authentic works, well edited and with excellent commentaries, and that these easily accessible books set forth, again and again, Roger Bacon's fundamental principles and enumerate his discoveries and forecasts of inventions, in many cases illustrated by his own drawings. As regards his life, it is no exaggeration to say that we know five times as much

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about him as we know about Shakespeare, for the reason that, while Shakespeare sedulously keeps his own personality in the background, Roger Bacon, like that other great Theosophist, Paul of Tarsus, inserts many passages of autobiography in his writings. We have, therefore, ample material, and admirable material, for a study of Roger Bacon's thoughts and principles, and this material is easily accessible.

A second and more subtle misunderstanding of Roger Bacon may be illustrated by a passage from Sir William Osler's lecture on *The old Humanities and the new Science,* quoted some months ago in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY: "[Saint Augustine] the moulder of Western Christianity, had not much use for science, and the Greek spirit was stifled in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. 'Content to be deceived, to live in a twilight of fiction, under clouds of false witnesses, inventing according to convenience, and glad to welcome the forger and the cheat',—such, as Lord Acton somewhere says, were the Middle Ages. Strange, is it not? that one man alone, Roger Bacon, mastered his environment and had a modern outlook. How modern Bacon's outlook was may be judged from the following sentence: 'Experimental science has three great prerogatives over all other sciences—it verifies conclusions by direct experiment; it discovers truths which they could never reach, and it investigates the secrets of nature and opens to us a knowledge of the past and future.' "

We need hardly stop to protest against the very shallow and superficial view of the Middle Ages expressed in the sentences attributed to Lord Acton. What Sir William Osler implies, is our immediate concern, namely, that, in the so-called "conflict between religion and science", Roger Bacon was a pioneer of science, as against religion. Osler does not say this. Perhaps he did not think it. But it is the conclusion which floats on the surface of his words, and it is exactly the reverse of the truth. Roger Bacon invariably thought of experimental science as the handmaid of religion; his whole purpose, in studying natural science, was to lead up to divine science; he thought of wisdom as a unity, with spiritual illumination as its crown. To put it more concretely, he devoted his life to a study of wisdom, in order that first Christendom, and then the whole world, might be illuminated by divine light and brought under divine governance; and from the very beginning to the end of his long life, he thought of the Church as the instrument both of illumination and government. This is, of course, in sharp antithesis to the thought implied by the passage quoted from Sir William Osler.

Roger Bacon's guiding thought, therefore, was a Church, purified and illuminated, bringing divine wisdom and spiritual guidance to the whole world. The probable dates of his birth and death are 1214 and 1292 or 1294. He was, therefore, during about fifty years, the contemporary of two other great men, Albertus Magnus (1206-1280), and Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), whose purposes and methods are very

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like his own; and, like them, also, he belonged by birth to the upper class of society; like them, also, he has left abundant literary records which are easily accessible.

It would seem wise to think of these three men as, in fact, coöperating at the same task: the illumination of Christendom. All three followed the same general method: the application of Greek philosophy to the better understanding of Christian teaching; in other words, the reconciliation of science and religion, of reason and faith.

They appeared together at what students of Theosophy would be inclined to call a critical cyclic point in the history of Christendom and of the world. The period, from the fifth to the twelfth century, from the submergence of Rome's imperial power to the conscious beginning of the modern nations, was closing, and a remarkable renaissance of Greek philosophic thought was beginning in the Western world.

The channel through which Greek philosophy came to the West in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is a significant factor in the cyclic culmination already spoken of. Though Rome and Italy were largely submerged by the Northern invaders, the Eastern Empire, with Constantinople as its capital and Greek as its language, continued to flourish, and much of Greek philosophy and science remained current there.

Until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Greek speaking Eastern Empire, the "Eastern Rome", was not seriously menaced by the new religious and political power which sprang up in Arabia. On the contrary, the Moslems, as soon as they had established their power about the Tigris and Euphrates, founding a school of philosophy and science at Bagdad, set themselves to learn Greek thoroughly and to master and develop Greek science and philosophy. They made extensive and generally accurate translations, in part directly from the Greek originals, in part from Syriac versions, and they applied the vigorous powers of original genius to the development and perfecting of what they received from the Greeks. In doing this, they contributed an element of Oriental thought and mysticism to the gathered wisdom of Hellas.

As pointed out by J. H. Bridges, the editor of Roger Bacon's *Opus Majus*, from the institution of the school of Bagdad, shortly after the year 800, to the capture of Bagdad in 1258 by the Mongol general Hulacu, scientific and philosophical thought were carried forward with restless energy in this Oriental region. All that had been done by the Greeks in arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, chemistry, and natural history, including anatomy, became accessible in Arabic. Even now there are many sections of the works of Galen (Claudius Galenus of Pergamos, A. D. 130-200), that are only known to us through translations from Arabic into Latin. The best part of the work of Apollonius, the greatest, after Archimedes, of Greek geometers, has come to us through the same source. And it would be wrong to suppose that all this Arabic learning was mere dead erudition. "It was alive and grew. The Arabic

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instruments of observation were more precise and accurate than those of the Greeks. We owe to them the adoption, if not the discovery, of decimal notation. Albategnius gave new life to the science of trigonometry, and determined with nearer approach to accuracy the precession of the equinoxes. Mohammed ben Musa laid the foundations of modern algebra; Alhazen of optics. To tell of Arabic researches in chemistry and medicine would need a volume" (Bridges, *Essays and Addresses,* 1907, pp. 173-4).

At some future date it may be possible to study more closely this wonderful school in which East and West met, indicating, perhaps, that it represents another critical cycle, a node in the great cycle of the Theosophical Movement. For the present, so far as its aspect of Oriental mysticism is concerned, we must content ourselves with a single quotation from Avicenna (Ibn Sina, born 980), the Persian philosopher to whom Roger Bacon constantly refers: "The full perception of Earthly Beauty was the remembrance of that Supreme Beauty in the Spiritual world. The body was the veil; but by ecstasy (*Hal*) the soul could behold the Divine Mysteries. As Avicenna, in his poem on the soul, has written:

> Lo, it was hurled
> Midst the sign-posts and ruined abodes of this desolate world.
> It weeps, when it thinks of its home and the peace it possessed,
> With tears welling forth from its eyes without pausing or rest,
> And with plaintive mourning it broodeth like one bereft
> O'er such trace of its home as the fourfold winds have left."

This beautiful passage is taken from *The Persian Mystics,* in *"The Wisdom of the East Series"* (1913, p. 21).

This mingling, therefore, of Hellenic science and Oriental mysticism was brought to Western Europe by the Mahomedan invasion of Spain; and, about the year 1150, Archbishop Raymond of Toledo established a school, the purpose of which was the systematic translation of the Arabic books containing it into Latin, many of them being turned first into Spanish, and thus passing through the hands of two or more translators.

Perhaps the best summary of this movement in a single sentence is that of P. Hadelin Hoffmans, writing on Roger Bacon in the Louvain *Neo-Scholastic Review:* "Arabic thought served as the bridge between Greek mysticism and the Augustinian intuitionism of the Middle Ages."

Among others, the three great men already mentioned, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon and Thomas Aquinas, taking this blended Hellenic and Oriental wisdom, worked to bring it into complete harmony with Christian teaching, and to use the whole to bring light and righteousness to Christendom and the whole world.

To Albertus Magnus, we can at present only give a sentence or two. Albertus "surpassed all his contemporaries, except perhaps Roger Bacon,

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in the knowledge of nature", studying physics, geography, astronomy, mineralogy, chemistry, zoology, physiology and even phrenology (*Catholic Encyclopedia*). Albertus himself says: "A man is not perfected in philosophy unless he studies both Aristotle and Plato" (*Met. lib.* I).

We come thus to Roger Bacon. Born of good family at Ilchester in Somersetshire, about 1214, he went early to Oxford, where Robert Grossteste, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, was Chancellor and was working hard to establish an efficient Greek school, bringing Greek scholars from the continent. To his example and precept, Bacon owed much and generously expresses his debt. When Bacon was about twenty-five, he went to Paris; the remaining fifty years of his life were spent at the two universities, studying, lecturing, writing.

Endowed with immense spiritual and intellectual vigour, with a mind well rounded and balanced, at once intuitional and accurate, Roger Bacon set himself to develop a complete system of training and education, the aim of which was to set in order, and to communicate, all divine and human wisdom, to be diffused throughout the world by the Church, in part working through the Religious Orders. Perhaps through the influence of the Franciscan, Petrus Peregrinus de Maricourt, Roger Bacon had joined the Order founded by Saint Francis of Assisi, who died in 1226, when Roger Bacon was a boy of twelve, or, perhaps, a year or two older. We have no record of his reasons for becoming a Franciscan, but we may surmise that he recognized in Francis of Assisi an ardent agent in the work of spiritual illumination to which his own life was dedicated. Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas were members of the Order of Saint Dominic. Robert Grossteste was a follower of Saint Francis.

By his fiftieth year, Roger Bacon had competely formulated in his own mind the system and method for spreading "divine and human wisdom" throughout Christendom and the world. He got his opportunity through a very remarkable man, Guy le Gros de Foulques, or Fulcodi, a Frenchman renowned as a soldier and a lawyer, who had been secretary to Saint Louis, and who, after his wife's death, had entered the Church and reached the rank of Cardinal. He met Roger Bacon, probably at Oxford, and discussed with him current abuses and plans of reform and education. In 1265, Cardinal Fulcodi became Pope, as Clement IV. On June 22, 1266, Pope Clement IV wrote from Viterbo to Roger Bacon, commanding him to send immediately a written account of his ideas, notwithstanding the prohibition of superiors or general constitutions; but to keep the commission secret.

To this invitation, which gave him the great opportunity for which he had waited and hoped, Roger Bacon replied with enthusiastic humility: "The Head of the Church has sought me, the unworthy sole of its foot. . . . I feel myself elevated above my ordinary strength; I con-

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ceive a new fervour of spirit. I ought to be more than grateful, since your Beatitude has asked me for that which I have most ardently desired to communicate, which I have worked at with immense toil, and brought into light after manifold expenses."

Though he had toiled with this aim of ordering all wisdom for nearly forty years, Roger Bacon had no written summary of his work ready. He, therefore, set to work and, during the next year, wrote such a summary, expressly for Clement IV. This is known as the *Opus Majus;* it was followed by two additional summaries, the *Opus Minus* and *Opus Tertium;* and these three the *Greater Work,* the *Lesser Work* and the *Third Work,* with some other treatises expanding parts of these, form his literary gift to mankind.

The *Opus Majus* is divided into seven parts. A brief summary of these will give a clear idea of Roger Bacon's principles, ideas, and purpose. We may lead up to this by giving the much briefer outline in the *Compendium Studii Philosophiae:*

"In the order of teaching, grammar and logic stand first. Then follows mathematics; and physics, according to the suggestion of Avicenna, follows mathematics; and metaphysics follows physics; for the conclusions of the other sciences are the starting point of metaphysics. Morals are last in order, for their object is practical and the good of man, and therefore they are the proper conclusion of all the rest." With this general outline in mind, we may go back to the *Opus Majus:*

Part I enumerates "the obstacles to real wisdom." These are (1) the example of weak and unreliable authority; (2) the force of tradition and the continuance of accepted opinions; (3) an undue regard to the views of the unlearned; and (4) the concealment of one's own ignorance, while making a show of apparent wisdom.

Part II deals with the relation between theology and philosophy. Roger Bacon holds that all sciences are founded on the sacred sciences. He believes in a primeval revelation, and finds records of this revelation not only in the Bible, but also in the Greek and Oriental philosophers. In setting forth the relation of all sciences to the divine sciences, he writes in a way which is eminently Theosophical:

"All things should be ascertained through experience. But experience is twofold; one path is through the outer senses; this is human and philosophical experience, so much as a man can attain, according to the grace given to him; but this experience is not enough for a man, because it does not give full certainty about corporeal things, and attains to nothing at all concerning spiritual things." He then insists on the need of purity of heart as a condition of wisdom: "For the wicked man is the ignorant man, as Aristotle says in the second book of the *Ethics.* And Algazel says, in his *Logic* [Al Gazali, translated at Toledo], that a soul befouled by sins is like a mirror rusted, in which the images of things cannot appear clearly; but the soul adorned with

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virtues is like a well polished mirror, in which the forms of things are clearly seen. For it is impossible for the soul to rest in the light of truth while it is spotted with sins; but, as a parrot or a magpie, it will recite strange words which it learns through long repetition; and this is proven, because the beauty of truth learned in its radiance draws men to the love of it, but the proof of love is the showing of works. And, therefore, he who works contrary to truth must of necessity be ignorant of it, even though he can weave together most ornate words and repeat the views of others, as an animal repeats the words of men, and as a monkey strives to carry through the works of men, although it does not understand their purpose. Therefore holiness renders the mind lucid, so that it apprehends more easily not only questions of morals but those of science also" (*Opus Majus, II,* p. 170). Later on, he adds: "Therefore it is necessary that the intellect should have help from elsewhere, and therefore the holy patriarchs and prophets, who first gave the sciences to the world, received interior illumination, and did not stand on the senses alone" (*ibid.* p. 192). It will be noted that Bacon cites the holy patriarchs and prophets, the Greek and Oriental philosophers as equally sources of wisdom, and the vein of irony which runs through his work will also be noted.

Part III of the *Opus Majus* takes up the question of the written records of wisdom, for the most part in tongues other than Latin, and therefore needing translation. He lays down the admirable rule that a translator must know two things: first, the languages; then the subject; and he criticises certain translations unsparingly, because those who made them lacked one, or the other, or both of these requirements. What he says of current versions of the Bible is among the most interesting and valuable parts of his work. He thoroughly understands and lucidly sets forth the principles of sound textual criticism, as applied not only to Saint Jerome's Vulgate, but as involving also the Greek Septuagint and the Hebrew originals. Therefore he insists on a thorough acquaintance with the oldest manuscripts, and with the original tongues, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldaean. He does more, he sets an example, by preparing a practical Greek grammar, a part of which has been printed, and by doing some work in Hebrew also. Whether he knew Arabic or not, cannot be certainly decided. He goes even further than this, outlining the principles of comparative philology. With Greek must be studied its various dialects, comparable to the French dialects of Normandy, Picardy, and Burgundy, or the four marked dialects of English. He perceived the kinship between Hebrew, Chaldaean and Arabic, which suggests that he knew at least a little of all three.

Part IV deals with mathematics and its relation to "the sacred sciences". Mathematics, he says "is the gate and key of the natural sciences and the alphabet of philosophy. In mathematics alone we have a perfect and complete demonstration. While, therefore, mathematics

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is necessary for all science whatsoever, it is particularly needful and useful for natural philosophy."

Part V deals with optics, which rests immediately on mathematics. Here we come to a much controverted question: Did Roger Bacon discover the telescope, three and a half centuries before its recognized discovery by Galileo in 1609? As bearing on this question, we may quote these sentences from his writings:

"It would be requisite to obtain men who have a good knowledge of optics and of optical instruments. For optics is the science of seeing truly, and by seeing we know all things. This science certifies mathematics and all other things, because astronomical instruments work only by vision, in accordance with the laws of that science. . . . Optical instruments are very difficult to obtain, and more costly than mathematical instruments" (*Opus Tertium*).

"Optical instruments can be so formed that things far off may appear close at hand and the converse; so that from an incredible distance we may read the smallest letters, and see things that are very small, and make the stars appear where we wish" (*De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturae*).

Roger Bacon thoroughly understood how a parabolic mirror brings rays of light to a true focus; he was also familiar with the properties of a convex lens. The two combined make the simplest form of astronomical telescope. That he made this combination and used it, has not been certainly proved, but what he says of optical instruments used in astronomy to make the stars appear where we wish, renders it highly probable that he speaks from actual experience. We know that he spent large sums on instruments, and he tells us that his friend and teacher, Petrus Peregrinus de Maricourt, worked for three years at a concave mirror. It seems difficult to resist the conclusion that he understands the use of the telescope, even suggesting the name of "the optical instrument which makes things far off appear [*tele-scope*] close at hand". That a man like Roger Bacon, so saturated with the thought of experiment, so practically interested in instruments, should master the theory and not seek to apply it, is hardly credible; that he did so apply it, is strongly suggested by his description.

One of the minor difficulties in the way of understanding the thoughts of Roger Bacon, is the fact that many words which he uses have since his time changed their meaning. Thus, what he calls "speculative alchemy," we should call theoretical chemistry; and so in the word "astrology", he included the theoretical part of astronomy, while he used "astronomy" rather for the applied science, including observations used in navigation and geography. But Roger Bacon, like Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, did believe in the influence of the heavenly bodies on the earth and on mankind, though he carefully limits this influence:

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"True mathematicians and astrologers lay down no necessity, no infallibility, in their predictions of contingent events. . . . What they do is to consider the way in which the body may be affected by celestial things, and the way in which the body may act upon the mind in private affairs or public, always without prejudice to the freedom of the will. For although the reasonable soul is not coerced to any future actions, yet it may be strongly stirred and induced, so as freely to will those things towards which celestial force may incline it. . . . Far more potent than the impressions of earthly things are those of the heavenly upon bodily organs, which being strongly moved, men are led on to actions of which they had not thought before, yet always with full reservation of the freedom of the will" (*Opus Majus*).

Roger Bacon has much to say of the application of astronomical observations to geography, in the determination of latitudes and longitudes, and it appears certain that he deduced the spherical form and approximate size of the earth. Regarding this point, Bridges says, in his Introduction to the *Opus Majus:*

"Pierre d'Ailly, in his *Imago Mundi,* written early in the fifteenth century, discussing the relations of the extreme east and west of the habitable globe, has a long passage treating of the probable proximity of Spain and India. For all that appears in the work, this passage is his own. But in fact it is a verbal quotation from the fourth part of the *Opus Majus* (1266). And it has a history worth recording. For it is cited in 1498 in a letter from Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella, as one of the authorities that had put it into his mind to venture on his great voyage". Humboldt asserts that the *Imago Mundi* (embodying this passage from Roger Bacon) "exercised a greater influence on the discovery of America than did the correspondence with the learned Florentine Toscanelli."

Bridges has also much that is of interest and value to say of the relation of Robert Grossteste and Roger Bacon to the reform of the Julian calendar, and of Bacon's relation to the work of Copernicus, who revived the teaching, anticipated by the *Vishnu Purana* and Pythagoras, that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of the solar system.

Part VI of the *Opus Majus* is concerned with experimental science, or the experimental method. Considerations of space prevent our giving this very valuable and prophetic section of his work the study it deserves. We must content ourselves with two illustrations, from his supplementary writings. In the *Opus Tertium,* he thus outlines theoretical and practical chemistry:

"There is another science, which treats of the generation of things from their elements, and of all inanimate [inorganic] things; as of the elements and liquids, simple and compound, common stones, gems and marbles, gold and other metals, sulphur, salts, pigments, lapis lazuli, red lead and other colours, oils, bitumen, and infinite more, of which

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we find nothing in the books of Aristotle; nor are the natural philosophers or any of the Latins acquainted with these things. And, as they are ignorant of these things, they can know nothing of that which follows in physics; that is, of the generation of animate things, as vegetables, animals and man."

In the *Opus Minus,* basing himself on Avicenna, he suggests an interesting relation between the elements and the heavenly bodies; between gold and the sun, silver and the moon, copper and Venus, lead and Saturn, tin and Jupiter, iron and Mars. That he had some experience in practical chemistry is suggested by the sentence: "There are very few who can carry out distillation, or sublimation, or calcination properly, or resolve [analyze], or perform other operations of this kind."

Of magnetism, he has much to say, speaking of the attraction of unlike poles, while like poles repel each other "as the lamb flees the wolf". This he probably learned from Petrus Peregrinus, whose valuable work on magnetism is extant, and to whom is ascribed the invention of the pivoted compass card.

Perhaps even more interesting is the forecast of inventions in his work, *De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturae, et de Nullitate Magiae,* in which, after unveiling the manifold tricks of charlatans and pretenders to magical knowledge, in accordance with his principle, *"In nullo laedenda est Veritas,"*—"Truth must suffer no detriment",—he goes on to speak of (1) ships that will move without oars, with a single helmsman; (2) cars moving without animals, "with an inconceivable impetus"; (3) flying machines, so that a man may sit in the middle of the instrument, turning a certain engine (*aliquod ingenium*) by which wings artfully composed may beat the air, in the fashion of a flying bird; (4) a small instrument which will raise immense weights; by an instrument three fingers high and the same breadth, a man can lift himself and his friends; (5) a machine by which a man can draw a thousand men to himself against their wills: and "endless such things can be made, such as bridges across rivers without piers or supports, and machines and engines unheard of".

He speaks of gunpowder, giving the right constitutents, sulphur, nitre, and charcoal, and says that a quantity of gunpowder the size of a thumb, when exploded, "makes a horrible sound and shows vehement corruscations."

Roger Bacon is, therefore, a supreme example of the proverb he quotes from Aristotle: "All men by nature desire to know"; but, if we would judge him rightly, we should remember his own fine saying: "The end of all true philosophy is to arrive at a knowledge of the Creator through knowledge of the created world." All that has gone before is intended to lead up to that moral philosophy, completely Christian in the highest sense, which trains man's spiritual and immortal part.

Part VII of the *Opus Majus* is concerned with this moral science, which is, for him, the seventh principle of wisdom. This, he says, "is

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the practicable science in the highest sense, which teaches us the ways of good and evil."

To this theme, he makes the Greeks and Orientals contribute, equally with the Hebrews. His method is characteristically Theosophical. But we can do more than suggest his conclusions by reciting the "seven degrees of mystic intuition", as he gives them:

(1) Illumination purely scientific;

(2) Illumination toward righteousness;

(3) The seven gifts of the Spirit enumerated by Isaiah (ch. xi, 2: The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord);

(4) The Gospel beatitudes;

(5) The spiritual senses;

(6) The fruits of the Holy Spirit;

(7) Ecstasy, wherein the soul sees and hears things which it is not permitted to man to reveal.

Here, we have an outline of the path of the disciple, and here we must end. What, then, was the practical fruit of this great Theosophist's life-work? Whether the three treatises reached Clement IV, whether he read them, we do not certainly know. He died a few months later, and his successors were less friendly. It is recorded that Roger Bacon was imprisoned by the authorities of the Franciscan Order; but that this imprisonment seriously hindered his life work, it is difficult to believe, in view of the immense scope of his writings, as we have them.

We must conclude that neither the death of his friend nor the restraint imposed upon him by his Order was the real reason why his intense labours bore so little fruit. The practical reason was the failure of his immediate disciples, whether through sloth or stupidity. He was too great for his age; too great, perhaps, for the succeeding ages also. Only now, after seven centuries, is his conception of the unity of all wisdom, human and divine, making for spiritual life and immortality, fully grasped; and it is grasped only by students of Theosophy, who are ready to say, with him, "The Way of Salvation is one, though the steps be many; Wisdom is the Way of Salvation."

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IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH
KATHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

IV.

The knowers of the Eternal, they who know the five sacred fires, they who offer the triple fire of Nachiketas, tell of the two, the shadow and the light, entering the hidden place in the upper half of the life-cycle, and there drinking spiritual power in the world of good works.

THIS is what students of Theosophy, using a word taken from the Buddhism of Tibet, describe as the teaching of Devachan. "The shadow and the light" are the principles of Manas and Buddhi, the latter the manifestation of Atma; after death, the higher triad is withdrawn into "the hidden place", the higher, subjective plane, and there draws in spiritual power, energy and refreshment for the spiritual nature, in preparation for the following rebirth.

The symbol of the "five fires" is taken from the five fires in the dwelling of the religious householder; but, esoterically, the dwelling is man himself; the fires, really seven in number, are spiritual powers, manifestations or reflections of the fire of Buddhi. This is made clear in the great dialogue between King Pravahana and Shvetaketu Aruneya, the opening sections of which have been translated in an earlier comment. This dialogue sets forth the fundamental Mystery Teaching which contrasts the Path of the Sun, also called the Path of the Gods, which is the way of Liberation, with the Path of the Moon and of the Fathers, which is the way of Reincarnation through Karma and bondage to personality. Of those who follow the latter path, it is said that, at death, they go to the "lunar world", and become "the food of the gods", the divine element in them gathering and assimilating the harvest of the life just ended. Then, after they have dwelt in the lunar world so long as the accumulation of their good works lasts, they descend again into incarnation through the door of birth, the character and rank of that birth being determined by their conduct in the earlier births. (*Chhandogya Upanishad*, 5, 10, 5-8.)

May we gain power over the sacrificial fire of Nachiketas, which is the bridge of those who sacrifice, and which is the imperishable Eternal, the Supreme; the bridge of those who seek to pass over to the farther shore where no fear is.

This verse picks up and expands the reference to the sacrificial fire

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of Nachiketas, spoken of in the preceding verse. That sacrifice is, in reality, the way of Initiation, with its threefold sacrifice, transforming body, soul and spirit; this is the bridge which leads to the fearless shore. The root of the word to "cross over" is the root of the word Avatar, one who, having crossed over, returns again to lead others by the same way.

Know the Higher Self as the lord of the chariot, and the body as the chariot; know the soul as the charioteer, and the mind and emotional nature as the reins.

They say that the powers of perception and action are the horses, and that objective things are the roadways for these; the Self joined with the powers through the mental and emotional nature is called the enjoyer of experience by the wise.

But he who is without understanding, with mind and emotional nature ever uncontrolled, of such a one his powers of perception and action are not under his command, like the unruly horses of the charioteer.

But he who is possessed of understanding, with mind and emotional nature controlled, his powers of perception and action are under his command, like the well-ruled horses of the charioteer.

But he who is not possessed of understanding, with ungoverned mind and emotional nature, ever impure, gains not that goal, but follows the circling path of death and rebirth.

But he who possesses understanding, with well governed mind and emotional nature, ever pure, he indeed gains that goal, from which he returns not to rebirth.

But the man who, using the wisdom of the charioteer, keeps the mind and emotional nature, the reins, well in hand, he gains the consummation of the way, the supreme goal of the divine Pervading Power.

This famous simile of the chariot, which is used by Plato also, suggests the setting of the *Bhagavad Gita,* where Krishna and Arjuna ride in the chariot between the assembled armies. But, while Krishna acts as Arjuna's charioteer, the simile here is somewhat changed; the lord of the chariot is Atma, the Higher Self; he acts through Buddhi, the charioteer, with Manas, the combined mental and emotional nature, as the reins; the five powers of perception and the five powers of action which act through the organs of the body are the horses, and the world of objective life is the road. The ideal is, that the intelligence and will of Buddhi, which embodies Atma, should rule firmly the mental and emotional nature in conformity with Atma, so that the mind thinks spiritual thoughts and the heart entertains spiritual desires; these spiritual thoughts and purposes being then expressed in outer action in the world. Every perception and power must be made obedient to divine wisdom

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and will, so that Divine Wisdom is made a living power in every part of life.

The last three verses again sum up the Mystery Teaching: He who follows Divine Wisdom reaches the goal of the Logos, the divine Pervading Power, called here Vishnu; but he who is under the sway of personality falls again into rebirth through the bondage of Karma.

There is an exact parallel in the Revelation of Saint John: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the City of my God" (3, 12).

Higher than the powers of perception and action are the impulses; and higher than the impulses is the mental and emotional nature; but higher than the mental and emotional nature is the soul; and higher than the soul is the Self, the Great One.

Higher than the Great Self is the Supreme Unmanifested; higher than the Unmanifested is Spirit. Higher than Spirit is nothing; Spirit is the goal, the highest Way.

This Self, hidden in all beings, shines not forth, but by the keen and subtile vision of seers the Self is perceived.

He who has gained illumination should control speech and mind; he should rule them through the Self which is wisdom; the Self which is wisdom he should rule through the Self which is mighty; this he should rule through the Self which is Peace.

The phrase "mental and emotional nature" here, as before, is used to translate Manas; Buddhi is translated soul; Atma is translated Self. It is evident that we have here one aspect of the Principles, taken in order from the lowest to the highest, with the universal Principles, the Logos, manifested and unmanifested, and Spirit, or Parabrahm, from which the Logos, the Higher Self, the soul and powers of man come forth.

It would seem, as was earlier suggested, that we have here passages from a Book of Discipline for Disciples, supplementing the Drama of Initiation. The closing verse, bidding the disciple who has gained illumination to control speech and mind, seems to suggest three consecutive steps in spiritual progress; three degrees, let us say, of the Spiritual Man.

Arise ye! Awake ye! Having obtained your boons, thoroughly understand them. A razor's edge, sharp, hard to pass over, a path difficult to tread is this, as seers declare.

Without sound, without touch, passing not away, without taste, everlasting, without odour, beginningless, unending, higher than the Great One, set firm,—perceiving That, he is set free from the mouth of Death.

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Having declared this immemorial Teaching of Nachiketas, spoken forth by Death, hearing it, the wise man grows great in the world of the Eternal.

Whoever recites this supreme hidden teaching in the assembly of the Eternal, or with devotion at the time of the sacrifice for those who have gone forth—he builds for the everlasting; he builds for the everlasting.

The words "Arise ye! Awake ye!" indicate, as was earlier suggested, the ending of the Drama of the Mysteries which the *Katha Upanishad*, like many of the dialogues in the Upanishads, appears to constitute: a ceremony in which many take part and not simply a dramatized tale of Nachiketas. The benediction at the close resembles the blessing which ends the Bhagavad Gita; may it rest on the present translator!

The second part of the Upanishad has not even the appearance of continuing the drama between Death and Nachiketas, except at its close. It would seem to consist of excerpts from a Book of Discipline for Disciples; pages chosen for their philosophical depth and religious feeling, rather than as embodying the more technical teachings.

The Self-being pierced the openings of the senses outward; therefore man looks outward, not within, toward the Self.

A certain wise man, with reverted vision, turned his sight toward the Self, seeking immortality.

The children of men go after outward desires; they go to the widespread net of Death. Therefore the wise, beholding immortality, seek not that which is permanent among impermanent things.

That, through which he discerns form, taste, odour, sounds, mutual contacts, by that, verily, he discerns wisdom; for what else is there left here? This, verily, is That.

That through which he beholds both dreaming and waking, meditating on this Great One, the Lord, the Self, the wise man grieves no more.

He who has come to know this taster of honey as the Self, the Life, near at hand, Master of what has been and what shall be, thereafter seeks not to hide himself from That. This, verily, is That.

He who of old was born of fervent brooding, born of old from the waters, who, entering into the hidden place, standing there, looked forth through beings: This, verily, is That.

She who comes to birth through the Life, the Mother, clothed with divinity, she who, entering into the hidden place, standing there, was born through beings: This, verily, is That.

The Fire-lord hidden in the fire-sticks, like the germ well borne by those who bear the germ, day by day to be adored by the sons of men who keep vigil, offering oblations, the Lord All-knowing: This, verily, is That.

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That, whence rises the sun, and whither he goes to his setting, in Him all Bright Powers are set firm, nor does any transcend Him: This, verily, is That.

From the primordial waters, the hidden deeps of the Unmanifested Infinite, through fervent brooding, the Manifested Logos came forth, to be born as consciousness in the hearts of all creatures, looking forth through the eyes of all beings; as a twin power, yet subordinate, appeared the feminine form of the Logos, the Mother, who is manifested in the lives of all beings.

As the two fire-sticks evolve fire between them, so these two aspects of the Logos evolve all life; life personified as Divine Fire, which, at one extreme, is the inspiration of genius and, at the other, is the warmth of natural life. This, verily, is That: this manifestation and all manifestations are the Life and Light of the Logos, the One: "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." A better translation is, perhaps, "The darkness overcame it not."

How is the Logos to be found? The answer is given in the opening sentence: "The Logos pierced the openings outward, therefore man looks outward, not within, toward the Self. A certain wise man, with reverted vision, turned his sight toward the Self, seeking immortality."

Lao Tse's teaching is identical: "This is the nature of the Way, the Logos: It is without form, It is concealed. Within It are the forms of beings. Within It are beings. Within It is the Spiritual Power. Within It is the unchanging Witness. It is the door through which all beings come forth. How do I know that it is thus with all beings? I know it through the Way, the Logos" (*Tao-Teh-King*, 21).

That, verily, which is here, that, indeed, is there; that which is there, that is also here. From death to death he goes, who beholds difference in this.

By mind and heart, verily, it is to be apprehended that there is in this no difference at all. From death to death he passes, who beholds difference in this.

The Spirit, of the measure of a thumb, stands in the midst, in the Self; Master of what has been and what shall be; therefrom he seeks not to conceal himself: This, verily, is That.

The Spirit, of the measure of a thumb, like a flame that is without smoke; Master of what has been and what shall be; the same to-day, the same to-morrow: This, verily, is That.

As water, rained on broken ground, flows away among the mountains, so he who beholds the properties of life scattered abroad, runs hither and thither after them.

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As pure water, poured into pure water, becomes one with it, thus, verily, is the Self of the silent sage, who has attained to wisdom, O Gautama.

This is the teaching of the Oneness of Divinity, the Unity which Lao Tse also reverences. That which is there, in the spiritual world, namely, Divine Spirit itself, is here also in this manifested world, for this manifested world is Spirit and Spirit only.

The Spirit of the measure of a thumb is the same divine Life hid within us that Christ compared to a grain of mustard seed: smaller than small, yet mightier than mighty: "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Standing in command of the eleven-doored dwelling of the Unborn, of unbending consciousness, he grieves not; and, being set free, he is free: This, verily, is That.

The Swan in the ether, the Power in the interspace, the Priest at the altar, the Guest in the dwelling; dwelling in man, in the gift, in righteousness, in the clear sky; born in the waters, born in the sacred cow, born in righteousness, born in the mountains, is the Righteous, the Great One.

He leads upward the forward-life; He impels the downward-life. All the Powers worship the Dwarf seated in the midst.

When this Lord of the body, who dwells within the body, departs, set free from the body, what, indeed, remains there? This, verily, is That.

No mortal lives by the forward-life or by the downward-life; but the mortal lives through another, in Whom these two are set firm.

Behold, This shall I declare to thee, the Eternal, hidden, immemorial; and also how it is with the Self, coming to death, O Gautama: To the womb go some, for the embodying of the Lord of the body; to that which moves not go others; according to their Work, according as they have heard.

The commentary attributed to Shankara Acharya, speaking of the eleven-doored dwelling of the Self, the body, enumerates, besides the eyes, nostrils, ears and mouth, an added "door in the head," which would seem to be the same as "the opening at the dividing of the hair," a door of divine vision and inspiration, spoken of in another Upanishad.

There follow beautiful symbols of the Self: the divine Swan soaring in the ether; the Power in the interspace, mediating between heaven and earth; the Priest perpetually offering sacrifice; the Guest in the dwelling, through whose presence the body is the temple of God.

The sacred cow is the symbol at once of the Holy Spirit, which gives each day our spiritual nourishment sufficient for the day, and of mother Earth, nourisher of all.

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The Dwarf seated in the midst is once again the Spirit of the measure of a thumb, smaller than small, yet mightier than mighty. In this divine Life are set firm the forward-life, which goes forth in sight through the eyes, in speech through the lips, and the downward-life, which builds outer perception and outer nourishment into the body. No mortal lives by these; as it is written: "Man shall not live by bread alone."

As to the fate of those who go forth at death, the deeper meaning would seem to be that some enter again into birth, through the bonds of Karma, of their works, while others, following the Path of the Gods, attain that quiet dwelling from whence they "go no more out."

C. J.

(To be continued)

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SAINT CLARE OF ASSISI[1]

WHEN Saint Francis was dying, and felt that the end was near, be bade the brothers carry him forth that he might look once more upon Assisi. Lifting up his eyes to the ancient little city on the hill, with its streets running one above the other in terraces up the steep hill-side, and its small stone houses crowded together, and to the smiling country stretching away outside its walls and gates, he prayed aloud and said: "Blessed be thou of God, Holy City, for many souls shall be saved because of thee." St. Francis spoke truly, for there, where he himself had been born and had lived and laboured for his Lord—there, too, Clare was born, and there her childhood was spent.

Clare means brightness, and this name had been given to her when she was baptized in the Cathedral of St. Rufino, where St. Francis had been baptized twelve years earlier. For shortly before her birth a vision had come to her mother, Ortolana, a devout and pious woman, full of good works; kneeling in prayer before the Cross she had heard a voice which said to her that this child, which was to be born, would be a light which would enlighten the whole world. So she was called Clare—Lady Clare—for she belonged to a rich and noble family. But although Clare lived in a palace, surrounded by wealth and luxury, her heart and her real life were centred in things far removed from the life of the world. Many are the stories which are told of her as a child: —of how she used little stones to count the number of prayers she had said, carrying into her games the spirit of devotion with which her child's heart was even then full; of her goodness to the poor, and of how she would save for them those morsels of food of which she was most fond, in order that she might give to Christ, not those things which she herself did not want, but those which she wanted the most. Even then she, who later on called herself a little plant in Christ's garden, passionately loved flowers, and spent much time in weaving garlands and wreaths with which to adorn the image of the Infant Jesus in the churches. So is the picture of those early years that of a child tender-hearted and loving, of unusual intelligence and beauty, truly good, joyous, and gay and singing as she played among the flowers, herself a fragrant flower, those games into which the thought of the Divine Child was ever woven, through which there must have flashed sometimes, as she grew older, a glimpse of the beatific vision.

As a child, Clare must often have seen St. Francis, often have heard the tales that were told about him: first of his early youth and of his wild pranks and extravagances; of his going to the wars; then of the

[1] An address delivered to a Church congregation.

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profound change that came over him, of his goodness to the poor and his alms-giving, of his nursing the lepers; later of his rebuilding the ruined church of St. Damian, begging the stones and carrying them one by one on his shoulders and placing them in order with the help of the poor priest; finally of his choice of the royal road of poverty, of his forsaking all for love of Christ. She heard these stories on every side. Men that her family knew, men of her own family, joined him. She was fired, stirred. Her whole heart and mind became filled with the desire to follow along that same road. For more and more, as she had grown older, had she come to love quiet and contemplation; more and more had she turned away from the things of the world to that real life which she found within. It became increasingly clear to her, too, that soon she must choose where her duty lay, which path she would tread, for her family and her relatives were even then persistently urging upon her a most brilliant marriage.

She was sixteen years of age when St. Francis first preached in the Cathedral. His words were a revelation to her, her most secret inquiries seemed to be answered, her problems and her perplexities were seen in a clear and radiant light, her heart was filled with a new peace and joy and fervour—and a new determination. She must hear more. So she went to the Saint with her aunt, who sympathized with her, as companion, and talked with him, opening her heart to him and telling him of her desire to serve, and to leave the world and live in holy poverty. Again and again, at intervals, she talked with him. Moved as he must have been, St. Francis may have wished to try her, he may have delayed with design in order that she might be sure. It is said that he commanded her, as a proof of her devotion and of the reality of her desire, to beg her bread from door to door in Assisi. But full of courage, knowing that the Kingdom of Heaven may only be taken by violence, Clare, dressed as a beggar, obeyed.

Finally, on Palm Sunday in the year 1212, when Clare was eighteen years of age, the sign for which she had been waiting came, and she could no longer doubt or delay. St. Francis preached that day, and as she listened, Clare was overwhelmed with a torrent of feeling. Never before had the things of the world seemed of such little worth; never before had she so longed with her whole heart and soul to renounce all, to give herself to her Lord. When the sermon was ended, the people all pressed forward to receive the palms from the hands of the priest. Clare, in humility, silently held back, still under the spell of St. Francis's words, waiting for she knew not what. The Bishop saw her in the shadows, and, coming down, went to her, and gave her the branches of palm with his own hands. At last she was sure. She knew that she must wait no longer. She had been called.

At midnight of that same Palm Sunday, when all the household were asleep, Clare, with her aunt as companion, stole quietly down a back

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staircase and out through a closed-up door of her father's house. It was the Door of the Dead, and was only used for funerals, in accordance with the Italian custom. Only those went out that way who were never to come back, and Clare had made her choice. Through the sleeping town she went, and out across the fields and through the olive groves to the little church of Portiuncula, which has been called the cradle of the Franciscan Orders. There St. Francis and the Friars were waiting for her with flickering torches, after having said the midnight Office. There Clare put off her rich robes, her jewels and her silks; she clothed herself with sackcloth, with a rope as a girdle, and put her bare feet in wooden sandals. Her beautiful hair was cut off, and her head was covered with a black veil, and kneeling there at the same altar where St. Francis, only a few years before, had finally and decisively heard the clear call of Jesus and had known at last what it was that he must do, Clare gave herself to her Lord. "St. Francis read to her the words of Jesus to his disciples, and she vowed to conform her life to them", while her aunt and the brothers knelt around her in prayer.

Early the next morning St. Francis sent her, for greater security, to the Benedictine convent at Bostia. Even there she was not safe. The step which Clare had taken was heroic; none knew better than she the persecutions to which she would be subjected by her family, the efforts which they would make to force her to come back. She had not long to wait. On Holy Monday her father appeared, and made every effort by arguments and expostulations and threats to induce her to return, but in vain. Clare remained firm. She knew, too, in her heart, however much her father might storm, that the women of her family—her mother, her sisters and her aunt—were in deepest sympathy with the step which she had taken. Finally her father, in anger, laid violent hands upon her and tried to drag her away by force. Clare clung to the altar with one hand, while with the other she threw back her black veil and showed her head shorn of its beautiful tresses, and only then did her father realize that both this step and her determination were irrevocable.

Two weeks after Clare had left her father's house, her younger sister Agnes announced to her parents that she was about to join Clare, and that she, too, wished to forsake the world for the cloister. Her father was furious, and a family council was called to consider what should be done. What was to be the end of all this, to what extremes of conduct would this wild movement lead which the son of Bernadone, the merchant, had set on foot! While her relatives deliberated, Agnes made her escape, and Clare received her, and leading her to the altar offered her to the Lord. Close behind Agnes came her uncle, a fierce man, with an escort of twelve men-at-arms, who had been sent by the family to force her to return. Agnes refused to listen either to threats or entreaties, and, seeing her thus obdurate, her uncle, in a towering

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passion, ordered his soldiers to take her away by force. It is said that they dragged and pushed her, resisting at every step, down a steep mountain path, so that the rocks and stones were covered with her blood. In her extremity Agnes cried aloud—"Clare, help me! Help me, my sister, that I be not taken away from Jesus!" In an agony Clare prayed, and again help came,—a sign. The slight body of Agnes became suddenly as heavy as lead, so that the soldiers were in no wise able to move it. They called to some peasants who were working in a field near by to come and help them, but even with their united efforts it was impossible to lift her from the ground. Finally, in an extreme of anger, the uncle drew his sword. As he raised it in the air to strike her, a sudden and sharp pain shot through his extended arm, and it became powerless, and the sword dropped to the ground. Terrified at this sight, and by the miracle, the soldiers fled, and Clare, raising Agnes, led her back to the convent, and thereafter they were not disturbed. A few days later, Agnes made her vows to St. Francis, and he, realizing that they must have a refuge where they might receive those other women whom he knew were to join them, gave to them the little grey Chapel of St. Damian, set among the wild olive trees and half covered with flowering plants and vines, where he himself had made his great beginning. No doubt he recalled that when he was rebuilding St. Damian's, moved by a power he did not then understand, he called to some peasants who were passing by, and said, "Come, help me, in the work of this monastery, for here shall devout women one day dwell, and by them shall our heavenly Father be glorified throughout the length and breadth of his church." There, at St. Damian's, the Order of the Poor Clares came into being, and there, later on, Clare and Agnes were joined by their mother Ortolana, by their sister Beatrice, and by several of their nieces, the daughters of their oldest sister, as well as by many other women of the families of Assisi and of the neighbouring towns and cities.

Then their Rule was given to them by St. Francis, and this Rule probably differed very little from that of the Friars Minor except in so far as it provided that they should live enclosed. There Clare remained to the day of her death, forty-two years later. In the earlier days of the Order it is probable that the rule of absolute enclosure was not strictly enforced, for it is clear that at first the sisters greatly helped the Friars Minor in visiting and caring for the sick, and in nursing the lepers who came to live in huts near St. Damian's. Certain it is that at first St. Francis and St. Clare laboured together outwardly in such works of mercy, and there is a legend which is still told in Assisi of one winter's day when they were both visiting a convent at Spello, a little town seven or eight miles from Assisi, and started the homeward journey, together on foot. The Master walked with them, as always, but St. Francis was disturbed in his heart with the fear of gossiping tongues, and bade Clare take the upper path along the hill-side, while he himself took the road through

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the valley. Clare obediently set out, although not understanding the reason for this parting of the ways, and after a little, when the paths converged, she leaned over and called gently down to St. Francis to inquire when she should again join him. St. Francis replied, "When the roses bloom on Mount Subasio", which indeed seemed very remote on that bleak winter's day. Clare walked on, wondering, and as she walked, the snow began to melt along her path, and lo! she came upon a rose bush in full bloom. With joy in her heart she picked the flowers, and holding them in her arms, she ran lightly down the hill-side to show them to St. Francis, and together they finished the journey to Assisi. Legend or no, what better proof than this that in those early days Clare worked with St. Francis? May we not believe, also, that this work together was ordained and ordered by him who was their Lord and Master?

But as the Order of the Poor Clares grew in numbers, the rule of enclosure was strictly kept, and the sisters never went outside their convent and their garden. This garden was large, covering several acres, and was surrounded by high walls, which enclosed as well a patch of woodland. They followed the rule of absolute poverty which St. Francis had given them, finding in their freedom from worldly possessions the freedom, too, to turn within and to find there more fully, more completely, the Master whom they followed. They had no money in those early days, and the dowries which certain of the sisters brought with them were given at once to the poor; they would not accept property as possessions, in spite of the utmost pressure from Rome to induce them to do so. They lived in rough cells; they were constantly in prayer; they occupied themselves with spinning thread, with embroidery and fine sewing, and they made altar linen and many beautiful vestments. Certain of the brothers were delegated by St. Francis to provide them with food and the necessities of life, and these they obtained for them by begging from house to house. There is a story that one day, when the sisters were in need of oil, they set a large empty jar outside the convent wall, and sent a messenger to St. Francis to ask that the oil might be supplied them. Now it so happened that the Friar, whose duty it was that day to provide for the sisters, delayed for a long time, for some reason or other, in going to fetch the jar. Finally he arrived at the door of the convent, and looking into the jar, was amazed to find it full of oil. Indignant at what he regarded as a waste of his time, which he thought might have been better employed in other duties, he went back and told all to St. Francis, and only then did he understand that the jar had been filled by other than human hands, and that in this miracle he must see, as well, a rebuke for his own tardiness.

Many are the stories of St. Clare herself, of her life and of her miracles. We hear of a miraculous cure wrought by her in the case of a man who was possessed by a devil. Clare, after praying and making

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the sign of the cross over him, bade him sleep for a little while on the spot where she usually prayed; he did so, and awoke cured. We read of how she repulsed the Saracens, when they had not only captured Assisi itself, but had even swarmed within the confines of St. Damian's and had invaded the cloister. The sisters, terror-stricken, rushed in tears to their Mother. Clare, although she was ill at the time, caused herself to be assisted to an open window overlooking the garden, and, standing there in full view, prayed for help, and again her prayer was answered, for she heard a voice say to her, "I will always defend thee." On the instant, fear spread through the ranks of the invaders, and immediately they fled from out the cloister and the garden, and never ceased in their flight until they had left the city of Assisi far behind them. Of these miracles, there is no end. They are charmingly told by Brother Thomas of Celano of the Order of Friars Minor. Among them he includes a miracle of the multiplication of bread. He says, "There was once only a single loaf of bread in the monastery, and the time of hunger and the hour for eating had come. Having called the refectorian, the Saint bade her divide the loaf and send half of it to the Friars and keep the rest for the sisters. Of this remaining half she ordered fifty pieces to be made, according to the number of the Ladies, and placed before them at the table of Poverty. When the devout daughter made answer that in this case the ancient miracles of Christ would be necessary in order that such a small piece of bread might be divided into fifty parts, the mother replied, 'Do what I tell thee, daughter, and trust what I say.' When the daughter hastened to fulfil the mother's commands, the mother hastened to direct her pious sighs to her Christ for her daughters. By the Divine favour the little piece of bread increased in the hands of her who broke it and an abundant portion was provided for each one of the Community."

So we must picture St. Clare, beautiful and gracious, living among her ladies in gentleness and humility, able through her great love and nearness to the unseen world of the real, and through her life of prayer, to bring to pass these things, and many others like them, which the world calls miracles. We must picture her caring for her flowers—she called herself "the little plant of the most blessed Father Francis"—in her own tiny garden on the terrace, and singing as she worked, for like Francis she was gay and joyous, while around her bloomed lilies, symbols of purity; violets, of humility; and roses, of love for God and man. We must picture her going quietly through the convent in the early morning hours, "lighting the lamps and ringing the bells for prayers before her Community arose." We see her caring for some sick sister, washing the feet of the serving women, attending to the needs of her ladies in the refectory and refusing to partake herself until they had all eaten. Truly, Abbess as she was, she lived among them as one that serveth! And we must picture her again late at night, after all were asleep, steal-

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ing softly through the corridors and the cells to see that all was well, perhaps covering some sleeper who was cold.

But we must see her, too, in still another light, in her quiet and seclusion on the hill-side amidst the olive trees. The sterner, heroic qualities of the girl had grown and developed. St. Francis's disciple had become a woman exceedingly brilliant, highly intellectual, forceful and full of power. We must picture her as well in the daily instruction of the sisters; busy with new foundations of the Order all the world over; in correspondence with Pope and Cardinals in regard to these foundations and her Rule; receiving frequently messengers and emissaries from Rome, sometimes even the Pope himself. Receiving, too, almost daily, those who came to see her from all over Italy, for the fame of the holiness and the goodness of the Poor Clares had spread abroad throughout the whole land, and the influence of their prayers and the power working through them from this communion reached out and drew to them from far and near all those who needed counsel and help and inspiration. For there had been a profound revolution in the lives of all classes of people; hundreds had been filled with the desire to emulate Clare and her ladies. The rich and noble gave away their possessions to the poor and built chapels and retreats for themselves. Many who were unable to join Clare became members of the Third Order of St. Francis, while others tried to live under a rule in their own homes. Truly did Clare, enclosed as she was, begin to enlighten the whole world!

Such was her life throughout the forty-two years at St. Damian's, and her strength and her power and her loveliness continually increased: a life of continual communion. At night, "Clare remained watchful and unwearied in prayer, so that while sleep lay hold of the others she might by stealth, as it were, receive the visits of the Divine whisper." By day her communion with her Lord was unbroken; each act was done for him, each thought offered for him. The years brought illness and infirmities of the body, so that the strength given her was indeed made increasingly perfect through weakness, until finally the end came. As she lay, surrounded by her weeping ladies, she was heard speaking softly to her own soul. "'Go forth', she said, 'without fear. For thou hast a good guide for thy journey. Go forth', she said, 'for He who created thee hath sanctified thee and, protecting thee always, loveth thee with a love as tender as that of a mother for her son. Blessed be Thou, Lord,' she said, 'who hast created me.' When one of the Sisters asked her to whom she was speaking, Clare replied, 'I am speaking to my blessed soul.' Nor was that glorious guide far distant. For, turning to a certain daughter, she asked, 'O daughter, dost thou see the King of Glory whom I behold?'"

Six hundred years later, when her tomb was opened, they found her, scarcely changed, in the coarse brown habit of the Order, with the

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Book of the Rule in her hand, and it is said that the flowers which lay about her still preserved their fragrance.

A story of humility and of poverty, of a great love and a great influence. For Clare, humility found its most complete expression in poverty; freedom from possessions brought inner freedom; having nothing, she possessed all things. She gave herself, and was free to give in return; few women have so influenced the life of their time. Surely some measure of such influence must be possible for each one of us, in these later days, if we truly desire it: possible for all those who are enclosed, as Clare was, hemmed in with all kinds of household duties and cares, with family ties. It must be a question of living the life, of doing each little duty of every day as perfectly as we can, as an offering to the Master, as the immediate thing which he is asking at that particular moment of time to have done for him. It must be a question of holding in detachment those possessions which we may have; of looking upon wealth as being in trust for others; of freedom from *things* that we may be free to find, as did Francis and Clare, the inner realities and the real values. When we have laid hold on these, we can give, and others who need what we have to offer will come to us, as they came from afar to Clare, drawn by a spirit of true devotion and of sacrifice that transcends in its gifts and in its rewards all that we can ask or think.

We, too—each one of us—can walk along life's way with something at least of that same humility of spirit, that fire of love, that gaiety of heart that comes from true self-surrender. Perhaps we may become conscious, too, that One is walking with us by the way, if only our eyes will cease to be holden,—trying to speak with us, as he did with Francis and with Clare, when we talk together and are sad. But we shall not know it save through that same spirit of prayer, carried into all daily life and all living. Vision and strength can only be possible through that same close communion with him, through the lifting up of our hearts to him, through the receiving of him into the quiet of our hearts. He called it that good part which shall not be taken away, this way of contemplation and of prayer. It is the same to-day, in all the rush and turmoil of modern life, as it has been throughout the centuries since he first said this.

> "For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

We, too, by our prayer, by our communion with the Master, are bound by living chains to the feet of him who died that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly.

C. R. A.

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LODGE DIALOGUES

IV

NIGHT had come—night with a million stars. It is the hour of faith, of the hidden life, when the secrets of the heart are revealed. The body lies asleep. On the other side of sleep the soul wakes, threading its way through the mazes of the mind to temporary freedom and calm, readjusting itself to realities.

At these heights the stars are close; one could almost touch them with the fingers of an outstretched hand it seems; and they are friendly, too, in their nearness,—not austere and distant in their purity and obedience as so often they appear from below. Here they shine from the depth of blue which throbs in unison with the great Heart behind. One can feel that Heart.

We had come a long, long way, and the Littlest One and I lay and gazed at them. Not far off the Finger Peak pointed upward, piercing the blue.

"Big Brother says they are the candles of the angels"; the sweet, childish treble was hushed in tone, "but how slowly the angels walk then! I suppose not to joggle", he said.

"They move in Eternity", I answered, "where they live, and with God's patience which they serve, mercifully for us, since we who live in time, can sustain the hope of not being left behind."

"If the world is round", he continued, "might it not be quicker to walk about the other way and meet them?"

"Some people have tried that, but in the dark they lost their way and fell into the abyss. It is a dangerous chance. Not one in a thousand succeeds. It is best to come here to gaze at them, and then to walk in their light. We never can lose them then."

After a pause he asked, "When you go back, how do the stars look from there?"

"Like courage and fortitude, dear child, like endurance and patience and strength; like belief in the Father's love, and trust in his wisdom, and obedience to his will. They are the lights of faith."

"Where did the light come from to make them?—I know", he added quickly, "from the eyes of the Devas, who made them a present to God."

M.

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AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

II

The Middle Kingdom (*continued*)

ANOTHER example of the painful re-awakening of the men of the Middle Kingdom, immediately following the dark period, is a remarkable papyrus which describes a colloquy, one might call it a dispute, between a man and his own soul,—a man who feels that he has a just grievance against society, which in consequence he despises. It is an early protest of the individual against what he considers unjust social conditions, the sort of thing we should never have found in the Old Kingdom. But it takes us much farther than did the Harper, because it maintains that, while we may know little in detail of what happens to us after death, this is no reason for unbridled indulgence now. We can only give extracts, for the dialogue is long and much of it very obscure. The early part is given over to an enumeration of the miseries caused by the evils of the day, by false friends and by cruel enemies. But for all that, healing is not to be found in intemperance and self-indulgence, as the Harper would have us think. Death is far preferable to a life of debauchery, and should, indeed, be looked on as a happy release.

Death is before me today
(Like) the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.

Death is before me today
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

Death is before me today
Like the odor of lotus flowers,
Like sitting on the shore of drunkenness.

Death is before me today
Like the course of the freshet,
Like the return of a man from the war-galley to his house.

Death is before me today
Like the clearing of the sky,
Like a man (fowling therein toward) that which he knew not.

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Death is before me today
As a man longs to see his house
When he has spent years in captivity.[4]

It does not occur to this mournful individual to fall to with a will and help to better social conditions,—that was to come later; the world had not yet waked up to the possibility of doing this. This man only longs for liberation from his miseries, sighing to himself:

He who is yonder
Shall stand in the celestial barque,
Causing that the choicest of the offerings there be given
to the temples.

He who is yonder
Shall be a wise man who has not been repelled,
Praying to Ra when he speaks.[5]

While the Harper saw emancipation only in living for the moment, this despairing man sees it in seeking "those who are beyond"—the dead. He is fortunately typical only of a short period of the thinking world of that day, but that he could exist at all is significant.

Side by side with him we find the less egotistical reflections of a priest of Heliopolis, who bewails social conditions as intensely as does the Misanthrope, but not on his own account; his concern is for society itself, which is its own worst enemy: "Righteousness is cast out, iniquity is in the midst of the council-hall. The plans of the gods are violated, their dispositions are disregarded. The land is in distress, mourning is in every place, towns and districts are in lamentation. All men alike are under wrongs; as for respect, an end is made of it."[6] But he is no more successful in finding a solution than were the other two.

Even the King does not escape the general despondency. Amenemhat I, the great founder of the XIIth Dynasty, solemnly admonishes his son and successor, Senusert I, exhorting him to put his faith in no man. Late in life the attempted assassination of the King by his most trusted subjects, had so shaken his confidence in human nature, and had left so deep and terrible a scar on his soul, that his short utterance is full of bitterness. In a few dramatic lines, he has left us a vivid picture of that dark midnight scene in the palace, when the conspiracy, kept secret till that moment, bursts in all its fury on the old and unsuspecting King.

It was after the evening meal, and night was come. I took for myself an hour of ease. I lay down upon my bed, for I was weary. My heart began to wander. I slept. And lo! weapons were brandished, and there was conference concerning me. I acted as the serpent of the desert. [He remained quiet but watchful.]

I awoke to fight; I was alone. I found one struck down, it was

[4] Breasted's translation.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid.

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the captain of the guard. Had I received quickly the arms from his hand, I had driven back the dastards by smiting around. But he was not a brave man on that night, nor could I fight alone; an occasion of prowess cometh not to one surprised. Thus was I.[7]

He then sternly counsels his son, with evident, perhaps pardonable, disillusionment:

Hearken to that which I say to thee,
That thou mayest be King of the earth,
That thou mayest be ruler of the lands,
That thou mayest increase good.
Harden thyself against all subordinates.
The people give heed to him who terrorizes them.
Approach them not alone,
Fill not thy heart with a brother,
Know not a friend,
Nor make for thyself intimates,
Wherein there is no end.
When thou sleepest, guard for thyself thine own heart;
For a man has no people
In the day of evil.
I gave to the beggar, I nourished the orphan;
I admitted the insignificant as well as him who was of great account.
But he who ate my food made insurrection;
He to whom I gave my hand aroused fear therein.[8]

It would be an unpardonable injustice to the men of the Middle Kingdom, however, to imagine that the profound and negative dejection so pronounced in the Song of the Harper and in the lamentations of the Misanthrope and of the Heliopolitan priest, and even in Amenemhat I, was in any sense universal or of long duration. Egypt had suffered much during the dark period after the downfall of the Old Kingdom, and, as we have already pointed out, most of the despondent writing of the new era was in the early days before the complete restoration of order, and while men's hearts were still sore. They had lost the power which was the heritage of the men of the Old Kingdom, of making the particular subservient to the collective, of merging diversity into unity. An undue emphasis was put on their individual selves, dulling their spiritual perception. Their minds could no longer, as in the Old Kingdom, turn rapturously outwards, losing themselves in the glories of the visible universe, seeing, with the eyes of the soul, that universe as but the reflection of the hidden and still more glorious kingdom beyond, where the spirit dwells eternal,—seeing, also, man in his true relation to it. Instead of this, their bewildered minds turned inwards upon themselves, making their individual selves the measure of truth. And yet, with it all, there was a blind, a piteous reaching out and upwards towards better things, a struggling against the dark forces, which saves this period from being

[7] Gunn's translation.
[8] Breasted's translation.

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completely decadent. We have but to sympathise with the yearning in all their references to their illustrious ancestors, "the gods who were aforetime", "the glorious departed", to appreciate their sad comparisons between the evils of the present and the dignity of the past, and to know that they were grievously dissatisfied with themselves. It had long before been said by one of the Wise Men of the Old Kingdom: "That which destroyeth a vision is the veil over it." The men of the early part of the Middle Kingdom allowed their vision to be dulled by the thick veil of personality which shut them in and all but smothered them.

Presently, however, we come upon a sharp counter-current, an entirely new spirit,—a spirit of a strong and healthy recognition of the immutable, the eternal values of life. What if the resting places of the dead, so carefully planned, so strongly built, have been desecrated! What matters it if nothing mortal remains sacred in a fleeting world? Character, at least, can and should be made permanent, and it is character, in the end, which will bring about the regeneration of society, and triumph over death. This, of course, as we have seen, was also the point of view of the men of the Old Kingdom, only they, being less labyrinthine in their methods of approach, reached this solution with fewer difficulties.

A striking example can be found in the scathing arraignment of society by Ipuwer, to us an obscure personage, but evidently a sage of high repute in his day. His grief is intense that the glory of the old world has departed; he censures himself severely for not having sooner made an effort to stem the tide: "Would that I had uttered my voice at that time, that it might save me from the suffering wherein I am. Woe is me for the misery of this time." But with consuming energy he exhorts men to renewed effort to purify their lives, and to "destroy the enemies of the August Residence" (of the Pharaoh), assuring them that with this renewed effort will come again among them the Perfect Ruler. "It is said he is the Shepherd of all men. There is no evil in his heart. When his herds are few, he passeth the day to gather them together, their hearts being fevered." It would seem that Ipuwer is calling up before the eyes of men the forgotten image of Ra, the Ideal King, the first Divine Ruler of Egypt, and as Breasted, whose translation is given, points out, one compares it instinctively with the later Hebraic predictions of the coming of the Messiah.

One characteristic form of literature of this period, and of which there is not a little, is that in which we find laid down very definite rules for good conduct, wholesome and sane living, moderation, the practice of cheerfulness, and, above all, moral earnestness,—in fact the sort of sound advice which a father would give a son, knowing that it would help to build up, for the younger generation, a healthy and happy state. It is in the "Wisdom of Ptahhotep" that we find perhaps the best known example of this. These "Instructions" are found many times repeated in XIIth. Dynasty papyri, for they were held in such high esteem that they were apparently widely circulated, and were taught in the schools

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and given as writing exercises. Part of them were said to have come down from the Old Kingdom, being the "Sayings" of a Wise Man of the Vth. Dynasty. The "Instructions" are purely ethical in character, having little if any religious flavour, but they are full of a bed-rock common-sense and a ripe knowledge of the pitfalls to which poor human nature is exposed,—all of which inspires deep respect. In them there is also a kindly tolerance, a sort of whimsicality, and flashes of quiet humour which are altogether human and delightful.

> If thou findest an arguer talking, thy fellow (equal), one that is within thy reach, keep not silence when he saith aught that is evil; so shalt thou be wiser than he.
>
> If thou find an arguer talking, a poor man, that is to say not thine equal, be not scornful toward him because he is lowly. Let him alone; then shall he confound himself. Question him not to please thine heart, neither pour out thy wrath upon him that is before thee; it is shameful to confuse a mean mind. If thou be about to do that which is in thine heart, overcome it as a thing rejected of princes.
>
> Cause not fear among men, . . . live in the house of kindliness.
>
> If thou be among the guests of a man that is greater than thou, accept that which he giveth thee, putting it to thy lips. If thou look at him that is before thee, thine host, pierce him not with many glances. It is abhorred of the soul to stare at him.
>
> If thou be lowly, serve a wise man, that all thy actions may be good before the God. If thou hast known a man of none account that hath been advanced in rank, be not haughty toward him on account of that which thou knowest concerning him; but honour him that hath been advanced, according to that which he hath become.
>
> If thou be among people, make for thyself love, the beginning and end of the heart.
>
> If thou be a leader, be gracious when thou harkenest unto the speech of a suppliant. Let him not hesitate to deliver himself of that which he hath thought to tell thee; but be desirous of removing his injury. Let him speak freely, that the thing for which he hath come to thee may be done, . . . a well taught heart hearkeneth readily.
>
> If thou desire that thine actions may be good, save thyself from all malice, and beware of the quality of covetousness, which is a grievous inner malady. Let it not chance that thou fall thereinto. It setteth at variance fathers-in-law and the kinsmen of the daughter-in-law; it sundereth the wife and the husband.
>
> Repeat not extravagant speech, neither listen thereto; for it is the utterance of a body heated by wrath. When such speech is repeated to thee, hearken not thereto, look to the ground. Speak not regarding it, that he that is before thee may know wisdom.
>
> If thou be powerful, make thyself to be honoured for knowledge and gentleness. Speak with authority, that is, not as if following injunctions, for he that is humble, when highly placed, falleth into errors. Exalt not thine heart that it be not brought low. Be not silent, but beware of interruption and of answering words with heat. Put it far from thee; control thyself. The

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wrathful heart speaketh fiery words; it darteth out at the man of peace that approacheth, stopping his path.

Set out after a violent quarrel; be at peace with him that is hostile unto thee, his opponent. It is such souls that make love to grow.

If thou be great, after being of none account, and hast gotten riches after squalor, being foremost in these in the city, and hast knowledge concerning useful matters, so that promotion has come to thee; then swathe not thine heart in thine head, for thou art become the steward of the endowments of God. Thou art not the last; another shall be thine equal, and to him shall come the like fortune and station.

If thou wouldest seek out the nature of a friend, ask it not of any companion of his; but pass a time with him alone, that thou injure not his affairs. Debate with him after a season; test his heart in an occasion of speech. When he hath told thee his past life, he hath made an opportunity that thou mayest either be ashamed for him or be familiar with him. Be not reserved with him when he openeth speech, neither answer him after a scornful manner. Withdraw not thyself from him, neither interrupt him whose matter is not yet ended, whom it is possible to benefit.

Be thy heart overflowing but refrain thy speech.

Be not covetous toward thy neighbours; for with a gentle man praise availeth more than might.

Let thy face be bright what time thou livest.[9]

We have quoted Ptahhotep at some length because of his great importance in XIIth. Dynasty literature. In the "Installation of the Vizier", we find the same insistence on honesty and fair play, only, as is natural in this case, it emphasizes more the official obligations, than the duties of the private citizen.

Forget not to judge justice. It is an abomination of the God to show partiality. This is the teaching, therefore do thou accordingly. Look upon him who is known to thee, like him who is unknown to thee; and him who is near the King like him who is far from his house.

Be not wroth against a man wrongfully; but be thou wroth at that at which one should be wroth.

Behold, it becomes the arrogant (literally the "violent hearted"), that the King should love the timid more than the arrogant.

Behold, men expect the doing of justice in the procedure of the Vizier. Behold, that is its (justice's) customary law since the God.[10]

We must not fail to note the reiteration that justice has been the law in Egypt since the time when Ra ruled on earth, and that the people, therefore, look for justice at the hands of the King's highest and most trusted servant,—the Vizier.

And when at last we turn to the mortuary texts of the Middle Kingdom, if we have any remaining doubts of the high ideals of this

[9] Gunn's translation.

[10] Breasted's translation.

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age, they are quickly dispelled. We read with profound admiration the list of virtues which the dead must present to their judges before they can be said to have earned an immortal life. Honesty, truthfulness, uprightness, purity in speech and act, the sanctity of the family ties, strict filling of all social obligations. In referring to the moral code of the Egyptians of this time, Chabas says: "None of the Christian virtues is forgotten in it; piety, charity, self-command in word and action, chastity, the protection of the weak, benevolence towards the humble, deference to superiors, respect for property in its minutest details,—all is expressed there." We find a typical example of the ethical standards of the Middle Kingdom in the well known XIIth. Dynasty tomb of Ameni (a noble, and probably the governor of his nome), at Benihassan. The words are those which the deceased is to utter before his judges:

> Not a little child did I injure. Not a widow did I oppress. Not a herdsman did I ill-treat. There was no beggar in my days; no one starved in my time. And when the years of famine came, I ploughed all the lands of the province to its northern and southern boundaries, feeding its inhabitants and providing their food. There was no starving person in it, and I made the widow to thrive as though she possessed a husband.

There were forty-two sins to which the departed soul had to plead "not guilty". If he proved his innocence he could then pass on as "true of speech". In the Middle Kingdom (as indeed had already been the case in the Old Kingdom), there is so much interweaving of the cult of Osiris with that of Ra when we approach the realms of the dead, and it is such a vast subject, that we cannot even touch on it now. We must not forget, however, that it is originally from the solar theology that we get the first glimmerings of moral obligations, as we have already seen in the Pyramid Texts,[11] and we find them continued now in the Middle Kingdom, and Ra himself, the Ideal King (as Ipuwer showed him to be, and as we find it stated in the "Installation of the Vizier"), is the one who stimulates to ever renewed efforts towards righteousness and justice. Thus we read, "that good which came out of the mouth of Ra himself, 'speak truth, do truth, for it is great, it is mighty, it is enduring. The reward thereof shall find thee, and shall follow thee into blessedness hereafter.' " [12]

[11] Breasted says: "There can be no doubt that in the Old Kingdom the sovereignty of Ra had resulted in attributing to him the moral requirements laid upon the dead in the hereafter, and that in the surviving literature of that age he is chiefly the righteous God rather than Osiris. . . . The later rapid growth of ethical teaching in the Osiris faith and the assumption of the rôle of judge by Osiris is not yet discernible in the Pyramid Age, and the development which made these elements so prominent in the Middle Kingdom took place in the obscure period after the close of the Pyramid Age. Contrary to the conclusion generally accepted at present, it was the Sun God, therefore, who was the earliest champion of moral worthiness and the great judge in the hereafter. A thousand years later Osiris . . . emerged as the great moral judge . . . To these later conditions from which modern students have drawn their impressions, the current conclusion regarding the early moral supremacy of Osiris is due. The greater age of the Solar faith in this as in other particulars is, however, perfectly clear."

[12] From "The Eloquent Peasant."

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It has been pointed out that the Pyramid Texts contain many magical formulæ; but we now find them in vastly increasing numbers. One of the most striking changes of the times is the growing complexity of the dangers which the departed soul must encounter in the next world; and the belief in the power of the spoken word, on behalf of the dead, has made great progress since the time of the Old Kingdom.[13] These charms, together with very beautiful prayers and invocations, were written for the use and protection of the deceased on the inside of his coffin. As we know, these "Coffin Texts" of the Middle Kingdom formed the nucleus of what became so familiar to the Egyptian of a later time, that is, "The Chapters of the Going Forth by Day," as le Page Renouf and some others translate it. Naville says he "would prefer 'Coming Out of the Day'—the day being a period of a man's life, having its morning and its evening." Rawlinson translates it: "The Manifestation of Light" or the "Chapters Revealing Light to the Soul." Today it is commonly known to us as the "Book of the Dead", the modern name given by Lepsius, who attempted no translation of the ancient title. The charms used in the "Coffin Texts" were looked upon as of the greatest importance to the lonely soul in his journey to the next world, and at this early period their motive was in general a perfectly sincere one,—if the soul was impure the incantation could not protect him. But as time went on, much of the early sincerity fell away, while the belief in the inherent power of the charms, no matter what the worthiness or the unworthiness of the deceased, remained; and it was this trust in their invariable efficacy which enabled a crafty and self-seeking priesthood of a later day to work on the feelings of the people and to commercialize what had originally been a very pure element in their religion. To quote again from Breasted: "It is difficult for the modern mind to understand how completely the belief in magic penetrated the whole substance of life." But this is not true of all modern thinkers. Madame Blavatsky writes: "Magic was considered a divine science which led to a participation in the attributes of Divinity itself";[14] and again: "for notwithstanding that it is occult and unknown to our scholars, who deny its possibilities, magic is still a science."[15] So if, in reading the "Coffin Texts", we feel that we have to dig and delve in a mass of what, to our average ignorance of today, seems an endless maze of unintelligible semi-crude writings, of spells very difficult to understand, and therefore still more difficult to translate, let us remember that these seemingly crude forms in reality hide a long-forgotten science of the most far reaching kind, whether most of us understand it or not. In any case, we are amply rewarded by the nuggets of pure gold which we come across in the shape of prayers and exhortations.

[13] "The spoken word has a potency unknown to, unsuspected and disbelieved in, by modern 'sages'." *Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 307.

[14] *Isis Unveiled*, vol. I, p. 25.

[15] *Ibid*, vol. I, p. 244.

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"That which saves the 'Book of the Dead' itself from being exclusively a magical *vade mecum* for use in the hereafter," says Breasted, "is its elaboration of the ancient idea of the moral judgment, and its evident appreciation of the burden of conscience." But this statement, it seems to us, is far too limited; for when one has subtracted all the magic, and all the moral judgment and the emphasis on conscience, there still remain the adoration and praise found in the hymns and prayers, and these can by no means be overlooked or set aside. Most of the larger papyri of the "Book of the Dead"[16] open with a hymn to Ra, which can be taken as but one example of this raising of the heart in a pure outpouring of worship:

> Homage to thee, O Ra, at thy beauteous rising. Thou risest, thou risest; thou shinest, thou shinest at the dawn. Thou art King of the Gods, and the Maati Goddesses embrace thee. The company of the Gods praise thee at sunrise and at sunset. Thou sailest over the heights of heaven and thy heart is glad. Thy Morning Boat meeteth thy Evening Boat with fair winds. . . . Thou art Horus of the Eastern and the Western skies. . . . O thou Only One, O thou Perfect One, O thou who art eternal, who art never weak, whom no mighty one can abase; none hath dominion over the things which appertain to thee. Homage to thee in thy characters of Horus, Tum and Khepera, thou Great Hawk, who makest man to rejoice by thy beautiful face. When thou risest men and women live. Thou renewest thy youth, and dost set thyself in the place where thou wast yesterday. O Divine Youth, who art self-created, I cannot comprehend thee. Thou art the lord of heaven and earth, and didst create beings celestial and beings terrestrial. Thou art the One God, who camest into being in the beginning of time. Thou didst create the earth, and man, thou didst make the sky and the celestial river Hep; thou didst make the waters and didst give life unto all that therein is. Thou hast knit together the mountains, thou hast made mankind and the beasts of the field to come into being, and hast made the heavens and the earth. . . . O thou Divine Youth, thou heir of everlastingness, self-begotten and self-born, One, Might, of myriad forms and aspects, Prince of An [Heliopolis], Lord of Eternity, Everlasting Ruler, the Company of the Gods rejoice in thee. As thou risest thou growest greater; thy rays are upon all faces. Thou art unknowable, and no tongue can describe thy similitude; thou existest alone. Millions of years have passed over the world, I cannot tell the number of those through which thou hast passed. Thou journeyest through spaces requiring millions of years to pass over in one little moment of time, and then thou settest and dost make an end of the hours.[17]

In the "Coffin Texts" we find a distinct increase in the democratization of the hereafter, as compared with the Pyramid Texts. In the

[16] It is well nigh impossible, and indeed inadvisable, to draw too sharp a line of cleavage between the "Coffin Texts" and the "Book of the Dead," as many of the chapters of the latter are merely elaborations of those found in the former, and in many cases both are directly descended from the Pyramid Texts.

[17] E. A. Wallis Budge's translation.

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latter we saw that the Pharaoh alone was mentioned, and we have stated what would seem to have been the reason, but the "Coffin Texts" are enlarged to include aspirants of varying degrees, such as Amamu, a man in private life without any official position whatever; Sapti, a lady of the nobility; Sena, an overseer of the palace of the King; Menthuhotep, a priest, and countless others. This, of course, was a natural result, as well as a reflection of the existing social conditions, the rise of the nobility and to a certain extent of the middle classes, to which we have already drawn attention.

In reviewing the Middle Kingdom then, and in summing up our impressions of it, we find that, like most many-sided things, whether individuals or epochs, it is full of apparent contradictions, and, indeed, we could hardly find two states of mind divided by a greater gulf than that which separates the Song of the Harper from the splendid opening lines of the now famous seventeenth chapter of the "Book of the Dead",—that chapter which already in the "Coffin Texts" was much in use, and which, in fact, is almost certainly a survival from Pyramid times:

I am He who closeth, and He who openeth, and I am but One.[18]
I am Ra at His first appearance,
I am the Great God, Self- Produced.
. . . . . .
I am Yesterday, and I know Tomorrow.

HETEP EN NETER.

(To be continued)

[18] Le Page Renouf says: "It would be difficult for us to imagine that the very remarkable opening" [meaning the *first line* quoted above] "of the chapter, is an addition. Yet it is unknown to the primitive recension on the wall of Horhotep's tomb, though found everywhere else" [Horhotep's tomb being the earliest in which this chapter is found]. "The texts, however, which contain it, do not agree."

To the words: "I am He who closeth, and He who openeth, and I am but One," Renouf very aptly parallels: "I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, saith the Lord." Apocalypse, I, 8.

Thus, from the sublime spirit of the ancients, there flow into the minds of those who imitate them, certain emanations, like clouds of vapour from the cleft rocks in holy shrines; and these inspire even the least gifted with the enthusiasm and greatness of others.—LONGINUS.

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EVOLUTION AND DAILY LIVING

THE study of natural history, or in its broader sense, biology, is popularly conceived to be of little value in so far as "questions of the day" are concerned. The mind of the public vaguely relegates biology to the limbo of unpractical subjects, a career for those who are relatively unfit to do anything better, a hobby for those who have exceptional opportunity or much leisure. While this body of opinion is generous enough to grant learning and considerable intellectual capacity to biologists, it is held a pity that such talents and accomplishments cannot be turned to more fruitful fields of endeavour. The writer, primarily a biologist, is compelled to admit that there is some weight to this criticism. It is quite true that biologists have little to contribute of value to these "problems of life", which are now the theme of discussion on every side. To say, however, that biology has no bearing upon them, is a totally different and a false proposition.

It may well seem somewhat surprising that the study of plants and animals has any bearing upon the weighty problems, political, social, and economic, which at present are crowding upon the peoples of the world, crying for a solution. These weighty questions have existed, in one form or another, ever since civilization came into being, but they are periodically forgotten in eras of tranquil prosperity. Such an era has recently come to a close, the problems have been rediscovered, and a people, whose vanity is greatly tickled thereby, fondly imagines that the discovery is two-thirds of the battle, and that proper laws or treaties drawn up by sufficiently learned commissions will administer the *coup de grace*. That this attitude is even greater folly than the search for the Philosopher's Stone or the Fountain of Youth in the Middle Ages, and that it is founded on an utter disregard of some hard and unpalatable facts, is one of the contributions which biology is fully able to make.

A sufficiently careful and honest reflection upon the known facts in the plant and animal worlds, leads to one obvious deduction, namely that a fundamental principle of design actuates all the activities of nature. The theories of chance and the fortuitous combinations of atoms, by which the materialists of two generations ago sought to explain even universal phenomena and their origin, are worthless in the light of recent scientific discovery in all its branches, and were generated not only by the relative ignorance of the period, but also by the intensity of the reaction against a mediaeval and outworn theology which was served wholesale as a substitute for religion. This principle of design is better known as the Law of Evolution. Evolution has been defined as a steady progression from a lower to a higher type, brought about by the due operation of immutable law. Progress and improvement are,

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consequently, two corollaries of this law, and be it noted, they are not the vague aims of a somewhat mistily conceived God, but an actual product or result attained by the world of living matter through the ages during which it has been subject to the laws of nature. It is equally obvious that the limit to this progress and improvement of the forms of living matter is bounded solely by the existence of life. Existence, then, and progress are as nearly synonymous as are the terms God and laws of nature.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that evolution is a fact, not merely a theory, a fact proved beyond peradventure. The recent rapid advances in Palæontology have done more than anything else to establish this by greatly extending our knowledge of animals living in bygone ages. A simple comparison of ancient types with living ones shows graphically the force of evolution and the progress which has been attained. It is obvious that a worm and a horse are very different; it is equally obvious that a horse is a higher type of animal than a worm, due in part, at least, to a more complicated structure. But we know from the fossil record that worms are but a feeble remnant of a remote past before horses, or, for that matter, any vertebrates, had evolved. Again, the modern horse with all its physical power, its solid hoofs and flowing mane, can be contrasted with the ancestral horse, a timid little creature with four toes, standing scarcely two feet high. Here science has brought to light a complete series of connecting links. Each geological period had its horse, steadily increasing in size, steadily losing its toes, steadily lengthening in limb, until our modern horse was developed, practically immune from enemies until man became a factor. This is but one of the many excellent illustrations available to show that evolution is a fact, not a theory.

All living things are, therefore, evolving, progressing towards some higher type, some higher destiny, or else failing and disappearing. There is not the slightest shred of evidence to show that there is any consciousness of this state of affairs, but it is significant that it makes not the least difference; the immutable law grinds on its passionless way, the great design of nature is being worked out. The *modus operandi* of this most colossal of designs is as interesting to study as the fact itself. The instinct of the survival of the species is one essential. Progress to be maintained must be transmitted, and there must be descendants to whom to transmit. Every living thing, then, has this goal towards which its every energy is bent. Thus is progress, or a stage in evolution, maintained. A further great law is necessary to avoid a *status quo,* and this law is the survival of the fittest. This alone makes evolution, in the complete sense of the word, possible. Only the *best* descendants can maintain the necessary rate of progress, and the unfit are allowed to perish. Not only are they allowed to perish, but life on earth is so finely balanced, so marvellously worked out, that they are compelled to perish.

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Even this does not satisfy a remorseless Nature. No matter how successful a given animal may be, sooner or later it is inevitably tested for its power of adaptability to changing environment. This is the supreme test, which has caused the extinction of more than three-quarters of all the types of animals that have ever evolved on earth. An interesting example of this is at hand. When the first settlers arrived in New England, the country was covered by primeval woods, and the native birds and mammals were naturally adapted to forest life. Think of the cataclysm that the almost total destruction of these forests, in the interests of civilization, was to their denizens. But certain birds discovered that the proximity of man was favourable to them in that their enemies avoided his vicinity. The Robin was one of these, and is consequently a conspicuous success. The Chimney Swift, nesting formerly in hollow trees, finds chimneys, even in cities, much more advantageous, and as there are now far more chimneys than hollow trees, has greatly increased instead of decreased. These are notable examples of the success of adaptability to a changing environment. They are, alas, a small percentage compared to the host which has vanished from New England, never to appear again.

Such is a brief picture of evolution, how it operates, and by what laws it is operated. One important deduction can be made. Nature obviously intends her laws to work with absolute impartiality and no exceptions are tolerated. Every animal has an appointed habit of life and a definite type of food. We cannot imagine a wild horse living in a burrow underground, or a cow preferring fruit to grass. Obedience to its prescribed law is the outstanding virtue of every plant and animal. Disobedience or failure is invariably punished by death. Ignorance does not count, excuses are never accepted, and there are no alibis. It is no exaggeration to say that three-quarters of all animals born never grow up, and that the first hint of old age is fatal. Small wonder that evolution has never faltered; the design has been unfolding steadily, calmly, uninterruptedly ever since life began.

Another striking corollary is the failure of premature success. Ages ago the class of reptiles culminated in gigantic monsters known as dinosaurs. Of many kinds and of varied habits, they were supreme among the living creatures of their day, without enemies, with abundant means of procuring food. It must be admitted that they had passed every test; they were successful types *par excellence*. And therefore evolution would have culminated in them, had not an impulse in some other direction carried forward the great design of nature. This was exactly what happened. Far higher types of animals have since appeared on earth, but the dinosaurs left no descendants, and their disappearance was as complete and sudden as its cause is to this day mysterious and unexplained.

Let us now see how Man fits into this grand scheme of evolution.

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That he, too, is evolving requires no demonstration. It is taken for granted by everybody. Newspaper editorials and reform waves are alike based on this theory as an axiom. That he has evolved is evident to any intelligent tyro in the study of history. In fact so firmly is this idea imbedded in the public mind that the mere threat that some proposed measure will retard the advance of civilization is sufficient to arouse for it a storm of opposition and excited interest.

If, then, it may be granted that Man is subject to evolutionary law, it will be profitable to see to what extent the respects in which he differs from animals affect his life and the laws by which it is regulated. Let us say briefly that man differs from animals chiefly in the character of his mind and the possession of a soul. The extent of his free will makes him morally more responsible. It is of interest, therefore, to realize that in spite of these tremendous differences, differences of plane, rather than of degree on one plane, he is subject to exactly the same laws as animals, only in most cases they work out on a higher plane than the physical. To say that Man is engaged in the struggle for existence may sound absurd if taken literally. He is no longer occupied in dodging more powerful animals who seek him as food, nor does he have to pursue them for food. The struggle for existence has become transferred to an intellectual, an economic plane. Political economists have long since pointed out that the food supply ultimately controls the density of human population, just as the supply of mice controls the number of foxes; and the millionaire living on his income is an exact analogue of the squirrel, which has an ample supply of nuts stored for the winter. The survival of the species is, of course, just as essential for the continued evolution of Man as it is for any animal. While an unpopular doctrine as applied to man, it requires only slight reflection to appreciate that with him also the fittest ultimately survive.

There is only one real difference between man and animals in so far as evolution is concerned, and that is merely a difference of degree. The penalty for disobedience and failure is usually less quickly administered, and is less surely fatal. The intellectual power of man has too often been prostituted to devising means of escape from, or mitigation of the consequences of disobedience. Much illness is the direct outcome of this. Indigestion and tuberculosis are two obvious illustrations. It is startling, on the other hand, to realize how impossible it is ultimately to cheat the law. The number of diseases and internal complications of civilized man has steadily increased, as medical science has increased. Intellectual candour compels the admission that man is the most disobedient of animals.

To postulate the evolution of Man is to postulate for him, as for all evolution, some design. The last paragraph will afford a clue to the proposition that Nature is not primarily interested in his physical evolution, or else his disobedience would be fatal. There are, however, many

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better proofs. The relative physical weakness of man compared with other animals is patent. His relative strength and endurance is almost insignificant. Consider the infinitely greater physical power of a flea, if allowance for its size be made. Not only is a relative weakness involved, but steady degeneracy in historical times is a matter of common knowledge. The athlete is a living exhibit of the extent to which the average man has degenerated physically. Man has deteriorated physically as civilization has advanced. This steady deterioration is going on all about us daily. Our parents call us "soft", our unhealthy babies are kept alive and allowed to beget still more unhealthy babies. More and more defects are becoming hereditary. No, the energies of natural law are not directed towards perfecting Man's physical machine.

There are many who think of Man's evolution in terms of the material progress of civilization. In the first place this is logically unsound, because such material progress is merely a by-product of intellectual progress. Granted an increasing knowledge of the facts of nature, and a better understanding of some of the principles of physics, chemistry, electricity, etc., material progress is inevitable whether the real goal of human evolution were to transform us into green monkeys, or some other more reasonable concept. In the second place, many people overlook the fact that intellectual progress does not imply intellectual evolution as a goal. Here history affords the answer. It is undisputed that ***knowledge*** has enormously increased since, let us say, the time of Aristotle, who was able to sit down and write a compendium of the human knowledge of his day, a feat now absolutely incredible in even one subject. The number of facts to be learned or knowable is now infinitely greater. There is absolutely not a shred of evidence, however, that intellectual *power* has increased, that memory, concentration, subtility of mind, analysis, inductive or deductive reasoning, are more highly developed now than in the earliest Chinese, Hindu, or Egyptian sages. The radical difference between our complex civilization and the relatively simple one of ancient India is easily explained by the greater amount of material to work with, rather than the power of the intellectual instrument using the material. It is just this fact that makes a modern school of scientists so willing to suppose that the human intellect evolved from that of an ape, and that relatively slight differences in structure could account for an apparently enormous discrepancy. There is no satisfactory evidence, then, that intellectual evolution is the goal of mankind.

At this point modern biology yields the field to philosophy to pursue the inquiry further. Its contribution, however, to the subject has been important. If Nature and the divine power behind it are not primarily interested in the physical and intellectual development of man, if these two planes of existence are eliminated, it may well be asked, what is the design? Unfortunately for the peace of mind of the average man, there is only one plane left, and that is the spiritual. A man is his soul, and

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his body and mind are nothing but instruments, tools given him to work out an appointed destiny. While it might be urged that any tool is capable of theoretical improvement, and any such improvement could only redound to the ultimate benefit of the thing manufactured, it is obvious that nothing ever would have been manufactured, if we should await the arrival of the perfect tool. And this piece of foolishness is exactly what the average man is doing. He is wrapped up in his tools, in fact identifies himself with them, and makes no effort to manufacture a spiritual life, or to further the progress of his own soul. Nor does he stop here. Not only does he fail to use his tools properly, but he uses them improperly. Small wonder then that life is becoming more and more complex, that more and more problems are crying for solution, that evil, pain, and suffering of all kinds are steadily on the increase—significant sign that the nemesis of flagrant violation of law is slowly but remorselessly overtaking a consistently blind and disobedient race.

It is this appalling disobedience of Man, which is, then, the great lesson to be learned from biology. Man is the only living creature able to conceive of or to realize the great principle of evolution. He alone takes no interest in his development, plays with his tools instead of using them, or makes bad use of them, neglecting or shutting his eyes to his real destiny, his real work in life.

The second great lesson of biology is the utter impossibility of escaping unpleasant consequences. We have seen that ignorance and lack of consciousness in animals make no difference. There are no excuses. The penalty of failure is death and extinction. How much greater the penalty, then, when neither ignorance nor unconsciousness exists? Superior as man may be to other living creatures, he does not suppose himself superior to nature, to the laws of God or the universe. The existence of physical pain is a sharp reminder of the contrary. No, he merely prefers to forget about it, as a thoroughly unpleasant subject. Maybe it is. Perhaps the laws of nature are thoroughly disagreeable, and the universe is constructed on faulty principles. So once complained a foolish woman to a wise philosopher. "Madam", said he, "what do you propose to do about it?" A little later she had decided to accept the universe as it was. "Madam", said the philosopher, "you had jolly well better." Biology can do no better than heartily endorse this piece of advice.

BIOLOGIST.

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TAO-TEH-KING

AN INTERPRETATION OF LAO TSE'S BOOK OF THE WAY AND OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

IV.

26. *Heavy is the root of light; stillness, the master of motion.*

Therefore the sage walks ever in the Way, keeping stillness and poise.

Though he possess splendid palaces, he remains detached and still.

Yet the lord of ten thousand chariots may act lightly in his kingdom.

Through lightness he loses his ministers; following desire, he forfeits his throne.

THE Chinese commentators say: "Lao Tse wishes men to master their passions through stillness and poise. He who is inwardly poised, is exempt from the levity of the passions; he whose heart is still, cannot be carried away by anger. He who can control himself, is poised; he who keeps his place, is still. The man with poise subdues the man of levity; he who is still, subdues him who is carried away."

For the last two sentences of the text, we may cite Emerson's phrase: "We forfeit the thrones of angels for temporary pleasures."

27. *Who walks wisely, leaves no footprints; who speaks wisely, makes no mistakes; who reckons wisely, uses no tally; who closes wisely, needs no lock, nor can it be opened; who binds wisely, needs no cord, nor can it be loosed.*

Therefore the Master, working justly, seeks to save all, rejecting none.

Working with justice, he seeks to save all; this is why he rejects none.

He has light, and again light.

Therefore the righteous is master of the unrighteous.

The unrighteous is the opportunity of the righteous.

If the one regard not his master, if the other love not his opportunity, though they be prudent, both are blind.

This is the great mystery.

A Chinese commentary says: "He who follows the Way, walks without need of feet, speaks without opening his lips, determines wisely without the measuring of the mind; what he has closed cannot be opened; what he has bound cannot be loosed; for he imprisons his passions and chains his desires."

Considering later sentences of the text, another commentary says:

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"Those whom the world calls wise, follow narrow ways. They give with partiality, and know not that justice which is broad and liberal toward all. Whom they esteem virtuous, and like themselves, they are ready to save. But him who seems not virtuous, they hate and cannot love. Therefore they reject many men and many beings. But the holy man is free from partiality, and instructs all without preference. He seeks to save all men and all beings; therefore, there is no man, nor any being, whom he rejects. The holy man is not holy for himself alone; he is destined to be the exemplar of all men. If those who have no virtue will follow his leading, they may be rid of their faults and attain virtue. Therefore he who has virtue is master of those who have not virtue."

28. *Who knows his strength, yet retains gentleness, is the valley of the kingdom. (All flows to him.)*

If he be the valley of the kingdom, humility abides with him; he becomes again a little child.

Who knows his light, yet retains darkness, is the exemplar of the kingdom.

If he be the exemplar of the kingdom, holiness abides with him; he becomes again perfect.

Who knows his glory, yet retains humility, is likewise the valley of the kingdom.

If he be the valley of the kingdom, his righteousness is made perfect; he gains again the perfect simplicity (of the Way).

When the perfect simplicity (of the Way) is spread abroad, it moulds all beings.

When the holy man attains, he becomes the ruler in the kingdom. Governing all, he injures none.

This is once more the teaching of humility, the spirit of the valley, which permeates and inspires the whole book. When the simplicity of the Way, the light of the Logos, the spirit of the Master, shall be received into all hearts, it will mould all beings according to the spirit of the Way. This is the coming of the kingdom.

29. *Who seeks to remake the kingdom, will certainly fail.*

The kingdom is divinely planned; man cannot remake it.

If he seek to remake, he destroys; if he seek to seize, he loses.

Among beings, some go before, some follow; some are hot, some are cold; some are strong, some are weak; some move, others halt.

Therefore the sage refrains from excess, luxury, indulgence.

Lao Tse has, in the first three sentences, a striking epigram, a general statement of nearly all of human life, whether of the individual or of multitudes. For what are most men and most movements doing, if not seeking "to remake the kingdom of heaven" according to their own desires? But the kingdom is divinely ordained of old; its perpetual laws are to be sought and obeyed. Our amendments will not be carried.

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The fourth sentence seems to reinforce this thought by a parable. Men and things are what they are: some are swift, others are slow; some are hot, others are cold. Just as we cannot make men and things over, but must accept them, so we cannot make over the kingdom of heaven.

Therefore the sage, discerning the laws of the kingdom and accepting them, conquers that in him which rebels against the kingdom, and refrains from excess and self-indulgence.

30. *He who works for the Master of men in accordance with the Way, seeks not to advance the kingdom by compulsion.*

For men render again what they receive.

Where armies halt, spring up thorns and briars.

In the wake of wars come years of fasting.

The sage strikes resolutely and remains still. He dares not advance the kingdom by compulsion.

He strikes resolutely, without vaunting himself.

He strikes resolutely, without boasting.

He strikes resolutely, without arrogance.

He strikes resolutely, but only when a blow must be struck.

He strikes resolutely, but without self-assertion.

The things of nature ripen; then they fade.

Not so is it with the Way. Who follows not the Way, comes to destruction.

If the preceding sentences were an epigram on men and their desires, then the present sentences are a criticism of nearly all ecclesiastical history; of all those, esteeming themselves to be the only righteous, who seek "to advance the kingdom by compulsion." Where they have passed, spring thorns and briars, as in the wake of an army. After their wars, comes spiritual starvation.

The Master seeks to win, not to tyrannize and compel. Having the power to force compliance, he draws, instead, with the cords of love.

31. *Weapons of offence, however keen, work evil:*

All men hate them. Therefore he who has found the Way is unwilling to use them.

In peace, the sage esteems the left; he who makes war esteems the right.

Weapons of offence work evil; these are not the weapons of the sage.

He uses them from necessity only, but esteems stillness and quietude.

In victory he is not elated. To be elated is to love destruction.

He who loves destruction cannot rule over the kingdom.

In times of rejoicing the left is preferred; in times of mourning the right is preferred.

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The second in command occupies the left; the commander in chief occupies the right.

I mean that he takes the place of mourning.

He who has slain a multitude of men should weep over them with tears and sobs.

The victor in the battle takes the place of mourning.

We have the choice of two interpretations for this section of the Chinese sage's book. We may take what is said above simply in the sense of that pacifism which has saturated the people of the Middle Kingdom for the last seven centuries, leaving them, as a nation, at the mercy of foreign conquerors, beginning with the virile race of Genghiz Khan, "Khan of Khans," Prince of Princes, the greatest military family in the history of Asia. In one sense, this pacifism is befitting to the Chinese, who belong, as we have been told, to the outworn Fourth Race, while the more virile nations are sub-races of the Fifth. And, as races still older and more outworn than the Chinese are vanishing bodily from the earth, their souls moving into newer races, so the Chinese tend naturally toward pacifism and subjection. It is in the sense of pacifism that the Chinese commentators, for the most part, interpret these sections; for example: "The sage thinks constantly of peace, of non-action, and abstains from war. He who believes that the better plan is not to wage war shows that he holds precious the lives of men." Perhaps the tinge of Asiatic blood in so many Russians was a contributing cause of the pacifism of Tolstoi and his followers.

But there is a deeper and more mystical sense in which we may understand what Lao Tse has written, that, namely, which is set forth in the fourth Comment in *Light on the Path:* "When the disciple has fully recognized that the very thought of individual rights is only the outcome of the venomous quality in himself, that it is the hiss of the snake of self which poisons with its sting his own life and the lives of those about him, then he is ready to take part in a yearly ceremony which is open to all neophytes who are prepared for it. All weapons of defence and offence are given up; all weapons of mind and heart, and brain, and spirit. Never again can another man be regarded as a person who can be criticized or condemned; never again can the neophyte raise his voice in self-defence or excuse. From that ceremony he returns into the world as helpless, as unprotected, as a new-born child. That, indeed, is what he is. He has begun to be born again on the higher plane of life, that breezy and well-lit plateau from whence the eyes see intelligently and regard the world with a new insight."

This stage in the spiritual life of the disciple would appear to be the theme of Isaiah, when he writes: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: . . . He was op-

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pressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. . . . He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death."

And the same thing is true of those passages in the Sermon on the Mount, on which is based the doctrine of non-resistance. The Greek word really means to "set evil against evil"; the disciple is warned against this, exactly as in *Light on the Path*. But there is an abyss of difference between the refusal to return hate for hate and the failure, whether from weakness or cowardice, to protect others. The mistaken application of this spiritual principle has made China helpless for centuries. It would have had the same result, or worse, had France been unprepared in 1914.

There remains the curious passage regarding the positions of left and right. Concerning this, a Chinese commentator says that the left side corresponds to the active principle; it is the symbol of life: therefore in ceremonies of happiness, the left is preferred. The right side corresponds to the inert principle; it is the symbol of death; therefore in ceremonies of mourning, the right is preferred.

Perhaps the left side is preferred as being "nearest the heart"; but we need not look for a deep principle here any more than we need look for an Occult reason why "Keep to the left" is the rule of the road in England, while other nations keep to the right.

32. *The Way, as the Eternal, has no name.*

Though according to Its nature It is without size, the whole world could not overcome It.

When princes and kings follow It, all beings submit themselves to them.

Then will Heaven and Earth unite to send down a sweet dew, and the peoples will enter peace without being commanded.

When the Way became differentiated, It took a name.

When this name is established, men must learn to become stable.

He who is stable is free from peril.

The Way extends throughout the universe.

As the streams and torrents of the mountains return to the rivers and the seas (so all beings return to the Way).

A Chinese commentator says that Heaven and Earth, men and all beings, draw their origin from the Way. This is why they can influence each other, establishing correspondences between them. If princes and kings can truly keep to the Way, all beings will come to submit them-

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selves to them; Heaven and Earth will of themselves enter into harmony, and the hundred families will attain to peace.

The Way, says another native commentator, is of its own nature invisible and immaterial. At the time when beings had not been manifested, no name could be given to It. But when Its divine influence had wrought transformations, and when beings had come forth from the unmanifest, It received Its name from beings. As soon as Heaven and Earth had become manifest, all beings were born from the Way; this is why It is regarded as the Mother of all beings.

To be stable, says another commentator, is to stand, not allured and drawn away by the things of sense, but resting in perfect quietude, self-poised; then one is free from all danger.

Heaven and Earth are used here, exactly as in the Upanishads, and, indeed, universally in the primeval tradition which survives from the islands of the Pacific to Mexico, for the positive and negative aspects of the manifested Logos, called in the Sankhya philosophy, Purusha and Prakriti, Spirit and Nature.

A commentator says that all rivers and seas are the place where the waters unite; the streams and torrents of the mountains are parts and subdivisions of the waters. The Way is the source of all beings; all beings are branchings of the Way. All the streams and torrents of the mountains return to the central gathering place of the waters, and in the same way all beings return to their place of origin, the Way, from which they set out.

Exactly the same image is used in many Upanishads, as, for example: "And as these rivers, rolling oceanwards, go to their setting on reaching the ocean, and their name and form are lost in the ocean, so the sixteen parts of this seer, moving spiritwards, on reaching Spirit, go to their setting; their name and form are lost in Spirit. This seer becomes one, without parts, immortal" (*Prashna Upanishad,* 6).

There is a kindred passage, "By command of this Eternal, rivers roll eastward and westward from the white mountains", in the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad* (3, 8, 9).

33. *He who knows other men is prudent.*
He who knows himself is wise.
He who rules other men is potent.
He who rules himself is strong.
He who suffices to himself is rich.
He who acts with energy is possessed of a strong will.
He who departs not from his own nature endures long.
He who dies and yet endures has everlasting life.

He who knows other men, says a Chinese commentator, is prudent; he sees external things. His knowledge is limited to knowing the good and bad qualities of men, the superiority or inferiority of their talents.

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He who knows himself is illuminated; he is endowed with the inner sight. He alone can know himself who concentrates within himself his hearing, to hear That which has no sound, and his vision, to see That which has no body.

Here again *Light on the Path* may be quoted: "Listen only to the voice which is soundless. Look only on that which is invisible alike to the inner and the outer sense."

Another commentator says that he who suffices not to himself has insatiate desires; even if he had abounding riches, he would be as one in want. Such a man cannot call himself rich. He alone deserves the name, who suffices to himself, who remains calm and free from desire.

Commenting on the sentences which follow, a Chinese writer says: "He who cannot act with energy, to reach the Way, often fails in his designs. His will is not firm. But the sage who acts with energy, ever advances in the Way; the farther off the Way appears, the more his will is enkindled to seek It."

The comment of a native writer on the last phrase of the text is full of interest. He says that "Lao Tse's words, 'dies and yet endures', Chwang Tse's expression, 'not to die,' and the Buddhist 'not to be extinguished', have exactly the same meaning. The body of man is exactly like the case of a chrysalis or the slough of a serpent. Now, when the case of the chrysalis is left dried up, the insect is not dead; when the serpent's slough rots, the serpent is not dead." And another commentator adds: "The animal life of man is dissipated, but the soul remains for ever."

One may compare the simile in the Upanishad: "And like as the slough of a snake lies lifeless, cast forth upon an ant-hill, so lies his body, when the Spirit of man rises up bodiless and immortal, as the Life, as the Eternal, as the Radiance."

The secret is that continual dying to self and to the world, for love of the Eternal, which Saint Paul had in mind when he said, "I die daily", a phrase that had been used earlier by Philo.

"The sage", says another Chinese writer, "looks on life and death as the morning and the evening. He exists, but is detached from life; he dies, yet endures. This is what is called life everlasting."

He is "the true alchemist, in possession of the elixir of life."

34. *The Way stretches everywhere; It can go to the left as well as to the right.*

All beings rely on It for their life, and It fails them not.

When Its works are accomplished, It does not attribute them to Itself.

It loves and nourishes all beings, but does not seek to constrain them.

Ever free from desires, It may be called little.

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All beings are subject to It, It constrains them not. It may be called great.

Therefore, to the end of his life, the holy man does not regard himself as great.

This is why he can accomplish great things.

The Way, says a commentator, flows everywhere, through the heavens and the earth, and the hearts of the myriad beings; It is on the right, It is on the left; It has neither body nor name.

Another commentator says that, in the beginning, the Way gave life to all beings, and, at the end, It leads them to their perfect fruition. In the most perfect way, It loves and nourishes all beings in the universe. Nevertheless, though it heap all beings with blessings, It never seeks to constrain them, to force their wills, to destroy their spiritual liberty.

35. *The holy man preserves the great Principle (the Way), and all the peoples of the kingdom hasten to him.*

They run together, and he does them no injury; he brings them peace and calm and quietude.

Music and banquets hold the passing traveller.

But when the Way comes forth from our lips, it is flat and tasteless.

It is looked for and cannot be seen; It is listened for and cannot be heard; It is used and cannot be exhausted.

When the music ceases, say the commentators, when the banquet comes to an end, the traveller hastily withdraws. This comparison shows that the joys of this world are fleeting and illusive. Not so with the Way. Though It does not delight the ears nor flatter the palate, like music and banquets, yet, when It is followed and applied to life, It can pervade the whole world and endure through the generations.

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

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IS IT EVER RIGHT TO BE DISCOURAGED?

THERE *may* be conditions under which we should all agree that a valiant and devoted servant of Masters was justified in being discouraged. Such exceptional cases, however, would be likely to carry their own warrant with them—the individual would not need to ask, "Is this discouragement right?" For beginners in the theosophic life, like most of us, it might be profitable to ask ourselves, "Is it *sensible* to allow ourselves to be discouraged?" That question suggests that discouragement is voluntary with us. But is it? Would any of us *choose* to dwell in that miserable valley where fog, and the rain of our tears, shut out the sunshine and the cool, clean air from the heights? Perhaps one's first answer is a decided negative,—he knows that he hates being in the grip of discouragement. Yet if he sit down and ask himself, in the quiet of his own heart, whether his moods, his feelings, his hopes, and his fears are all sent him from above (let us say, from God): can he say that they are? No, he cannot. He must confess that they are chosen by him, from a large range of possible feelings constantly open to him;—at least, he would say that this is sometimes true.

So we might ask, Does God send us discouragement? Is God ever discouraged over us? We should have to admit that, according to the present outlook, mankind might be regarded as something of a disappointment. Man certainly does not appear to be filling his natural part in the evolutionary plan as well as the birds,—to take only one of many possible illustrations. What has man to show, to-day, that compares with the beauty of the plumage of the birds, or with the melody of their unceasing chorus of praise? When is his rejoicing as true and clean as theirs, what has he created that is as lovely as their song? Compared with them, man seems to hover in the pin-feather stage; helpless; mouth wide open, clamouring always for more of the Creator's bounty:—a thing unbalanced and unbeautiful, unless viewed with the indulgent eyes of a hopeful parent. Still, our concept of God does not include the possibility of His pausing in an undertaking to view with discouragement the unsatisfactory progress made. It is not possible to imagine such a slackening of the Will that holds the universe in its appointed place and order.

Looking at the case in purely human terms, it would seem that God had much provocation to discouragement, since there are so many of His plans that require for their fulfilment a degree of co-operation that men, with a few exceptions, steadily refuse to accord to God: man's

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will runs in the opposite direction. Does God, perhaps, send discouragement to make man turn about and look his opportunity in the face? Some might answer, *Yes*. But those who have the enormous advantage of living in large families or of working in groups would probably dispute that conclusion. They have so often *seen* the operation of so-called misfortunes, and have observed how they were met by their fellows.

Some loss or trial comes, one that bears alike on all, and is not, in any immediate sense, the result (punishment, some would say) of their common mistakes and sins. What happens? Part of their number leap forward, as if by instinct,—feeling that here is the chance to acquire some new power of heart or will. Others steady themselves—make sure of their connection with their true centre—and set themselves to doing more faithfully the tasks already assigned them, feeling that this is their best answer to the new demand. A few, in the pressure of the same identical demand, topple over,—and say, as they lie prone in the dust, "Why did this affliction come *to me?* When I have tried so hard to do right, this is certainly discouraging. There is no use in trying if all my efforts are to be met in this way. I have done the best I could."

Most of us know this feeling—but how does it look to us when we see the evidence of it in others? Sometimes as though "discouragement" were a thin mask put on to hide from the wearer (others see beneath it) the ugly grimace of cowardice. Take the man at his word—he has done his best, and has met with momentary defeat! What an excellent position he is in. Any man who has done his best can do it again; let him only keep on, and defeat must inevitably turn into victory. Or maybe he sees that the effort he had thought so complete was very partial, compared with what he now sees one of his brothers doing;—and he says to himself, "This *is* discouraging; I never could put that much into my effort; in fact I do not wish to give over everything that is beautiful and joyous, as he has done,—only to fall short as he, with his so great efforts, is plainly doing. Is it worth my while to try further when it is all so unlovely?"

One answer to these comrades who, for the moment, think the hill too steep, might be in terms of force. Their faces are set toward the goal; the desire of their hearts does not waver; their difficulty is that their calculation was faulty. They did not know how steep the grade that confronted them. They imagined, we might say, that they were at the beginning slopes, where the least exertion carries one along; instead they are better off because they are further on; they have had the good fortune to reach where the ascent becomes a bit difficult;—the effort they made in the beginning is not sufficient to carry them up the slope ahead. Is it cause for discouragement that they find themselves that much nearer their goal? But they need more force, to carry them up. Yes, and they have learned how to get it; they have learned that they can get all they will use, that Masters, like nature, abhor a vacuum, and

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will never let the reservoir go dry so long as one draws from it with steady, wise purpose.

Some people who are making quiet progress, have fits of depression in which they see themselves tobogganing down hill. But why have they taken their eyes off the goal? Why are they looking, instead, at their fellows, and using the devil's measuring rod? It may be God's purpose to give to a soul the great grace of real contrition. How silly, how ungrateful for one so favoured to look with troubled eye, not wholly unmixed with a tinge of envy, upon a comrade whose debonair manner is indeed pleasant but bespeaks an understanding yet so limited, a devotion so infantile, that an older child were indeed foolish to regret that he cannot feel or behave in that way. So much of the time we hold beautiful blossoms in our hands, and discard them to hold, instead, weeds that stain and sting.

May we say, then, as a partial answer to the initial question, that it is never right to be discouraged so long as there is *anything that one can do*. If a student finds himself with no faults to overcome; if there are no virtues that he might acquire; if he has no disappointments, no failures, no heartaches to suffer—and thus a chance to give to others the fruit of willing suffering—then, he is *dead*,—and probably far beyond discouragement.

A. B. C.

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NOTES ON THE WORD THEOSOPHY

SO FAR as the writer knows, the uses of the word Theosophy, from its first appearance in Greek until the present time, have never been recorded. Many facts of significance have been revealed in connection with the employment of this term by one after another author. It appears in the earliest centuries of our era, extends through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and was in almost common use prior to 1875. The present article attempts to suggest to others fruitful fields of research, since it is too incomplete to offer any final statement or conclusive history. Almost every one of the men in whose writings the word occurs would repay a most thorough study, even including critics of the last three centuries. Outside of this more modern field of critics, no author we have discovered used the term without seeming in some way to have come into touch with that Divine Wisdom for which the word Theosophy stands.

Any study of the subject would naturally fall into two divisions. The first would relate to the early history of the word, not so scant as might be supposed; for that history would include not merely its actual appearance in one or another book, but also some indication of the intellectual background which occasioned the use—the choice on the part of the author—of that particular term. The second part, beginning not much before the sixteenth century, would take into account the streams of thought which are represented, first, by Theosophers themselves, who had a greater or less degree of insight and understanding; and, at the opposite pole, theologians, or purely wordly-minded philosophers and scientists, who resented the very existence of the other class, and who spent their energies in denouncing or ridiculing Theosophy, Theosophists, and all things theosophical, at every turn and on every occasion.

To those interested in Theosophy, it might seem at first sight a waste of time to examine the hostile criticism directed against exponents of Theosophy, and the systems which they introduced from time to time into the current of European thought; yet, as a matter of fact, the degree of this criticism, its development, the different grounds on which it has been based, and its gradual modification, reaching to-day almost to an attitude of friendly tolerance in certain quarters, is a phenomenon which has a significance all its own. So that any complete statement of the use of the word Theosophy in history would miss a large part of its fruitfulness by omitting those occasions where it occurs in writers whose attitude varies from purely hostile or ignorantly contemptuous, to one of amused or indulgent friendliness. This later phase cannot, however, be dealt with in this article.

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In *The Key to Theosophy* (p. 2), Madame Blavatsky states that Theosophy, a letter for letter rendering of the Greek words *θεός* and *σοφία*, is equivalent to the Hindu terms *Brahma* and *Vidya*, which have their own history in relation to our Theosophical Movement[1], and which also have a high antiquity in the Indian philosophical systems. The present writer is not qualified to discuss this interesting phase of the problem, nor can he at the present writing hazard even a guess as to what terms or glyphs were an equivalent in ancient Egypt. But the two Greek terms, phonetically reproduced in Latin and English, particularly when used in conjunction, signified to the Greek mind concepts which are age-old in their antiquity in both India and Egypt, and which, to be properly understood, must take into account the fact that their Greek users knew this age-old tradition, that they stated that they knew it, and that, therefore, modern interpreters must search in Hindu and Egyptian religion and philosophy for the full significance which these two Greek words expressed. As Mr. John T. Driscoll writes in the article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, under the caption "Theosophy": "India is the home of all theosophic speculation. Oltramere says that the directive idea of Hindu civilization is theosophic. Its development covers a great many ages, each represented in Indian religious literature. There are formed the basic principles of theosophy. Knowledge of the occult laws in nature and in life, the intuitive method, superhuman powers, hostility to established religion, are not all equally apparent in each age, but are present conjunctively or separately through the whole course of its history."

Barring the last phrase, Mr. Driscoll's statements are unexceptionable, and show an advance over such earlier statements as Madame Blavatsky must have had in mind when she wrote in the opening article of *The Theosophist:* "There were Theosophists before the Christian era, notwithstanding that the Christian writers ascribed the development of the Eclectic theosophical system to the early part of the third century of their Era. Diogenes Laertius traces Theosophy to an epoch antedating the dynasty of the Ptolemies; and names as its founder an Egyptian hierophant called Pot-Amun, the name being Coptic and signifying a priest consecrated to Amun, the god of Wisdom. [The *Theosophical Glossary* (1st edition), says "Amun (Coptic). The Egyptian god of wisdom who had only Initiates or Hierophants to serve him as priests."] But history shows it revived by Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neo-platonic School. He and his disciples called themselves 'Philalethians,' lovers of the truth, while others termed them 'Analogists' on account of their method of interpreting all sacred legends, symbolical myths, and mysteries, by a rule of analogy or correspondence, so that events which

[1] Cf. the mistaken rendering of the recent *Harmsworth Encyclopedia*, London, *c.* 1910, art. "Theosophy," vol. VIII, p. 5912. "An intuitive or ecstatic mode of enunciating doctrines, originated in, or at least more particularly characteristic of, India, where it is entitled Atmâ Vidyâ (spirit science), or Guptâ Vidyâ (secret science)." The author of the article misses the true value of the terms.

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had occurred in the external world were regarded as expressing operations and experiences of the human soul. It was the high purpose of Ammonius to reconcile all sects, peoples, and nations under one common faith—a belief in one Supreme, Eternal, Unknown, and Unnamed Power, governing the Universe by immutable and eternal laws. His object was to prove a primitive system of Theosophy, which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and to unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common Mother; to purify the ancient religions, by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting them and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles. Hence, the Buddhistic, Vedantic, and Magian or Zoroastrian systems were taught in the Eclectic Theosophical School, along with all the philosophies of Greece. Hence also, that pre-eminently Buddhistic and Indian feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race, and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a system of moral discipline which enforced upon people the duty to live according to the laws of their countries; to exalt their minds by the research and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth; his chief object, in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to extricate from the various religious teachings, as from a many-chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody which would find response in every truth-loving heart." [*The Theosophist,* vol. 1, Oct. 1879, pp. 2-4.]

Madame Blavatsky here clearly indicates that the pre-Christian Theosophical Movement was carried forward by the Eclectic School of Greek Theosophers whose centre was in Alexandria. Herennius, both the Origens, Cassius Longinus, the famous Clement, and Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus and their school, were all among the principal pupils and followers of Ammonius. These Alexandrian Neoplatonists are celebrated for their attempt to reconcile the Greek with the Jewish systems of philosophy, with all that that implied of what lay back of both the Greek and the Jewish. They also carried forward some echo, at least, of the ancient traditional Wisdom of Egypt; and succeeded in infusing an element of this accumulated Wisdom into the whole stream of Western Christian thought. However strenuously orthodox Roman theology excluded what was precious along with the vagaries of the Neoplatonists, their impress was too deep not to be lasting; and they bequeathed a body of literary material to which men of a far later and more limited and dogmatic era, could and did turn for inspiration and support. Not only this, but it may be said that their influence is directly responsible for certain accepted canons of belief in orthodoxy itself; a debt which orthodoxy is none too eager to acknowledge, but which is fully recognized by impartial students.

It is of primary interest, since Alexandria was the centre in which all these great streams of thought—Indian, Greek, Persian, Jewish, Roman, and Egyptian—met and were fused, that the Lodge should seem

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to have planted there a centre of life which should leaven the whole, the force of which was perhaps the most potent factor in the history of Christianity since St. Paul himself. "Theosophic teaching comes to the front in the third period of Greek philosophy," says Mr. Driscoll, in the article above quoted. "Hence, it is found in the Jewish-Greek philosophy of the Neoplatonists and the theosophic atmosphere due to the influence of the Orient is plainly shown in Plotinus. The gnostic systems reveal more theosophy than theology, and in the Jewish Kabbala is found a theosophy mixed with various forms of magic and occultism." It is also of significance that from the time of Ammonius Saccas himself (died A. D. 242), this group of "Alexandrian Neoplatonists" so-called—whom Madame Blavatsky characterized as an "Eclectic Theosophical School"—were Christians, or within the direct stream of Christian thought and endeavour. The church historian Eusebius states [*Church History,* VI, 19, sec. 6.] that Ammonius was born a Christian, "remained faithful to Christianity throughout his life, and even produced two works called *The Harmony of Moses and Jesus,* and the *Diatessaron* or *Harmony of the Four Gospels.*" St. Jerome makes similar statements. Either Eusebius is stretching a point to favour his church, or he is speaking of another Ammonius, because Porphyry, who lived eleven years with Ammonius, says that Ammonius apostatized in later life, and *left no writings behind.* Porphyry also says that Ammonius and his school maintained the traditional secrecy, "after the manner of Pythagoreans." H. P. B. says, in the *Glossary,* that Ammonius "was of poor birth and born of Christian parents, but endowed with such prominent, almost divine, goodness as to be called *Theodidaktos,* 'god-taught.' He honoured that which was good in Christianity, but broke with it and the churches very early, being unable to find in it any superiority over the older religions." So it would seem that the Eclecticism of Alexandria, far from being "primarily a sign of scientific decay, an involuntary evidence of the exhaustion of thought"[3]—as the German Zeller would have it—was rather at once the summing up at the end of an out-worn cycle, and the parting gift of this old cycle to the new one which took its start with Christianity.

The first admitted use of the one word *θεοσοφία* is, according to the dictionaries, in Clement of Alexandria. The words *θεός* and *σοφία* were used separately, however, though in immediate juxtaposition, by St. Paul and also by Philo, as terms to convey just the intellectual concepts already existing in the earlier Wisdom religions. It is necessary to appreciate the full significance which the term *σοφία* had acquired at the hands of Philo and St. Paul—especially when used with *θεός*—to estimate the true importance of the fact that our word Theosophy appears thus early in the Alexandrian school, used by one of Ammonius' own disciples, and at the opening of one of his most mystical writings.

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[3] *A History of Eclecticism in Greek Philosophy,* being the third part, first section, of Dr. E. Zeller's *Philosophie der Griechen,* published in 1844-52, translated by S. F. Alleyne, London, 1883, p. 19.

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The Wisdom literature in the Bible is too well known to need comment. The Hebrew terms *hokmah* (Wisdom)[3], and *hakam* (wise), constantly employed in Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus, and the Wisdom of Solomon, were translated in the Septuagint by the Greek word *σοφία*. Philo employs *σοφία* hundreds of times, amplifying the scriptural use, as was his wont, with all the riches of Greek philosophical traditions. Originally an attribute of God, *σοφία* became identified in the Talmud with the Spirit of God, the female principle of an adopted Trinity. This principle corresponded with the Holy Ghost of later Christianity (cf. Proverbs, cap. VIII, with Sirach, 24 ff.), and was canonized as St. Sophia by the Greek Christians. Philo, a contemporary of Jesus and St. Paul (he speaks of himself as an old man in the year 41 A. D.), was probably educated as a Sophist, and went to be initiated in the Egyptian school at Alexandria. "He was a great mystic and his works abound with metaphysics and noble ideas, while in esoteric knowledge he had no rival for several ages among the best writers," writes H. P. B.; and again: "Philo Judæus endeavoured to reconcile the Pentateuch with the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy."

"It was given to a contemporary of Jesus to become the means of pointing out to posterity, by his interpretation of the oldest literature of Israel, how easily the Kabalistic Philosophy agreed in its esotericism with that of the profoundest Greek thinkers. This contemporary, an ardent disciple of Plato and Aristotle, was Philo Judæus. While explaining the Mosaic books according to a purely kabalistic method, he is the famous Hebrew writer whom Kingsley calls the Father of New Platonism. It is evident that Philo's Therapeutes are a branch of the Essenes."[4]

Philo had without question a most important influence on nascent Christianity, because in himself he effected the reconciliation between the esotericism of the three great streams of thought of his day; and through his disciples this reconciliation definitely entered Christianity. According to the manner of the Eclectics he mingled with his Platonism ideas derived more particularly from Pythagoras, to such an extent that Clement of Alexandria calls him a Pythagorean. His emphasis on strict virtue indicates the genuineness of his initiation, for in his day the strictest Stoics were the only philosophers outside the schools in Alexandria who seem to have upheld any high ideals of virtue.

It is particularly interesting, therefore, to find Philo using the terms *θεός* and *σοφία* together, on many occasions. As the author is unable to check up editors of Philo's text, from the 17th century to modern times, by reference to the actual manuscripts preserved in libraries in Europe, it is impossible to say whether Philo combines the two Greek words *θεός* and *σοφία* to make one word, or whether he only employs them in juxta-

[3] Cf. Maimonides (1135 to 1204), the learned Jewish Talmudist, in his commentary on the use and significance of this term: *Guide for the Perplexed*, "Man's Perfection," cap. LIV,—trans. by M. Friedländer, London, 1910.

[4] Mme. Blavatsky—*The Theosophical Glossary: The Key to Theosophy*, p. 5, first edition: and *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 144, first edition.

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position. For instance, in the suggestive passage, "We say, therefore, without paying any attention to the difference here existing in the names, that Theosophy (*τοῦ θεοῦ σοφίαν*), the daughter, is both a male child and a father, and that it is that which sows the seed of, and which begets learning in, souls, and also education, and knowledge, and prudence, and all honourable and praiseworthy things,"[5] it is impossible to tell whether Philo used the one word Theosophy, or the two terms; though in either case he expresses exactly the same idea. But it does not very much matter whether he did or did not actually use the single word, because Philo's meaning throughout is so abundantly clear. He is without question speaking of that Divine Wisdom which we mean to-day when we use the word Theosophy.

It will be worth while to examine a few more passages of Philo to gain the full value of his thought. In another essay entitled *On Seeking Instruction,* he concludes with the words: "Therefore, the wise man has now been sufficiently perfected to be the inheritor of the knowledge of the subjects above mentioned. 'For,' says the historian, 'on that day the Lord made a covenant with Abraham, saying, to thy seed will I give this land.' But what land does he mean but that which has been already mentioned, to which he is now making reference? of the fruit of which is the safe and most certain comprehension of Theosophy (*τοῦ θεοῦ σοφίας*), according to which it preserves for its dividers all the good things which exist without any admixture or taint of evil, as if they had been incorruptible from their very beginning. After this he proceeds to add, 'From the River of Egypt to the Great River, the river Euphrates,' showing that those who are perfect (*οἱ τέλειοι*) have their beginnings in the body, and the outward sense, and the organic parts, without which we cannot live, for they are useful for instruction in the life which is in union with the body; but they have their end with Theosophy (*τοῦ θεοῦ σοφίαν*), which is truly the great river overflowing with joy, and cheerfulness, and all other blessings."[6] In both these passages Philo speaks of Theosophy as nourishing the soul. In another, he carries his use of the term into closer relation with both Hebrew and Greek thought, introducing the Logos doctrine as part of Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom. He writes, "Those also, who have inquired what it is that nourishes the soul,—for, as Moses says, 'They knew not what it was,'—learnt at last and found that it was the Word of God (*ὁ λόγος θεοῦ*), and the Divine Reason, from which flow all kinds of instinctive and everlasting wisdom. This is the heavenly nourishment which the Holy Scripture indicates, saying in the connection of the cause of all things, 'Behold I rain upon you bread from Heaven,' for in real truth it is God who showers down

[5] *Philonis Judæi Opera,* by Adriano Turnebo and David Hoeschelio, Frankfurti 1691, p. 458. *Cf.* C. D. Younge—*The Works of Philo Judaeus,* translated from the Greek, in the Bohn edition; *On Fugitives,* Vol. II, pp. 204 and 205. I have materially altered Younge's translation, which seems faulty.

[6] *On Seeking Instruction,* Vol. II, Section 62, p. 157. For text, *cf.* Thomas Mangey, *Philonis Judæi Opera Omnia,* Erlangal, 1820, 2nd ed., Vol. IV, p. 140.

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Theosophy (*σοφίαν ὁ θέος*) from above upon all the intellects which are properly disposed for the reception of it, and which are fond of contemplation. . . . What, then, is this bread? Tell us. 'This,' says he, 'is the word (*ὁ λόγος*) which the Lord has appointed.' This divine appointment at the same time both illuminates and sweetens the soul, which is endowed with sight, shining upon it with the beams of truth, and sweetening with the sweet virtue of persuasion, those who thirst and hunger after excellence."[7] In passing, it would not stretch the Greek too far to translate this last phrase, "Those who hunger and thirst after *righteousness,*" thus reproducing exactly the words of one of Christ's Beatitudes.

To resume, Philo says again: "But he who advanced further, not only seeing, but seeing God, was called Israel; the meaning of which name is, 'seeing God'; but others, even if they ever do open their eyes, still bend them down toward the earth, pursuing only earthly things, and being bred up among material things; for the one raises his eyes to the sky, beholding the manna, the divine Logos, the heavenly incorruptible food of the soul, which is food of contemplation: but the others fix their eyes on garlic, and onions," etc.[8]

Finally, in a thoroughly mystical essay entitled, *The Worse Plotting against the Better,* Philo speaks of "Theosophy" (*σοφίαν θεοῦ*) as "the nurse and foster-mother and educator of those who desire incorruptible food," and indicates in his allegorical manner that this was the rock and also the stream of water from which "the fountain of divine wisdom" flowed, when the rock in the wilderness was struck by Moses' mystic wand. "This rock, Moses, in another place, using a synonymous expression, calls manna, the most ancient word (*λόγος*) of God."

In these passages, briefly indicated here, occur many words, phrases and ideas almost identical with those used by St. Paul, and even by Christ himself. They are, of course, of frequent occurrence in the Neoplatonic Alexandrian writers. Philo, for instance, in one of the above passages, says, "That it is men who are *perfect,* who have their beginnings in the body and the outward sense . . . but have their end with Theosophy." St. Paul, using exactly the same word, perfect, *ὁι τελειοι,* which was intimately associated with the Greek Mysteries, writes, "And my speech and my preaching were not with persuasible words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not be in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God. Howbeit we speak Theosophy among the *perfect:* yet a wisdom not of this age, nor of the rulers of this age, which are coming to naught: but we speak in a mystery, even the wisdom that hath been hidden, which

[7] Turnebo and Hoeschelio, Op. cit., p. 470—*De Profugis.* Mangey, Vol. IV, p. 284. Younge, Vol. II, p. 222 gives in translation more than the text of either of the above. We have included Younge's additional sentences. He does not explain where he found them, or what MSS. he takes for his authority.

[8] The title of the book is, *Who is the Heir of Divine Things.*—Younge, Vol. II, pp. 108-9. Mangey, Op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 34.

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God hath ordained before the ages unto our glory: which none of the rulers of this age knoweth: for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory."[9]

In the Wisdom of Solomon, Septuagint version, we find (Chapter vii, vv. 25 and 28), "For she (Wisdom, *σοφία*) is the breath of the *power of God,* and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty . . . for God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom." Philo, in the above cited passages, has already referred to the Logos as the hidden manna, the *Wisdom of God,* Theosophy, illuminating the perfected soul. He says specifically in another place that, "No mortal thing could have been formed on the similitude of the supreme Father of the universe, but only after the pattern of the second deity, who is the Word (Λόγος) of the supreme Being; since it is fitting that the rational soul of man should bear before it the type of the divine Word (Λόγος); since in his first Word God is superior to the most rational possible nature."[10]

We find these ideas of the Power and Wisdom of God combined in Paul, and ascribed to Christ, the Logos. "Where is the Wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this age? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the age? For, seeing that in the wisdom of God (Theosophy, *ἐν τῇ σοφίᾳ τοῦ θεοῦ*) the age through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure, through the foolishness of the thing preached, to save them that believe. Seeing that Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek after wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling block, and unto Gentiles, foolishness; but unto the called themselves, (*αυτοῖς δὲ τοῖς κλητοῖς*=the elect?) both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the *Power of God,* and the *Wisdom of God,*"[11]—Theosophy—*Χριστὸν θεοῦ δύναμιν καὶ θεοῦ σοφίαν.*

It would take us too far afield to trace all the occasions in St. Paul, or in Philo, where these ideas are developed; but, before leaving this early period we shall refer to two striking passages in the Gospels, which give a still more authoritative background for the meaning of our word.

In St. Matthew, chapter 23, verse 34, Christ is reported as saying, "Therefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, wise men, and scribes: some of them shall ye kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues and persecute from city to city: that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of Abel, the righteous, unto the blood of Zachariah, son of Barachiah, whom ye slew between the sanctuary and the altar. Verily, I say unto you, All these things shall come upon this generation." Now, St. Luke in a parallel passage, chapter 11, verses 47-51, makes a noteworthy change in the words of Christ. He writes: "Woe unto you! For ye build the tombs of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. So ye are witnesses and

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[9] *1st Cor.* 2:4-8. The marginal reading for *σοφίαν θεοῦ* is given as *θεοῦ σοφίαν*

[10] *Questions and Solutions.* Book 2—question 62—Younge. Vol 4, pp. 391-2.

[11] *1st Cor.* 1:20-25, incl.

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consent unto the works of your fathers: for they killed them, and ye build their tombs. Therefore, also, said the *Wisdom of God,* I will send unto them prophets and apostles; and some of them they shall kill and persecute; that the blood of all the prophets that was shed from the foundation of the world may be required of this generation; from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zachariah, who perished between the altar and the sanctuary: yea, I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation." The Greek words, *ἡ σοφία τοῦ θεου ἐιπεν*—the Wisdom of God said—seems to denote the Wisdom of God which is operative and embodied, as it were, in Jesus; and this phrase was frequently quoted by Christian martyrs, when, to comfort themselves under persecution, they recalled this saying of Christ. In fact it became a recognized formula of quotation. Eusebius, also, perhaps in the words of Hegesippus, calls those who had personally heard Christ, "The hearers of the Wisdom of God"—*οἱ ἀντᾶις ἀκοᾶις τῆς ενθέου σοφίας*—[12] bringing *theos* and *sophia* together in the same way as did Philo and St. Paul. It is obvious from the prevalence of such a usage that Christ, the Wisdom of God, was a common phrase among primitive Christians. And it is a striking fact that St. Luke puts the words, *ἡ σοφία τοῦ θεοῦ* into the mouth of Christ, making Christ say of himself that he was the Wisdom of God.

Fascinating as it would be to develop this thesis in more detail, and to establish beyond peradventure that Christ himself, as well as St. Paul and Philo, was using a term freighted with meaning, and of age-old association with the mystery doctrines of Egypt and India, it is necessary to pass on to those who followed immediately in the footsteps of the Apostles, in whose writings our word occurs. Lyddel and Scott give Clement of Alexandria (in his *Stromata*) as the first writer in whom the united word Theosophy occurs. The present author, however, is of the opinion that, as at least a majority of the works that have come down to us ascribed to the pen of Dionysius the Areopagite are genuine, and as he used the single word repeatedly, the actual use of the word antedates Clement by a generation. It has been the fashion, since German scholarship attained the ascendancy, to consider the famous works of Dionysius as the product of some unknown and mysterious man living between 475 and 525 A. D. However, according to the Rev. John Parker, translator of much of Dionysius, the latest German scholarship, so-called, has granted, through Dr. Schneider, that "In Germany they now admit that the *external* proofs are in favour of the genuineness of Dionysius . . . they pretend that the *doctrine* is too clear and precise to have been written in the Apostolic Age."[13] The author, after a brief survey, agrees that the external proofs favour the genuineness of the primitive Dionysius, rather than of the later and

[12] Cf. Thayer's *Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament,* N. Y. 1887, p. 582, foot of column 1.

[13] *The Works of Dionysius the Areopagite,* by the Rev. John Parker, M.A., London, 1897. Preface to the *Divine Names,* p. xvi. Italics ours.

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pseudo-Dionysius, and feels that his doctrine is exactly such as to have been almost necessarily the work of some one who could only have had the profound knowledge of a convert and companion of St. Paul, the familiar friend of St. John, and the Initiate of a truly Apostolic Age.

Dionysius, Bishop of Athens, who was martyred in 119 A. D., wrote his first book on the *Divine Names* according to one ancient authority in A. D. 98,—and he used the word Theosophy in it on numerous occasions. He says of himself in the fourth section of the *Divine Names:* "And whatever other divinely wrought illuminations, conformable to the oracles, the secret tradition of our inspired leaders bequeathed to us for our enlightenment,—in these, also, we have been initiated." And again: "Besides, we must also consider this, that the teaching handed down by the Theologians is twofold—one, secret and mystical,—the other, open and better known—one, symbolical and an initiator—the other, philosophic and demonstrative;—and the unspoken is intertwined with the spoken. The one persuades and seeks after the truth of the things expressed, the other acts, and implants in Almighty God by instructions in mysteries not learnt by teaching. And certainly, neither our holy instructors, nor those of the law, abstain from God-befitting symbols throughout the celebrations of the most holy mysteries. Yes, we see even the most holy Angels mystically advancing things Divine through enigmas: and Jesus himself, speaking the word of God in parables, and transmitting the divinely wrought mysteries through a typical spreading of a table." [14]

With these by way of giving Dionysius' credentials, he writes to Bishop Polycarp that, "By the knowledge of created things, well called philosophy by him [Apollophanes], and by the divine Paul named Wisdom of God (*σοφία θεοῦ*), the true philosophers ought to have been elevated to the Cause of things created and to the knowledge of them."[15] This links Dionysius, as might have been expected, with St. Paul, and his authority for the use of the terms. He opens another work entitled *Mystic Theology,* with an address to the Trinity: "Supernal Triad, both super-God and super-good, guardian of the Theosophy of Christians, direct us to the super-unknown mystic oracles, both super-glorious and on the topmost pinnacle, where the simple and absolute and changeless mysteries of Theology lie hidden within the super-luminous darkness of the silence, not revealing hidden things which in its deepest darkness shines above the most super-brilliant; and in the wholly impalpable and invisible, fills to overflowing eyeless minds with glories of surpassing beauty." [16] Again, in the *Celestial Hierarchy* he writes, "Thus do all Theosophers, and prophets of the secret inspiration, separate the Holy of Holies from the uninitiated and unholy, to keep them undefiled; and they prefer the dissimilar description of holy things, so that divine things

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[14] *Divine Names,* Chap. 1, Sec. 4; cf. Migne, *Pat. Gr.,* Tom. 3, column 620.—Letter 12 to Titus, the Bishop, *Ibid.* col. 1105.

[15] *Pat. Gr.,* Op. cit., Letter VII, col. 1080.

[16] *Pat. Gr.,* III, col. 997.

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should never be reached by the profane, nor those who diligently contemplate the divine imagery rest in the types as though they were true,"—a thoroughly interesting sentence.[17] It will be noticed that the words here are used in their integrity, no longer divided as in St. Paul.

In the *Divine Names* there are two brilliant definitions of Theosophy and Theosophers. The first is as follows: "And when Theosophers (*οἱ θεόσοφοι*, one word) themselves celebrate him, as Author of all things, under many Names, from all created Things—as Good, as Beautiful, as Wise, as Beloved, as God of Gods, or Lord of lords, as Holy of Holies, as Eternal, as Being, as Author of Ages, as Provider of Life, as Wisdom, as Mind, as Logos, as Knowing, as pre-eminently possessing all the Treasures of all Knowledge, as Power, as Powerful, as King of kings, as Ancient of days, as never growing old and Unchangeable, as Preservation, as Righteousness, as Sanctification, as Redemption, as surpassing all things in greatness, and as in a gentle wind."[18] Later on in the same book, he says that, "The angelic minds . . . see at a glance the divine conceptions indivisibly and immaterially, and are moulded by the God-like One to the divine and Super-wise Mind and Reason, as attainable by reason of Theosophy . . .Theosophy is called source, and cause, and main-stay and completion, and God, and term of wisdom itself, and of every kind, and of every mind and reason, and of every sensible perception."[19] And finally, "Thus, then, the early leaders of our Divine Theosophy are dying every day on behalf of truth, testifying as is natural, both by every word and deed, to the one knowledge of the truth of the Christians, that it is of all, both more simple, and more divine, yea, that it is the sole true and one and simple knowledge of God."[20]

No wonder, with such an accumulated setting, that our word Theosophy should have been employed by numerous Christian writers. Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 153 to 217), a pupil of Ammonius Saccas, profound student of Philo, and a mystic and scholar of the highest degree, uses our word adverbially in his *Stromata,* a work replete with traditional wisdom of Greece and Egypt. "The *Stromata,*" he says in the opening chapter, "will contain the truth mixed-up in the dogmas of philosophy, or rather covered over and hidden, as the edible part of the nut in the shell. For, in my opinion, it is fitting that the seeds of truth be kept for the husbandmen of faith, and no others. . . . For it does not follow that if a man accomplishes anything, not purposely, he does it through force of circumstances. But he will do it, managing it by Theosophy (*θεοσόφως*), and in accommodation to circumstances. . . . For, like farmers who irrigate the land beforehand, so we also water with the liquid stream of Greek learning what in it is earthy; so that

[17] *Ibid.*, col. 145. Cf. John Scotus Erigena's barbarous translation of this passage in *Pat. Lat.*, Tom. 122, col. 1043.

[18] *Ibid.*, col. 596.

[19] *Ibid.*, col. 868.

[20] *Ibid.*, col. 873.

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it may receive the spiritual seed cast into it, and may be capable of easily nourishing it." "But the husbandry is twofold,—the one unwritten, and the other written;" and again he says, "And to him who is able secretly to observe what is delivered to him, that which is veiled shall be disclosed as truth; and what is hidden to the many, shall appear manifest to the few. For why do not all know the truth? Why is not righteousness loved, if righteousness belongs to all? But the mysteries are delivered mystically, that what is spoken may be in the mouth of the speaker, rather not in his voice, but in his understanding . . . Some things I purposely omit in the exercise of a wise selection, afraid to write what I guarded against speaking; not grudging, for that were wrong; but fearing for my readers lest they should stumble by taking them in a wrong sense; and as the proverb says, we should be found 'reaching a sword to a child' . . . Some things my treatise will hint; on some it will linger; some it will merely mention. It will try to speak imperceptibly, to exhibit secretly, and to demonstrate silently. The dogmas taught by remarkable sects will be adduced; and to these will be opposed all that ought to be premised in accordance with the profoundest contemplation of the knowledge which, as we proceed to the renowned and venerable canon of tradition *from the creation of the world,* will advance to our view; setting before us what, according to natural contemplation, necessarily has to be treated of beforehand, and clearing off what stands in the way of this arrangement. So that we may have our ears ready for the reception of the tradition of true knowledge . . . and there are some mysteries before other mysteries." [21]

Without having had time to discover if other contemporary and subsequent writers use the word Theosophy, which is highly probable, it is interesting to note that it appears as a title applied to the Greek Emperor Constantine IV (Pogonotus), who presided over the Sixth Œcumenical Council which met in Constantinople from November 7, 680 to November 16, 681. On several different occasions Constantine is spoken of as "beloved of God," and "a Theosopher." [22]

This is translated in Latin by *Deo instructae,* the Latin term "Theosophus" apparently not having as yet been invented. We might note here that the same epithet in its Latin form is applied by an old chronicler to the French King, Robert the Good, in a charter dated September, A. D. 999.[23] It has been said that it was through Robert the Good that the inherited gift of healing was acquired by the anointed French kings.

John Scotus Erigena (d. c. 880 A. D.), was apparently the first to coin the Latin word *Theosophus,* and he did this by translating the works

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[21] Migne, *Pat. Gr.*, Tom. 9, col. 708, etc. *Stromata,* Bk. 1, Chap. 1. Cf. the translation in *The Ante-Nicene Fathers,* Vol. II, pp. 302-3.

[22] *Sacrorum Conciliorum Collectio.* J. D. Mansi. Florentiae, 1756. Tom. XI, col. 221—cf. columns 207 and 210.

[23] Jean Besly, "Data mense Septembri . . . an. 999. Indictione 12. regnante Rotberto Rege Theosopho, anno 5, legendum forte anno primo."

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of Dionysius. The novelty of its use is proved by the fact that he translates the Greek word *θεοσοφίαν* in one place by *divinas sapientias,* whereas he coins the term directly from the Greek in another passage.[24] From Erigena the Latin term spread into scholastic theology, and appears from time to time as a synonym for Philosophus—Philosopher—thus, in large measure, losing its special connotation. For instance, the second Council of Limoges in 1031 speaks of King Robert as "*doctissimo* rege Francorum Roberto" rather than as "Theosopho." [25]

Hugh of Flavens, Bishop of Verdun, in his *Chronicle,* uses the term twice, in a rather derogatory sense. He says, "But wisdom fled from inhabiting a body dwelling in the senses. He pretended that at that time he was a philosopher, in order that those who did not know that he was a theosopher would believe him." [26] Hugh died in 1098.

From now on the word seems to lose its special significance, until the time of Reuchlin (d. 1492), Agrippa (d. 1535), Cordano (d. 1576), Pico della Mirandola, and Paracelsus (d. 1540). With them the word Theosophy enters upon its second phase of meaning; this second phase in its turn containing also those writers who opposed Theosophy, and who, therefore, referred to it only in terms of criticism or ridicule.

In conclusion, it would seem superfluous to point out the thoroughly orthodox setting in which the word Theosophy entered upon its checkered career. We are inclined to differ from Matthew Arnold, who, though he says, "Jesus spoke of himself as uttering the word of God; but that he called himself the Logos, there is neither indication nor probability: there is, however, some trace of him calling himself the *Wisdom of God,*"—yet adds, "These things are not in the manner of Jesus. Jesus never theosophized." [27]

Only those who do not understand could say that "Jesus never theosophized."

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[24] *Joannis Scoti Opera quae supersunt omnia. Pat. Lat.,* Tom. 122, col. 270, 1043, etc.

[25] Mansi, Opus cit., Tom. XIX, col. 526.

[26] *Hugbonis Abbatis Flaviniacensis Chronicon. Pat. Lat.,* Tom. 154, lib. 1, col. 151.

[27] Title: *Objections to "Literature and Dogma." Contemporary Review,* 1875, Vol. 26, pp. 684-5.

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NŌ

NŌ is the classic drama of Japan. The character for it signifies *to be able, talent, performance* or *accomplishment.*

The Nō is a combination of recitation and dance with music. It is often compared to the Greek drama with which, indeed, it has certain resemblances. The Greek drama was derived from the Rites of Bacchus and from the goat song. The Nō is derived from ancient shrine dances in honour of Shinto gods, from court dances, and from Buddhist shrine pantomimes.

There is a legend as to the origin of the Kagura or ancient shrine dance. The Sun Goddess, disgusted by the pranks of her brother, hid herself in a cave and left the world in darkness. The gods assembled in the dry bed of the River of the Milky Way to deliberate upon a means of luring her forth. They caused Ame no Hime, "The Terrible Female of Heaven," to disguise herself fantastically and to dance upon an inverted tub. "Then the gods laughed till the high planes of Heaven shook," and the Sun Goddess came out of her cave. These Kagura are still danced at certain temples.

At the court it was the custom to dance not only martial but fanciful dances. The nobles of the court at Kioto composed poems to accompany these dances, and sang songs in unison at court ceremonies. Finally the chorus of nobles became a trained chorus, with musicians, and a minister in charge of it. These court entertainments were called Saibara. Many of the names of Nō plays are identical with the names of Saibara given in a manuscript collection compiled about the year 900 A. D. In the famous romance, *Genji Monogatari*[1], the young hero, shining Genji, dances before the court the dance of the Blue Sea Waves, and sings a song. Perhaps both are handed down to us in the play *Suma Genji.*

In the Buddhist temples pantomimes were performed, representing incidents in the lives of the saints and the interventions of Buddha or the Bodhisattwa. These were accompanied by the reading of scriptural texts. In Japan, Shintoism and the various sects of Buddhism live amicably side by side and interpenetrate. The Buddhism of the Nō is that of the "Greater Vehicle," sometimes of the Amidist school, sometimes that of the more mystical Zen.

The Nō is a gathering together of all these elements. By the fourteenth century it had become a serious dramatic performance.

There grew up at the same time among the acrobats, jugglers and mummers a form of comedy, the Kiōgen or "Wild Words." These farces are still played as interludes between serious Nō, much as were mediæval farces in Mystery Plays. The name "Wild Words" comes from a poem by the Chinese poet, Po Chü-i. "May the vulgar trade of letters that I have plied in this life, all the folly of wild words and fine phrases, be

[1] The *Genji Monogatari* was written by the Lady Murasaki Shikibu at the end of the tenth century. It is one of the Japanese classics.

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transformed into a hymn of praise that shall celebrate the Buddha in age on age to come, and cause the Great Wheel of Law to turn." [2]

The Shoguns, especially, took an interest in Nō. The Great Yoshimitsu was a patron of the priest-actor Kagehisa, and of his son Seami, the author of many Nō played to-day, and of the famous treatise on the theatre, the *Kwadensho*.

The tradition of Nō has been carried on in an unbroken line from the fourteenth century. When the Shogunate fell in 1868, the actor Umewaka Minoru, a descendant of Kagehisa, at infinite pains preserved the art from extinction. He bought up an old stage, old costumes and masks and continued to give performances.

Since the fourteenth century, Nō has been essentially an aristocratic art. It was performed for the Shogun and the nobility. Only one performance a year was public. The daimyos were forbidden to go to any other theatre. The actors themselves were descended from daimyo and samurai families. They handed on the secret traditions of their art from father to son. Great stress was laid upon their manners and their morals. Umewaka Minoru says that the character of an actor cannot be concealed, and that, if he would play great parts, he must be "pure, moral and true in all his daily life."

Seami says that Nō is to teach the history of the country and to elevate the mind and morals. Even in the farce there should be nothing low.

The first Nō theatres were built out of doors in dry river beds or in court yards. The Nō stage is a raised platform with a roof supported by four pillars. The back is closed, and upon this wall is painted a pine tree, symbolic of the Unchanging. The stage is connected with the actors' dressing room by a bridge along which, at regular intervals, are placed three dwarf pines. The proportions of the stage and bridge are rigidly determined. At the back of the stage sit the four musicians, the flute player and the three drummers. One drum is played as is ours, with sticks, the other two, sometimes called tambourines, are tapped with thimble and hand respectively. The chorus sits at the right of the stage.

There are few characters in the plays; the Shite or hero, the Waki or attendant, and the Tzure, secondary personage. Sometimes there are other attendants, reapers or sailors. The parts are all taken by men. The actors wear masks in the rôles of women, old men and demons. These masks are often extremely old and beautiful. Minoru says that a commonplace actor cannot wear a good mask. He cannot make himself one with it.

The Nō costumes are gorgeous in colour and stuff. Many of our museums have collections of them.

The music of Nō is a subject in itself. It is built upon a subtile system of rhythms, based upon what we should call Pythagorean theories —the Yo and the In, the Yang and Yin of China. The Japanese ear

[2] Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley.

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recognizes more intervals than does ours, accustomed to the piano. The chant somewhat resembles our plain chant. A similar mode of ornamentation may be found in Italian or Russian folk songs, or, for example, in certain troubadour songs. The effect, bizarre at first, becomes extraordinarily expressive and beautiful as one begins to understand it.

The text is partly in prose, partly in verse. It is written in the Court conversation language of the fourteenth century, a style still in use in writing. The subjects of Nō, as were the subjects of Greek plays, are familiar legends and incidents in the lives of heroes. Buddhist texts are frequently quoted, and well known poems. About 250 plays written before the seventeenth century are still given.

The Nō is thus a combination of the splendour of colour with the poetry of motion, music and idea. Had the Russian Ballet of Diglieff. in its best days, been connected with the mysteries, it might perhaps have been compared with it, although the ballet was more mimetic. A popular theatre was founded in the seventeenth century. Although imitating Nō in many ways, it was a theatre like our modern one, vulgarly mimetic and sensational. Its actors and incidents are familiar to everyone in the prints of the Ukiyo-ye school.

The art of Nō, like all the great arts of the world, is confined in a rigid form, is symbolic, expressive of the noumenon rather than the varied phenomena of action or emotion. Paradoxically, such art seems more free, conveys more directly the spirit of its idea. As the simplified planes of Egyptian sculpture contain the essence of the science of anatomy, so the symbolic gesture of the Nō actor is the synthesis of expression. One of the proverbs of this, to us formal and sophisticated art is, "The Heart is the form."

In words which remind us of Lao Tse, the Book of Criticism says, "Forget the theatre and look at the Nō. Forget the Nō and look at the actor. Forget the actor and look at the idea. Forget the idea and you will understand the Nō."

The Nō is a short recitation ending in a dance with chorus. A programme is composed of five or six pieces. First, a congratulatory piece or play of the gods. The gods have established and maintained the nation. Second, the battle or hero piece, for the emperors have pacified the country. Third, after battle comes peace. A Female or "Wig" play is given. The fourth piece is a play of spirits. The life of this world is a dream, after all. This play will show the adventures and sins of mortals and cause the audience to think of the world to come and of the Buddha. Fifth comes a moral piece on the duties of man. At the end is another congratulatory piece to call down the blessings of the gods. Sometimes this last play is omitted, but a congratulatory chorus is sung.

Thus a performance is a mystery of the whole life of man.

Let us summarize briefly a typical, simple Nō, *Nagoromo, the Cloak of Feathers.* A fisherman has landed on the shore one spring morning.

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The song of the chorus and his words evoke the sea, the early mist, the still shining moon, the wind in the pines. But to-day is no common day—"An empty sky with music, a rain of flowers, strange fragrance on every side."

Upon a tree, he finds a cloak of feathers. It is the cloak of a Tennin, a Celestial Dancer or angel. The Tennin appears and asks him to give it back to her. He refuses. Alas! She cannot return to heaven without her cloak. The flowers of her head-dress begin to fade, her garments are stained. The chorus sings for her a song of envy of the birds that can fly homeward. The fisherman is touched. If she will dance for him, he will return the mantle. She dances for him to the chanting of the chorus, marvellous dances of Heaven, until, at last, she disappears as a "mountain in the mist."

This is a fairy tale, but there are many other types of Nō, tales of war or exile, of heroism or passion. A favourite device is a ghost which returns to relate its past deeds and to ask for prayers. A battle does not take place on the stage but is mimed by the apparition. It is seen as it were through a refining veil, or in a mirror.

The warrior Kumagai having killed the hero Atsumori, is filled with remorse and becomes a priest. He makes a pilgrimage to pray for his victim's soul. The ghost of Atsumori appears to him and rehearses that last fight on the seashore at Suma. The boats of his clan have put to sea, leaving him behind. Perplexed, he spurs his horse into the waves.

"And then
He looks behind him and sees
That Kumagai pursues him.
He cannot escape.
Then Atsumori turns his horse
Knee deep in the lashing waves,
And draws his sword.
Twice, three times he strikes, then, still saddled,
In close fight they twine, roll headlong together
Among the surf of the shore." [3]

The wraith, excited by these memories, rises from the ground with drawn sword, to attack once more his enemy, but Kumagai calls on Buddha's name, and obtains his salvation. In another life they will be born as friends.

Our drama is one of action, the poetry, the fatality of action. The Japanese drama is one of concentration, of the perfect dramatic moment or situation, that moment Faust would fain retain. Such is the play *Ikuta*, in which the ghost of the same Atsumori returns at the prayers of his little son. The child has been informed in a dream that he must go to the forest of Ikuta. Accompanied by a priest, he reaches the forest at sunset. There, they see in a tent a magnificent young warrior clothed in blue and white and gold. It is the ghost of Atsumori. The child runs

[3] Translated by Arthur Waley in *The Nō Plays of Japan;* George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London.

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to greet his father whom he has never seen alive, but for whom he has so earnestly prayed.

What can exceed the pathos of this meeting of father and child drawn together by love across the tremendous gulfs of death and hell?

"Oh pitiful!
To see this child, born after me,
Darling that should be gay as a flower,
Walking in tattered coat of old black cloth.
Alas!
Child, when your love of me
Led you to Kamo shrine, praying to the God
That, though but in a dream,
You might behold my face,
The God of Kamo, full of pity, came
To Yama, king of Hell.
King Yama listened, and ordained for me
A moment's respite, but hereafter, never." [4]

He begins to dance the fateful tale of his death and of the fall of the Taira clan, when suddenly he stamps, shouting, "Who is that? Can it be Yama's messenger? He comes to tell me I have outstayed my time. The Lord of Hell is angry; he asks why I am late."

He must return to fight with demons. He is ashamed his child should see him thus.

"Oh pray for me, pray for me
When I am gone, he said,
And, weeping, weeping,
Dropped the child's hand."

Like the story of Œdipus is the story of Kagekiyo, the old, blind warrior in exile. His daughter, wandering about the country in search of him, asks the way of the old blind beggar. He feels that it must be his child, but sends her on. Even when she discovers who he is from the villagers and returns to him, he refuses to keep her with him in his misery. Weeping, she obeys him. The chorus sings:

"I am old: I have forgotten, things unforgettable!
My thoughts are tangled: I am ashamed.
But little longer shall this world
This sorrowful world torment me.
The end is near. Go to your home;
Pray for my soul departed, child, candle to my darkness.
Bridge to salvation!
'I stay,' he said, and she 'I go.'
The sound of this word
Was all he kept of her,
Nor passed between them
Remembrance other."

There is also the splendid poetry of Kakitsubata, where the glorious lady beloved of the poet Narihira appears resplendent as the iris, in the iris swamp where once he thought of her.

[4] *Ibid.*

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A priest, seeing the flowers, sings in words that are strangely familiar:

"Time does not stop and spring passes,
The light foot summer comes nigh us.
The branching trees and the bright, unmindful grass
Do not forget their time,
They take no thought, yet remember
To show forth their colour in season." [5]

This apparition, arrayed like the flower described in Narihira's poem, "in a court dress brought from China," is there to tell us that beauty is eternal. Narihira himself was the incarnation of a Bosatsu's music, and her spirit is the creation of his thought of her among the iris flowers.

How exquisitely are entwined here the worlds of thought and manifestation!

Chorio is a drama of initiation. Chorio dreamed that upon the bridge of Kahi he should meet an ancient man who could teach him the "art of fighting." When he awoke he went to Kahi but arrived too late. However, he returned another morning and saw, coming towards him on horseback, an ancient man so majestic that he knelt before him. The old man threw his shoe into the river. Chorio jumped in among the whirlpools and rocks of the rapids. Then a dragon rose up from the dark mists and fought with him for the shoe. Chorio drew his sword and struck a great blow at the dragon. Victorious, he brought back the shoe to the Ancient Worthy, Kosekko, who alighted, saying, "Well done. Well done." And he gave a scroll of writing to Chorio, containing all the secret traditions of warfare. And Kosekko said, "That dragon was Kuannon. She came here to try your heart, and she must be your goddess hereafter."

This meeting must remind one of that meeting described by Ramaswamier in *Five Years of Theosophy,* when he saw a solitary horseman riding towards him on a road near Sikkim, and recognizing a Mahatma, fell upon his knees in the dust.

The tone of all these plays is religious. The only true end of man is enlightenment. Men may love or fight, but at the last their souls turn wearily to the Buddha, who saves them through his Grace, at the prayer of the righteous. His Law alone endures.

There are now five Nō theatres open to the public in Tokyo, besides which, Nō are performed at religious celebrations, weddings and festivities. We do not realize what such a theatre means until we compare it with our own theatre of to-day. We have not a single play house in New York or London devoted to the classics or to maintaining a standard of modern drama.

We have exiled not only the kings and master builders, but the dramatists also. When shall we remember the real purpose of the drama, "To purge the soul through pity and through terror"?

JEUNESSE.

[5] Translated in *Noh or Accomplishment,* by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound—Macmillan.

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SELF-CONTROL

THE expression, self-control, is so common that it seems hardly necessary to define it. But self-control as understood by Theosophy has a much deeper and more comprehensive meaning than it is generally supposed to have.

What is the self that is to be controlled? And what (or who) is to control it? St. Paul speaks of the two natures fighting against each other, so that when he would do good, evil was present to try and defeat him; and Theosophy speaks of the higher self and the lower self struggling against each other, each seeking to be master. What is this lower self? It is a body of forces or powers that can be used either for the preservation of life or for its destruction. It is like fire and electricity. Electricity when under the control of intelligence, is a splendid servant, but when not controlled it becomes a destructive force. So fire may be a blessing or a curse; it may bring cheer and comfort to our homes, or it may be a raging flame that sweeps away our homes and destroys life. To be a blessing it must be controlled.

Words, deeds, thoughts, emotions must all be controlled if life is to be a blessing. There may be, and often is, control of words but not of thoughts and emotions. When it seems to be an advantage to be silent, men control their words, but bitterness still rules within. Napoleon said if he could keep his anger below his chin, he was all right, but if it rose above, he lost control of others. There is often a control of appetites by prize fighters and athletes because of the greater good that will come to them from this control. But internally they are unchanged; the same desires are there, only held back for a little while during training, as one holds back a fiery horse, and when the race or the fight is over the appetites are indulged as much as ever.

There is also control of the desire to harm another, because of the fear of evil consequences that may follow if the injury is done.

All this is far below self-control as defined by Theosophy; in fact, this is sheer selfishness, a desire for happiness, prosperity, and success, regardless of their effects on others. Thus the lower self seems to be separated from others and looks on others as enemies if they interfere with, or limit its happiness. Its interest centres in having what it desires for itself alone. Theosophy teaches that *separateness* is the great heresy, that universal brotherhood is a fact in nature, that we are members one of another, and that we can only attain to good as we seek to impart it to others. This takes us back to thoughts and motives, which are more important than words or deeds. Thoughts are often hidden by words and deeds. So the control of self is the control of thoughts and motives, and this is never attained without strong desire and long continued effort of will. When we come to see that we are not separate, but parts of one whole, one with all things and all beings, and, as St. John says,

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that "we dwell in God and God in us," we shall desire to live true lives. We shall then desire to think thoughts of kindness and love, for by so doing we may reach true self-control. On the other hand, selfish thoughts produce hatred, strife, divisions and unhappiness to ourselves and others. But thought and service for others, with the forgetting of self, will bring happiness and joy, for the words of Jesus are still true:—"He that would save his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake and the gospel's shall save it."

We see then the importance of real self-control; our own welfare and that of others demands it. It is necessary for true success in life. We cannot enjoy perfect physical health unless we control the emotions; anger, envy, and jealousy are foes of health of body and mind. No matter how great and wise a man may be, if he yields to fits of anger at critical moments, life for himself and others will be spoiled. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." In occultism no progress can be made without it; so from the beginning of our studies we are urged to cultivate it—"raise the self by the self," and strive to bring the lower self into subjection to the higher. We must still the lower voices before we can hear the higher. We must find the place of peace before we can really grow. How may we win self-control? There are some ways easier than others, and we may each find some help in the struggle.

The old phrenologists used to teach that the faculties work in groups; some are leaders, some helpers and some followers. Fear is a strong faculty and if the self-reliant faculties are not strong, fear will rule them and some others. Out of fear comes doubt, despondency, jealousy and other inharmonious conditions. Fear is cowardice, so if we can conquer fear, its opposite—courage—will manifest and destroy a good many other things that hinder growth and progress. So it is a surer way to conquer the leader than to try to destroy the things that are born of fear.

To conquer fear there must be self-knowledge. If you know your weakness, remind yourself of the strong opposites that are yours if you cultivate them—hopefulness, self-reliance, and conscience. Fear is often the result of ignorance, as a child in a dark room is afraid, but when a light is made in the room his fears are overcome. The principles of Theosophy will help greatly in overcoming fear and its brood of evils.

Another evil leader is sensuality, the indulgence of the animal senses for the sake of pleasure. The indulgence of animal appetites brings a number of attending evils, and man becomes a slave to eating, drinking and pleasure. To conquer this we must study the effects of wrong eating, overeating and over-excitement of any kind. This knowledge with the use of reason will greatly assist the development of will power, so that in time we shall have no difficulty in deciding what and when we want to eat and drink and enjoy. I have already referred to prize fighters and athletes as examples, and the training of these may be studied with profit.

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Perhaps the most difficult thing to conquer is vanity. The grosser forms we may recognize in ourselves and begin to correct them, but we are often blind to the higher forms and so do not attempt to conquer them. Vanity is the perverted, or excessive action of what the phrenologist calls "love of approbation." When rightly used and controlled, it tends to make our intercourse with each other pleasant; it helps to civilize and harmonize men, and to restrain selfishness. It can be educated to move in proper channels, and unless it is so educated it produces some of the worst evils in life, such as insincerity, pretence, extravagance, and all kinds of shams. It even affects our religion, so that that which above all things should be sincere is at last used to win praise. When vanity is strong, men seek to win golden opinions instead of seeking to be right and true. They cease to value that which is intrinsic and seek for that which will buy things. Vanity leads to falseness, boasting, flattery, extravagance, and dishonesty. It makes men insincere in thought and conviction, for it weakens the conscience so that we do not see clearly what is right and honourable. Few of us are strong enough to stand alone, so opinions that are unpopular are held by few, but when they begin to be popular, multitudes endorse them. When anti-slavery sentiments were unpopular few confessed to holding them, but when the cause became victorious, almost everyone confessed his belief in them.

It is most important that we seek to control this faculty so that we may live and act truthfully, sincerely, and lovingly, and thus win reality of character, when our yea will be yea, and our nay, nay, for Jesus says whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil. How to do this is a most important question. We must first see and feel our weakness and imperfection, and earnestly aspire after the perfect. Self-knowledge comes by self-examination, and by study of the highest examples and ideals.

Following this course, little by little the spiritual *will* may be awakened, but it is a long, hard battle; requiring patience and faith. The greatest help may be found in daily meditation, self-study and prayer.

If we can master these three qualities—fear, sensuality, and vanity—we shall have largely won self-control. Let us never forget that selfish thoughts fill the mind with darkness and hatred, causing strife and divisions, with unhappiness to ourselves and others. On the other hand, thought and service for others, with the forgetting of self, bring happiness and lasting joy.

Self-control for our own sake, and for the sake of others is necessary, for it is obedience to, and the expression of, a great law of life, and this obedience will lead us out of darkness into light, out of bondage and misery into liberty, health, peace and happiness.

JOHN SCHOFIELD.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

"THERE are few things more helpful," said the Recorder, "than experience on the subject of prayer and meditation,—I mean on the method of prayer, on how to pray and how to meditate; and I wish that some of you people would contribute."

"If prayer may be defined as the science and art of communicating with the spiritual world," the Philosopher responded, "it necessarily must be the study of a life-time, and a progressive study; so that practices and methods which are helpful at one stage, might easily be hindrances at another. Allowance must be made also for individual temperament. Some people, for instance, whose minds are very active, and who are engrossed in worldly affairs, including both real and imaginary duties, require a more 'mental' method than those whose interest and attention are given already to spiritual things. To get rid of the 'worldliness' of their minds, they must use their minds for spiritual purposes, both during their time of prayer, and whenever they have an opportunity to do so. If, when they begin to pray or to meditate, they find their minds 'buzzing', it would be best for them, until their minds quiet down, to read some devotional book—a book of sermons or of meditations—pausing at each sentence or paragraph to think it over. Little by little they should be able to start their own minds working, independently, in the right direction, and, through the properly directed activity of their own minds, they should be able to lead themselves to a right desire, and, finally, to a right resolution,—which may be regarded as the true objective of meditation."

"I do not understand how you identify a right resolution with what you suggested at first, namely, that prayer may be defined as the science and art of communicating with the spiritual world." Our Visitor raised the question.

"Right resolution, if carried out, is merely an extension in time of communication with the spiritual world. A passing vision, a flash of insight, is of very little use to us, unless it result in corresponding action."

"Could you illustrate what you have been saying?"

"I will try. Suppose you have been reading a chapter in the *Imitation of Christ*. Let us assume that when you begin it, you are 'out of tune' with spiritual things, and that it is not until the end of the chapter that anything begins to work 'inside of you'. The last verse reads: 'How small soever anything be, if it be inordinately loved and regarded, it keepeth thee back from the highest good, and defileth the soul.' Perhaps you do not receive a direct impulse from that, but *you begin to talk to the Master about it*. Your reading has attuned you to that extent.

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You might say to him: 'Yes, Lord, I wish to serve and to obey thee. I wish that obedience to thee might become my greatest joy. [Now try to imagine and thus to see for yourself what it would be like if obedience to the Master were to become your greatest joy.] Yes, I can see it. There is that child of the B.'s; their only child. She adores her father, and because she adores him, if he tells her to do something, or expresses any desire, she is thrilled with delight at the prospect of being able to please him, by carrying out his wishes, by serving him. I might love thee like that. I wish to do so. Please, I beg of thee, help me to that end. [Now, as the result of the slight feeling which your *meditation* has already generated, your mind becomes more creative in its activity, and sees into spiritual facts more clearly.] And I do not want to rest content with the blind devotion of a child. I want the devotion, the love, the worship. But I want understanding too. Without understanding, I cannot be of real service to thee. And I can see how a General might serve his Commander-in-Chief,—with what delight, and with what intense appreciation of his superior's genius. I can see his heart and intellect and every faculty he possesses, on fire in loving, intelligent, forceful, concentrated obedience. It would be obedience, and yet there would be no thought of obedience, because he would have identified himself so completely with the plans and wishes of his superior. There would be utter self-forgetfulness. There would be the delight of the child's heart, *plus* the delight of the man's intellect. . . . Give me, I implore thee, love such as that,—the love of an understanding heart. It would be wonderful. . . . But thou canst give, thou sayest, only as I give to thee! . . . The widow's mite . . . The seven loaves and few small fishes . . . We must give our all, no matter how little that may be, before thou canst multiply and make infinite! Yes, I understand. And that is my desire . . . Thou sayest that I cannot do it all at once; that I must give thee the whole of one thing before I can give thee the whole of everything . . . But what have I to give thee, Lord? I am poor; I have no talents; my time is not my own . . . Have I no sins, thou sayest; no weaknesses which might be turned into weapons of love for thee? And could I not give thee one of these? . . . Truly I should, but I have tried and failed. Never once have I given thee anything completely. There is my habit of interrupting others, and the offence I give so often in that way. I have tried to cure myself; have tried to listen patiently . . . Ah, "patiently": perhaps that was the cause of the trouble! . . . I should resolve definitely and finally to make an offering of this habit to thee; I should ask myself when and against whom I sin most frequently; I should attack the enemy at that point; I should concentrate my attention there, where I am weakest; I should ask myself why I have failed in the past; I should study the nature of the enemy to be conquered. Yes, I see. Interruption is only the outer expression of an attitude of heart

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and mind. What impels me to interrupt? Do I think my own ideas so much more valuable than the ideas of others, that I cannot wait until they have articulated theirs? Would it matter if I never uttered mine? Is it egotism against egotism? But in that case, need I be negative to the other man's attitude? Need I be dominated by him? Need I permit him to drag me down to his plane? Might I not meet his lack of interest in my ideas, with intense interest in his? Should I not listen with thee, dear Lord and Master, and listen also for thy comment on what he says? . . . Or is the cause of my habit something quite different? Clearly, at my next meditation I must study this question again. I must discover what stands in my way. But this much I can resolve for to-day: at lunch, when I shall meet him, I will not interrupt, and I must watch my desire to do so in order to trace the desire to its root, if that be possible . . . Master, help me to see, to understand myself, to will and to conquer! Very little do I love thee, because I love myself with most of the love thou givest me for loving. But I long to love thee, and if I can conquer self-love at one point, I shall at least have that much more of love to give to thee. And thou multipliest: thou wilt take my small gift and wilt breathe upon it and set it afire and some day that fire will consume my self-love, and I shall love thee utterly and for ever!'

"That," continued the Philosopher, "is of course only a brief outline of what I would call one form of meditation. I suggest it merely to show the way in which reading may serve us, as a spring-board serves a diver. Our experience ought soon to teach us what kind of books will help us most. It may be that on some particular morning, it would be wisest to begin with one book and to pass on to another. We may need to lead ourselves from a comparatively lower plane, to the plane of our real desire. In some cases such a poem as Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven' will start the mind and the imagination working, these, in their turn, illuminating and firing the heart. You remember the words:

> Halts by me that footfall:
> Is my gloom, after all,
> Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
> 'Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest
> I am He whom thou seekest!
> Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

On another day, in a different mood, the same man might find that, instead of poetry, he could draw inspiration only from some purely intellectual thesis, or from a life of Buddha, or of Christ, or of one of the Saints. The beginner must tempt his appetite! It is only the veteran, with well established and well regulated habits, who can afford to consume the same simple diet day after day."

"I can see value in your method," remarked the Pragmatist, an

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old student of Theosophy, "but the method of Buddha should, I think, be used also. You remember the *Mahâ-parinibbâna-Sutta:* 'Now these stages of deliverance, Ananda, from the hindrance to thought arising from the sensations and ideas due to external forms, are eight in number.' Then he shows the way of escape from wrong self-identification. We should meditate upon the fact that we are not these forms, or the space which forms occupy, or even the mental concept of forms: we are above all these, as the beholders of mental concepts,—and so on, back to the eternal and changeless Self. . . . It is a method which requires active and concentrated thought, but comparatively little reading. A Buddhist probably would confine himself to a single verse from one of the Suttas."

"Some people make the mistake," commented the Theologian, "of setting themselves a task in the matter of reading,—I mean spiritual reading. They try to read at least one page or five or ten pages every day. There are times when a few words will be sufficient to start a real meditation. For instance, 'Thy will be done' may suggest the prayer,—Thy will be done in and on and through me. Instantly we may see that such a prayer is good, but is negative. This will lead to a new and more positive prayer, namely: may we *do* Thy will, to-day, at all hours of the day, and in particular at certain moments when experience has taught us that we are very much inclined to prefer our own will. This, in turn, will lead to a consideration of the obstacles to be overcome. We shall try to formulate these and shall probably discover that among them we must count our stupidity, our laziness, our irritability and impatience. It would be possible, of course, to continue such a meditation almost indefinitely, particularly if we take up the subject of our stupidity, the range of which is limitless, as we may be sure! But it is wiser not to attempt too much. We should confine ourselves to the main obstacles we are attacking, or perhaps to the obstacle which stood out most prominently in our effort of the day before, whether this be under the head of laziness, of irritability, or of intellectual blindness. Then we should resolve to overcome that obstacle, as has already been suggested, at a definite point, in a definite way."

"If, at the time of our meditation, we have no book within reach," the Sage remarked, "we might find an excellent substitute in some remembered incident from the life of one of the Masters. Take, for instance, the arrival of Christ at the city of Samaria, where he sat by the well, 'being weary with his journey'. We, perhaps, sometimes imagine ourselves to be mortally tired. We feel as if we could not move hand or foot, and as if the least mental effort were impossible. Do all of us realize, I wonder, that as yet we do not know the meaning of fatigue, and that the exhaustion of great Adepts must necessarily be infinitely greater than our own? Orthodox Christians miss so much of the wonder of Christ's achievement, by emphasizing his divinity at the expense of his

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humanity. Some of them would think it insulting to suggest that at times he must have felt worn out,—while, to suppose that he could feel worn out now, to them would seem blasphemous. They do not understand that his triumph over exhaustion was one of the ways in which he showed his supreme greatness. This, of course, stands out particularly during his last three days of life in Palestine. People seem to think that a man is great because he is strong. Actually, a man is strong only in relation to others who are not as strong as he is. His greatness consists in triumphing over his weakness. . . . But the fruit of that meditation, if it were mine, would be that most of us are probably misunderstanding, not only Masters, but those who are much closer to us and perhaps our immediate superiors in the hierarchical chain. One of the most cruel things I have ever witnessed was the result of underestimating the human needs of a chêla. Fortitude, strength of character and of will, were rightly attributed to him; but because the terrific strain that was being put upon these great qualities was not appreciated, and because it was imagined that he could do work easily which in fact he could do only at great cost, he was left without help when he needed help most. We should ask ourselves, therefore, what we might do to lighten the burden of those whose responsibility in the work is greater than our own. Nearly always we shall find that this will not involve doing new work, but, instead, the more complete performance of our present duties. In the eyes of the gods, I suspect that most of us only half do anything. If we were to try to do some one thing with absolute perfection, it would, I believe, be a valuable and perhaps an astonishing experience. As it is, much of the burden of spiritual beings of all grades, whether incarnated or not, consists, I believe, in finishing what we only half perform, and in cleaning up the mess we leave behind us. Both sympathy and gratitude should compel us to change our ways in these respects. We may be certain that when Christ, travelling from Judæa into Galilee, was 'wearied with his journey', and sat by the well to rest ('his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat'), he would not have been wearied if his disciples had not overslept that morning, or had not forgotten to provide food for the journey, or had not quarrelled among themselves, or had not in some way put a needless extra burden upon him . . . It is what we are doing all the time!"

"I think that one of the most difficult and most important aspects of prayer, is *right receiving*", the Student volunteered. "We know that in order to give to others, we must receive from the Masters; for otherwise we should have nothing to give. One or another of them has said often: 'Receive from me if you would give to others.' But how can we receive? What does it mean? What would you do if told to open your heart to receive? . . . The answer, to my mind, is to be found through the analogy of our relations with people who are near and dear to us. Consciously to receive their love involves, among other things, the belief

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that they love us, and next, recognition of proofs of their love. We cannot wait until Christmas or birthdays, and for the exchange of gifts, for this recognition. To remain alive to the love that surrounds us—and, if we are not alive to it, we shall not only fail to receive it, but shall fail to be grateful for it—to remain alive to love, we must pay attention to and must appreciate, its constant and often silent expression. The deepest love does not parade itself. Its silences may be more significant than its words. There are acts of self-effacement which say more than any other gift can say. As between the Masters and ourselves, we miss all these finer expressions of their love, unless we train ourselves in gratitude by looking always for the opportunity to be grateful. As a friend said to me the other day, he was convinced that he would not have a roof over his head or a crust to eat or a book to his name, if it were not for the loving kindness of his Master. Some people are inclined to assume that what they own is theirs by right of Karma. I should not like to see what would happen to them if the Karma of Masters did not stand between them and their own!

"But the main factor is faith. We do not believe—knowing ourselves as we do—that a Master could love us. But the answer is,—he can, because he is a Master! That such a feat is easy, is more than I find it possible to believe; but that they do love us, I venture to say I know. And it is cruel not to recognize it; cruel not to receive it. If I, as a father, were to spend my life for my children, and they were to take it as a matter of course, or were to believe that I did it merely from a sense of duty,—I know how I should feel, while they, of course, would cut themselves off from any benefit except the most external. . . . By some miracle, we *must* believe; we must 'open our hearts to receive' by welcoming the love that is given us, and by taking it to ourselves with joy and gratitude."

"I agree absolutely with what you have said", the Philosopher remarked. "But I have known those whose tendency lies in the opposite direction—a few whose daily inner experience it has been to be 'patted on the back' by all the Masters in space. As a form of psychic delusion, it would be difficult to imagine a worse."

"I am glad you spoke of it", replied the Student, with a smile which suggested similar recollections. "Perhaps it would be well to add that true recognition of the Masters' love for us is accompanied invariably by abject self-abasement.

"There is one other point which has a direct bearing on the subject of prayer and meditation, as regards their spirit rather than their method, but which, because it is vital to success, ought not, I think, to be omitted. It constitutes, as I see it, one of the greatest as well as the least necessary of obstacles to progress in discipleship: I mean the attitude which sees attainment as far off. I know men to-day who are trying to become disciples. They plod along, courageously, persever-

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ingly, denying themselves this and that,—'holding on.' They believe in it, they want it, they love the idea of it sufficiently to be willing to make real sacrifices for it. But I have seen those same men working for some goal which they believed within their reach; which three or four months of strenuous effort would enable them, they thought, to attain. In that case they worked with enthusiasm, with energy, with enjoyment. Some of them could neither speak nor think of anything else. It may have been some business or literary achievement which they had in view. In any case, they would have been the first to admit that its importance was as nothing in comparison with their 'real' aim—that of discipleship. And while it seems to them that in their efforts for discipleship they never arrive anywhere, and that they do nothing except make new beginnings, they have often experienced the joy of success in the less important fields of their enterprise.

"Why do they not work for discipleship as they work for lesser things? Is it because they desire the less more ardently than the greater? To answer in the affirmative would not be fair. If they could choose between the two kinds of success, they would unhesitatingly choose success in discipleship. They are paralysed by their own mental attitude. They see discipleship in terms of infinity, or at least as if it were synonymous with Adeptship. There are those to-day, we have been told, who are so near their goal, without knowing it, that if they could escape from the self-hypnosis of its remoteness, they would find themselves well within reach of home.

"The aspirant for discipleship too often makes the mistake against which Sir Isaac Pitman used to warn his students of stenography—the mistake of glancing at later chapters. It was not only that they became discouraged by this general impression of 'so much more to be learned', but that they lost the sense of completeness and finality for the task which immediately confronted them, and which would have proved easy if taken alone. A month of intense effort—though no greater effort than they give frequently to other things—would work an astonishing change in the spiritual status of those who, with good will but without energy, are trying to become disciples." T.

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LETTERS TO STUDENTS

September 9th, 1913.

DEAR ————

I have your letter from ————. Do you not see that your constant references to your failures—such a statement as that you "failed at every point"—is plainly looking at and estimating *results?* How do you know you failed? You may not have succeeded in doing what *you* wanted to do, but are you sure you failed to do what the Master wanted? You must stop this judging and taking for granted that when you do not accomplish *your* will, you are failing to accomplish his. As a matter of fact, he is doing with you what he wishes. You are having the experiences he wants you to have. There is no question of failure or success about it; it is simply so,—just as he wants it to be.

This constant looking for results, and working for results, makes you morbid and depressed. Try for a while to have faith that things as they are, are the way they should be, and that you are not constantly upsetting the universe.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 20th, 1913.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * * *

The problem of learning not to look for and estimate events by results, is not an easy one. You must go back to it again and again and again. We are all constantly seeking for results, working for results, estimating our accomplishment by results—and it is wrong.

A very little progress on the Path, indeed a very little ordinary worldly wisdom, proves to us that we *cannot* know what is good for us, or for others. A little faith tells us that the Master *does* know, and shapes events to that sole end. We acknowledge this as a theory; we believe it as a fact of life; we write and preach and teach it as a law; we adopt it as a rule for our guidance; and then we turn round instantly and agonize because this or that is the matter and *we* do not like it. We cannot help suffering as yet when things go wrong with ourselves or others, but we can stop agonizing and kicking against the pricks. And when we learn to do this a little, we get peace; we get past these nerve-racking, sodden, deadening rebellions against what is. We *accept* our own limitations and those of others, whether physical, mental, moral or spiritual. ———— has a physical limitation, but that is the least important of all limitations. We do not see it so because of our materialistic education. We look at things from a one-life point of view. These

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things are hard to make a part of our daily consciousness, and yet it can and must be done. . . .

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

September 25th, 1913.

DEAR ————

. . . I do not believe you begin to realize how far-reaching is the looking for results—how deep it goes. You want ———— to get well. You want this from the depths of your heart, and every time he is worse, or you think he is worse, you are miserable and upset. Yet you say to yourself, perhaps many times a day, that you want the Master's will to be done. The trouble is that we *say* that, but we do not feel it. We *feel* what *we* want. This real identification of our will with his is an age-long struggle, and finally comes from a perfect realization that his will is best for us and for others. This, too, we accept theoretically, but we do not actually make it a part of our lives. We want money and do not get it. It is almost impossible for us really to believe that if we did get it we should not be better off. Perhaps we want it for others, and then it is still harder. But the law is the same. We must not be discouraged if it takes us a long time to learn this lesson. . . .

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

October 26th, 1913.

DEAR ————

. . . I am sorry I have written so infrequently lately, but I have been going backwards and forwards between New York and Watch Hill, and have been very busy when in New York, and anxious to get complete rest while here. . . .

When we resolve upon some good action, or make a new rule of life, our lower nature enjoys in advance the esteem it will inspire and the good opinion it will have of itself: therefore it wishes to hurry, to go forward in advance of what the old churchmen would call the movement of grace.

Also, while grace inspires a horror of sin, and a wholesome fear of sinning, nature falls into an excessive and unreasonable anxiety. Grace excites repentance and a sincere and peaceful sorrow,—the lower nature conceiving an impatient chagrin, full of trouble and depression. This eagerness after virtue comes from self-love and not from the Master.

A great saint once said: "How is it that a sin or imperfection makes us astonished, troubled, or impatient? Doubtless it is because we

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think we are resolute and strong, and so when we fail we are troubled, uneasy, offended: while if we realized what we really are, instead of wondering at our falls, we should marvel that we ever stand upright." This eagerness does not bring about the desired result; it prevents it.

Another spiritual writer says:

"You think too much about yourself. Why do you always worry and distress yourself because you find it hard to conquer your defects? It is pure pride. God does not absolutely require that you should conquer them, but that you should desire to do so, and try to do so for his sake. Labour then to this end, gently and quietly, and be at peace.

"Ardent natures who are prone to this mistaken eagerness weary themselves and suffer anguish of heart and tension of spirit, instead of practising a gentle and peaceful recollection; and so, when they experience dryness in their prayers, they make astounding efforts to extract effective acts from their hearts, instead of accepting their condition quietly, with humility and resignation."

Another writer says: "Your great mortification must consist in taming and moderating your over-activity and vivacity of mind and heart; in aiming to do all for God, but gently, suavely and peacefully; never giving way to violent emotion even in the impulse of devotion."

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Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

December 29th, 1913.

DEAR ————

I wrote you a note a week or so ago, but there are other things in my mind which I should like to say, and which have a bearing on the present situation, not only so far as you are concerned, but so far as the Movement as a whole is concerned; for the two should be, and to a certain extent are, synonymous.

The last few months have been a period of intense outer activity, during which we have had an opportunity of putting into practice, as well as we know how, the principles we have been taught. Perhaps the words outer activity are too circumscribing, for the situation referred to covers such a thing as ———— illness, which in another sense prevented outer activity. Every one of us has had to meet the same thing to a greater or less degree, and the progress that we have made in recent months or years is measured by the way in which we acted during this period.

Another indication of progress is the number of obstacles which life has thrown in our path to prevent our doing what we know we ought to do. Life helps the beginner. It is neutral in our early struggles, and then, as we make some progress towards self-conquest, it throws a constantly increasing number of barriers in our way, so that

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we may become strong in surmounting them. For instance, at the Mission which we run for the reformation of drunkards, they are urged to take the first step, and, if they are willing to do this one thing, they are taken out of their old environment, are cleaned, fed, clothed, housed, and are surrounded by all the circumstances that will tend to reinvigorate their weakened will and their flickering desire, and to help them in their elementary step toward regeneration. The exact opposite is the case with the saint. The moment his attention is called to some fault, life seems to conspire, and in fact does conspire, to present him with endless opportunities to succumb to temptation or to conquer. Very often all internal and external supports and consolations are withdrawn, and he is forced by circumstances to conquer or to fall alone.

These are the extremes,—there is, of course, every degree of variation in between.

And we are all somewhere in between; that is to say, in our struggles upward our circumstances are designed by a beneficent law, and by the Spiritual Beings who have our evolution in charge, to give us just that exquisite balance between helping and hindering circumstances that we can stand. The pressure of life is calculated to the fraction of an ounce. It is a fundamental spiritual law that we are never asked to do anything that we are not capable of doing. I mean this quite literally. We are, of course, sometimes stronger than we think we are; we have reserves of strength of which we are not aware, and these, when they exist, are sometimes taken into account. But I mean that we, just as we are, with our weaknesses, our faults, our laziness, our stupidity, our lack of understanding, are not asked to do anything which, all these things taken into account, we cannot do, and do without calling upon mysterious reserves of strength, which are supposed to appear upon demand from somewhere out of the sky. If we are accustomed to pray for strength and help in our struggles, that, too, is made a factor in our struggles, and we shall not get through unless we do pray.

Now mark one point. I said that we were never asked to do anything that we were not able to do. Do not forget that you do not know what it is that you are being asked to do. If you are trying to conquer a bad temper, and during the day your temper explodes, and you make an exhibition of yourself, it does not follow that this is a contradiction of what I have said above. And this for two reasons. The obvious one is that you did not do your best, or anything approaching your best to control your temper in those circumstances. Another and less obvious explanation is that the wisdom of those who guide us saw that we needed a vivid illustration of our fault, and therefore the pressure of circumstances was designed to cause an explosion, and to externalize our fault. You will also see that this is a dangerous doctrine for the multitude, for we could excuse any sin we ever commit upon such a basis,—were it not for the fact that, after all, all we are saying is that we were

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tempted and fell because we were too weak to stand the temptation. The point I want to make is really quite different, and that is that we are quite incapable of judging results, and that therefore it is foolish, nay, worse than foolish, wicked, to become discouraged and disheartened because of our many failures.

Let us use another illustration. Suppose two people present themselves for training, and in the course of time are told to work together, perhaps one under the other. To their dismay they find that their personalities clash, and that they are in a perpetual state of irritation and fault-finding on one side, and hurt feelings, resentment, and wounded vanity on the other; while both are filled with constant criticism each of the other. They are mortified and ashamed and may even be discouraged. Of course this is silly when looked at from the point of view of the facts. These two hypothetical persons have within them all the faults which were indicated above. All that this enforced association did was to bring these faults to the surface, where they could be seen in all their ugliness, and conquered.

The director who placed them together knew in advance that they were going to jar and react on each other in just such ways, and, taking for granted of course that they were sincere in their efforts to improve themselves, and therefore to maintain a constant struggle against their faults, from his point of view the experiment has been a success; and instead of the whole affair being a lamentable exhibition of the inability of two otherwise excellent people to get along together, it was a well designed opportunity for two people to take a necessary step forward on the Path. Again you can see, therefore, how impossible it is for us to judge of results when we ourselves are concerned. We simply cannot, even when the situation is explained to us again and again. Where we ourselves are involved, we cannot understand until we have emerged from the experience by the higher side. We sometimes see the fruitful outcome of pain and struggle in others, even when they are in the midst of the fight. We can usually see the benefits after the battle is over. But each one of us, when it comes to his own life, has to go forward in darkness, because lack of understanding is an important factor in the problem.

All this is mental, and therefore one-sided and incomplete. In anything so infinitely complicated as the living of the higher life, where there are no two experiences which are exactly alike, there must be exceptions to any effort to express the rules of the game in words. But the laws that I have endeavoured to express above are pretty fundamental, and I think apply to all the cases I have ever observed. Now the value of having some simple expression of these general laws is, that even if we do not see, when our own struggles bewilder and confuse the mind, we can get solace and comfort and strength and renewed aspiration if we have faith enough to apply our fundamental principles to the

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experiences through which we are passing. This is not easy, for it means making faith and trust dynamic powers in our lives, and that can only be done by love. Indeed, we cannot possess any of the qualities we need in our struggle upward in sufficient quantity and of sufficient quality, unless we are backed by love. We cannot really obey the Master unless we love him. We cannot really trust him with our lives unless we have that perfect confidence in him that springs only from love. We cannot have unquestioning faith in his wisdom, which gives us the courage to go forward in confidence and hope, unless our faith is illumined by love. And so I could go on and enumerate all the other qualities, but I have written enough.

With best wishes for the New Year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Not going out of the door I have knowledge of the world. Not peeping through the window I perceive heaven's Tao. The more one wanders to a distance the less he knows.

Therefore the wise man does not wander about but he understands; he does not see things but he defines them, he does not labour yet he completes.—TAO-TEH-KING.

Who are they that have lost their labour, and in life mistaken their aim? They who think that what they do is right.—THE KORAN.

The chief pang of most trials is not so much the actual suffering itself, as our own spirit of resistance to it.—JEAN NICHOLAS GROU.

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The Essentials of Mysticism and Other Essays, by Evelyn Underhill; J. D. Dent and Sons, London.

Everything Miss Underhill writes is stimulating. There is, perhaps, no writer to-day better equipped to interest the general reader in the wide field of mysticism, or in the biographies of mystics themselves. Approached with equal sureness from the practical and the philosophical points of view, her understanding of the mystical states of consciousness seems to have broadened and deepened with each successive book; and in this collection of thirteen essays, covering a wide range of subject, her conceptions have been sifted to their most compact expression, and in a few brilliant and lucid sentences the essentials of several aspects of mysticism are set so clearly before the reader, that he wonders how he ever confused mysticism with mistiness.

This is Miss Underhill's notable contribution to the intellectual life of our day. She has brought within the reach of the many who are vaguely turning towards religious biography and mystical achievement, the records of the mystics of all ages, and has interpreted those records—be they Hindu, Sufi, Greek, Catholic or Quaker—in such a way as to make them both understandable and attractive to the modern mind. Her method primarily is the theosophic one—to discern the truth and fundamental unity underlying all spiritual experience, and to point the way to a larger synthesis whose richness far outstrips any isolated example.

The first essay, "Essentials of Mysticism," gives a masterly survey of the place of mystic consciousness in the order of man's evolution. Mysticism is not a by-product; it is the next forward step of human development, towards which all that is highest and best in man's artistic and creative activity is now leading him. The mystic consciousness means entrance into the spiritual world—the world of Reality, to use Miss Underhill's favourite word. The second essay, "The Mystic and the Corporate Life", is directed against the current ignorant prejudice (seen most often among agnostics and Protestants) that the successful mystic is a "religious individualist" and "unsocial". "The Mystic as Creative Artist" shows that "When we ask what organ of the race—the whole body of humanity—it is, by and through which this supernal world thus receives expression, it becomes clear that this organ is the corporate spiritual consciousness, emerging in those whom we call, pre-eminently, mystics and seers" (p. 67). Ordinary artists crystallize, for us, glimpses of that Reality in which mystics habitually dwell.

In a most valuable essay, "The Education of the Spirit", Miss Underhill pleads against the serious failure of modern education which makes no provision for the education of children in the knowledge and practice of the spiritual life. She suggests a broad outline of how to begin such an education:—the need for it is apparent. It is too true that outside the religious orders, there is hardly an attempt made in this direction, and only by such effort will men be fitted to rise above the ordinary commonplaces of worldly experience.

"Will, Intellect and Feeling in Prayer", shows the need for a balanced and healthy development of these three faculties to attain a normal spiritual consciousness. The Mysticism of Plotinus and of three Medieval mystics follows,

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and the book closes with three studies of "Mysticism in Modern France"—Soeur Thérèse, Lucie-Christine, and Péguy, all written with sympathetic understanding and a mature analysis of salient characteristics.

It is a matter for regret that where prolonged study and unusual intellectual capacity have produced so much that is excellent, Miss Underhill should still fail to appreciate the clear testimony of all great mystics to the survival and continued activity of spiritually developed individualities beyond the veil, communion with whom becomes a normal experience once that veil is pierced. Miss Underhill dislikes the intensely personal note of Christian mystics, failing to grasp the significance of the continuing humanity of a living Christ. Voices, conversations, direct sight of Christ or the saints are uniformly styled "visual or auditory hallucination" (p. 188), and the author divorces the "intuitive spiritual teaching" accompanying the voice of Christ, from that voice itself, crediting a psychologic state reacting to an inrush or "impact" of Reality. This is not only against the direct and explicit statements of nearly all ranking mystics,—their only repeated statements which Miss Underhill systematically discounts—but seems to us philosophically unsound, very hard to explain even in terms of modern psychology, and intrinsically almost impossible to believe. It suggests that even a splendid intellectual equipment is insufficient: "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

A. G.

The Thirteen Principal Upanishads, Translated from the Sanskrit, by Robert Ernest Hume, M.A., Ph.D. (Oxford University Press, 1921).

Perhaps the scope and value of this translation of the greatest Upanishads may best be indicated by a sentence of W. D. Whitney's, written more than a generation ago, in reviewing an earlier translation: "If the non-Sanskrit-reading public is to have these obscure treatises placed in its hands at all for study, it ought first of all to know just what they say and what they do not say. Thus far it has had no means of doing this; no simple philological translation. . ."

A close study and a comparison of many passages with the original text show the present translation to be very much what Whitney asked for. The text is followed with unfailing accuracy and fidelity, even the order of the words remaining unaltered, so far as the difference of languages makes this possible. Dr. Hume has quite evidently spared no pains, neither time nor toil, to do an uncommonly thorough piece of work. That he has made a complete, thoughtful and very sympathetic examination of the whole available literature on the subject, whether published in India, Europe or America, the excellent Bibliography at the end of this stout volume shows.

Perhaps an idea of the quality of his work may best be given by quoting an often translated passage from the *Katha Upanishad,* known to a very wide circle of readers through Sir Edwin Arnold's verse rendering, *The Secret of Death.* This beautiful passage, Dr. Hume renders thus:

> Not with wealth is a man to be satisfied.
> Shall we take wealth, if we have seen thee?
> Shall we live so long as thou shalt rule?
> —This, in truth, is the boon to be chosen by me.
>
> When one has come into the presence of undecaying mortals,
> What decaying mortal here below that understands,
> That meditates upon the pleasures of beauty and delight,
> Would delight in a life over-long?
>
> This one thing whereon they doubt, O Death:
> What there is in the great passing-on—tell us that!
> This boon, that has entered into the hidden—
> No other than that does Nachiketas choose.

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The closer one's acquaintance with the Sanskrit text, the better one realizes the complete accuracy of this translation.

Dr. Hume, who is Professor of the History of Religions in Union Theological Seminary, New York, gives a very attractive glimpse of his own life and personality in the Preface:

"In conclusion I would add a reverent salutation to India, my native land, mother of more religions than have originated or flourished in any other country of the world. In the very early years of childhood and later in the first period of adult service, it was the chief vernacular of the Bombay Presidency which furnished a medium, along with the English language, for intercourse with the wistful people of India, among whom are still many of my dearest friends."

The present reviewer is not convinced of the expediency of reversing the traditional order of the Upanishads, associated with the Commentaries which appear under the great name of Shankara Acharya, as Dr. Hume has practically done; and this, for two reasons: First, because the shorter Upanishads, with their ever varying colour and tone, are so much more readable, so much more likely to attract and hold the attention than the two very lengthy treatises which begin this version, forming 200 pages, of a total of 386; and, secondly, because of the formidable and somewhat forbidding character of the opening passages of both these treatises, which are likely to daunt and perplex more than they illuminate.

Again, there is much in the very valuable and thoughtful "Outline of the Philosophy of the Upanishads," forming the Introductory section of the book, which seems to fall short of finality. For example, the opening paragraph:

"Almost contemporaneous with that remarkable period of active philosophic thought the world over, about the sixth century B. C., when Pythagoras, Confucius, Buddha and Zoroaster were thinking out new philosophies and inaugurating great religions, there was taking place, in the land of India, a quiet movement which has exercised a continuous influence upon the entire subsequent philosophic thought of that country and which has also been making itself felt in the West. . ." this movement giving rise to the Upanishads.

We know, with great accuracy, the dates of Confucius and Pythagoras; we can come very close to the Buddha's dates. But to suggest that we have anything like the same certainty in the case of the Upanishads, is a somewhat daring proceeding. In the one case, we have accurate chronological facts; but, in the other, we have only a tissue of conjecture and theory, far more deeply influenced than is generally realized by the chronology for which Archbishop Usher is responsible, and which attributed the creation of the world to the year 4004 B. C. We do not wish to imply that Dr. Hume accepts this chronology; but the point is, that his predecessors did, especially the pioneers who wrote the able essays in the *Asiatick Researches,* and all later speculation as to dates in ancient India is deeply coloured by their work.

These still open questions in no way detract from the excellence of this work, as a thoroughly accurate and scholarly translation of the great Upanishads; and that, after all, is the heart of the matter.

C. J.

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QUESTION No. 265.—*What is the true function of art, and what is its proper relation to religion?*

ANSWER.—Art,—whether in painting, music or literature—must be the true expression of genius, an illumination by that spark of the divine flame which is within each one of us. The function of art, therefore, must be the portrayal of the divine, the bringing of divine inspiration to the hearts and minds of men, the inculcation of divine principles. True art must be an expresson of true religion; through religion the true artist must find deeper and truer inspiration.

A.

ANSWER.—In the absence of a specific definition of what art means to the questioner, one must take the widest available which may cover all the so-called "arts." Then it would mean the expression and means of manifesting genius. Now genius is the activity of the soul—the life of the inner world. Then art is the translation of the activities of the soul into any form in which they can be expressed—by way of music, poetry, painting, sculpture and description. Allowing religion to be the search for and the expression of the soul and the inner life in external effects, real art and true religion are twin aspects of one great reality —life itself.

A. K.

ANSWER.—Remembering the various planes or strata of life, it would seem as if the function of art might vary on those planes, though with correspondences, also. What can we imagine of the spiritual plane where individuals have left behind the gross and petty forms of self that absorb our earthly attention? We can think of those individuals with their purified and enlarged faculties, ceaselessly and joyfully serving the August Presences that excel them in the power to serve. Would not the overflow of purified hearts be prayer as well as song? Might not their theme of joy include both delight at the fairness of the vision, and wonder over the marvellous manner of its working? In such song then, on the spiritual plane, there would be united,—religion as prayer, art as beauty, and science as the metaphysical structure of it all.

What is unified on high planes becomes differentiated on lower planes. That is why on our earth plane, art and science and religion are not often found together as one. The art with which we are acquainted would seem to be a translation from the spiritual plane to the psychic. And therein lies the great service it can render man. The life of the spiritual plane is so far outside the average man's field of interest as to be non-existent, unless the artist, as an intermediary, transposing it to a lower key, bring it within the range of ordinary apprehension; and thus, eventually, a few of those average persons who understand and love the transposition, through it, can arrive at its source.

The artist is an intermediary between the plane of earth and the plane of spirit. But the common opinion which holds the artist as a divine and holy creator is mistaken. The artist himself shares that popular mistake, inasmuch as,

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having no scientific understanding of himself or the universe, he likewise believes that he creates what in truth he only sees as reflections or images of truth and beauty.

It is by reason of his psychic principle or faculty that the artist sees those reflections. The average man has to some extent that psychic faculty as well as the artist, but he does not develop it; on the contrary he too often occupies it with images of food, drink and his favorite sports. The artist, in whom it is developed, may be guilty of the same error; for the psychic plane, as a mirror, gives reflections and images both of high things and of low things.

C.

ANSWER.—A man's religion may, perhaps, be said to be his method of approach to God, to the Logos, the Divine. It is the path of his evolution toward his ultimate goal, toward his perfection, and toward union with the Heart and Source of Life, by whatever term we may choose to designate that Source. All that helps him on his path bears a direct relation to, is in fact a part of, his religion.

Plato speaks of beauty, truth and goodness as merely different aspects of the same thing, different revelations of the same spirit. Without some measure of truth, the path cannot be found at all. Without goodness, it cannot be followed; yet those who go by the path of goodness alone, travel a long and dreary road. Those who add the power to see and to love true beauty, the beauty of the spirit, must travel, it is true, the same road, but they travel it on wings. Hence all that helps toward a love and understanding of true beauty, is a help to religion.

Natural beauty is meant to be an open door to the spiritual world, the world of spiritual consciousness, and we ought to use it to try to enter in and share that consciousness. We do not think often enough of God as the greatest of all artists, or look at His creations of landscape, tree or flower as we would look at a picture or a poem, seeking to enter into and feel the meaning of the artist. An artist would be great, would be fulfilling the true function of art, in proportion as he saw and felt this beauty and the meaning of the Great Artist back of it, and so seeing and feeling, made that meaning and beauty manifest to others through his work.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—To become aware of some new aspect of beauty is, by that much, to enter more deeply into life; for, surely, beauty is our name for one of those gates of consciousness through which life flows in upon us,—life the creator, life the destroyer. If, then, it is true that beauty is an inherent part of life itself, of consciousness itself, it follows of necessity that beauty is something that all of us know a great deal about, and that anything which we truly know by experience about life, we know, potentially, about beauty.

When, at last, a man stops floating down the stream of life, and starts toward his goal, he begins to learn by experience something of the nature of this current which he is now opposing. If he be prudent, he will seek the counsel and guidance of other men who have fought their way forward towards the same goal. But in the confusion of many teachings, what and whom shall he follow; for every man's life sends him some message, whether he know it or not, and some, in addition, have made record in books, on marble or canvas, in music, or built their aspiration into cathedral stone that towers toward the stars.

What is the true function of art? What else but truly to teach beauty, that is, truly to teach life. But there are many things in life that do not interest the man who seeks his true goal,—there is life for the sake of sensation, art for the sake of art, finesse for "piffle's" sake. In the midst of his struggle a man craves the companionship of men who have struggled, and who, from the heart of the conflict, have spoken or painted or sung of the battle of life.

We know, instinctively, how to find what we really seek. Listen to a man

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for ten minutes, on any subject, and you know the quality of life which flows across the words from him to you. Glance at a book, at a painting, and you may know little about it, but this you will surely know, that it does or does not speak to you straight from the heart of the conflict. The conflict,—yes, but whose conflict? Are we, then, marauders, each fighting for his own way at his own will? No, every fighting man has a practical religion, some altar at which he sacrifices self, some banner, some leader for which he will die.

There must be a very close relation between art which teaches the lessons of life, and religion for which men pour out life itself. If religion can inspire a man to die gladly for a cause greater than himself, can it not inspire art? Would you trust anything less potent than religion to inspire a coward to turn and fight steadily, a traitor to turn and live loyally, a glutton to turn and live selflessly? Some day we shall know more about the transcendent beauty which is to be found only at the heart of the conflict, for there the greatest of artists and warriors has set His banner which blazons a cross and a sword.

A. D.

ANSWER.—Just as we can see and interpret any given object in terms of matter, or of force, or of consciousness, so we can see and interpret the Logos, or deity in manifestation, in terms of truth, or of beauty, or of goodness. In both cases, however, in order to obtain an "all round" view, we must combine the three aspects or points of view. Thus, we may describe a man as lean (seeing him in terms of matter), or as lazy (seeing him in terms of force), or as clever (seeing him in terms of mentality); but, if we limit ourselves to one set of terms, we shall see only one-third of the man, as it were, and shall probably misunderstand that one-third. In somewhat the same way, a landscape can be seen by an artist, in terms of beauty; by a scientist, in terms of geology, or of fauna and flora; by a religious person, in terms of ethics. Each point of view, taken alone, is narrow and misleading. But the true mystic, the Theosophist, does more than combine the three aspects suggested. He sees in each the remaining two, and he sees in each and in all a revelation of God's being,—in the beauty, a reflection of the divine beauty; in the geology, or in the fauna and flora, a manifestation of the eternal ways of God, at work also in the perfecting of his own soul; in the ethical lesson, an expression, not only of the character, but of the purpose and goal of divinity.

Religion, a word said to be derived from *re,* again, and *lego,* I gather, and which therefore suggests the idea of "gathering back to the source," or of reunion,—ought to use art and science, as well as ethics, for this supreme purpose. It ought to recognize beauty and truth, no less than goodness, as aspects of the divine being, and also as interblending ladders, so to speak, up which man may ascend to reunion with God. Art, therefore, should be used by the Church as a path of devotion,—as an integral part of religion. Puritanism, at one time, tried to banish art from human life. The Roman Catholic Church, at one time, tried to banish science from human life. In neither case was the effort entirely insensate, because both art and science, divorced from goodness, lead directly to damnation. Yet "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world", led the hearts of men to revolt against these well-meant efforts to protect them, and to insist upon the opportunity to make right, instead of wrong use of truth and beauty. That the opportunity is misused, hideously and ceaselessly, is obvious. None the less, religion cannot solve the problem by an "act of divorcement", but only by an understanding of the facts and of their relation, —which means, in brief, by an understanding of Theosophy.

T.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

The Convention of the British National Branch of The Theosophical Society was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 18th, 1921. The meeting was called to order by Mr. E. H. Lincoln. Mr. Douglas was elected Chairman. The report of the Executive Committee, signed by A. Trood, E. Cassidy, C. G. Graves, J. Wilkinson, F. A. Ross, P. Douglas, E. H. Lincoln, was read and adopted. Mr. Lincoln, who reported as Secretary, concluded his statement by saying:

"May we, then, here and now, resolve that the coming year shall find us more efficient instruments in the Master's service, and that on the flood tide of this Convention we shall go forth strengthened and equipped for the warfare we must face and conquer, the warfare which is at the same time, the welfare, the real spiritual welfare of mankind."

The report of the Treasurer showed a balance in hand. Mrs. Lincoln, as Corresponding Secretary, told of most encouraging results with the unattached members. Books and pamphlets have been loaned, and the many letters written have evidently been much appreciated.

We now quote directly from the printed report of the Convention:—

"A communication from the Members of the Executive Committee in New York, concerning the relationship of the British National Branch to The Theosophical Society and suggested action for the widening of the life of The Theosophical Society in the British Isles, was then put before the members by Mr. E. H. Lincoln, who also read a splendid letter from Col. Knoff (another member of the Executive Committee) heartily supporting the communication; the idea is that the Lodges shall be represented direct as Branches of The Theosophical Society, carrying on their business with Headquarters through their own officials. In the discussion on this subject it was shown that the Executive Committee of the British National Branch as such, and the existing Offices, would become non-existent, and that in the long-run the adoption of the International System would be to the benefit of Branches and Members-at-large alike; it was also recommended that Members-at-large become members of Branches.

"The following Resolution was proposed by Mr. E. H. Lincoln, seconded by Capt. Graves and carried unanimously and afterwards signed by all the members present:—

"'Resolved that the British National Branch, as such, cease to exist, and that in future each Lodge would describe itself as the————————Lodge of The Theosophical Society.' (Signed) J. Wilkinson, C. G. Graves, Marie Potter, A. F. Mann, I. W. Short, Fredk. A. Ross, Espoir Bagnell, Theodora Dodge, Gertrude Spooner, George Wood, Ralph Dunn, S. Dunn, Thomas W. Lincoln, Paul Vogler, Jane Arabella Corking, T. Mackey, Florence I. Olsen, Hannah Maughan, Eva Cassidy, Ethel M. Lincoln, Gertrude Mackay, J. W. Mein, Margaret Parkes, M. Douglas, F. E. Atkinson, A. Trevor, J. Crawford, P. W. Ward, C. G. Ward, Amy H. Golightly, Elizabeth Howe, John H. Hardy, P. Douglas, E. Howard Lincoln, By proxy: Alice Graves, Hope Bagnell, Margaret Richards, Maribel Davey, Gladys Pearce."

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY congratulates the British members of The Theosophical Society, and believes that their action will redound to the benefit of the work in Great Britain.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

[illegible]

Applications for membership [illegible] should be addressed to [illegible]

Secretary T. S., P. O. Box [illegible] [illegible] New York

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VOL. XX. NO. 4 APRIL, 1922 NO. 76

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The Theosophical Quarterly

Subscription price, [illegible] per annum; single copies, [illegible] cents

Published by The Theosophical Society at
[illegible] Street, Brooklyn, New York

July, October; January; April

[illegible]

In Europe, single copies may be obtained from, and subscriptions [illegible] John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. 2, England, or [illegible] Avenue, [illegible], from whom all back numbers may be obtained. [illegible] price, [illegible], postpaid.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July [illegible], at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of [illegible]

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1922

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The Powers of Good and Evil

> "Where the Gods and the Devils contended against each other, both being children of the Lord of Being. . ."
>
> *Chhandogya Upanishad* (1, 2, 1).

MRS. WEBSTER'S book, *The French Revolution,* is already known to readers of the Theosophical Quarterly. Mrs. Webster has now supplemented it by a second book, *World Revolution,* which takes up the same theme and brings it down to the present moment.

The main thesis in Mrs. Webster's first book, which is set forth anew in the work now under consideration, is, that one of the dominant factors in the French Revolution, perhaps the decisive factor, was the secret society called the "Illuminati", founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776; that the French Revolution was inspired and carried forward by the Illuminati with the deliberate purpose of working evil, of bringing to destruction all that is best in civilization. Of Adam Weishaupt, Mrs. Webster gives the following account:

"Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, was born on the 6th of February, 1748. His early training by the Jesuits had inspired him with a violent dislike for their Order, and he turned with eagerness to the subversive teaching of the French philosophers and the anti-Christian doctrines of the Manicheans. It is said that he was also indoctrinated into Egyptian occultism by a certain merchant of unknown origin from Jutland, named Kölmer, who was travelling about Europe during the year 1771 in search of adepts. Weishaupt, who combined the practical German brain with the cunning of Machiavelli, spent no less than five years thinking out a plan by which all these ideas should

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be reduced to a system, and at the end of this period he had evolved the following theory:

"Civilization, Weishaupt held with Rousseau, was a mistake: it had developed along the wrong lines, and to this cause all the inequalities of human life were due. 'Man,' he declared, 'is fallen from the condition of Liberty and Equality, the State of Pure Nature. He is under subordination and civil bondage arising from the vices of Man. This is the Fall and Original Sin.' The first step towards regaining the state of primitive liberty consisted in learning to do without things. Man must divest himself of all the trappings laid on him by civilization and return to nomadic conditions—even clothing, food, and fixed abodes should be abandoned. Necessarily, therefore, all arts and sciences must be abolished. 'Do the common sciences afford real enlightenment, real human happiness? or are they not rather children of necessity, the complicated needs of a state contrary to Nature, the inventions of vain and empty brains?' Moreover, 'are not many of the complicated needs of civilization the means of retaining in power the mercantile class (Kaufmannschaft), which if allowed any authority in the government would inevitably end by exercising the most formidable and despotic power? You will see it dictating the law to the universe, and from it will perhaps ensue the independence of one part of the world, the slavery of the other. . . .'

"Once released from the bondage civilization imposes, Man must then be self-governing. 'Why,' asked Weishaupt, 'should it be impossible to the human race to attain its highest perfection, the capacity for governing itself?' For this reason not only should kings and nobles be abolished, but even a Republic should not be tolerated, and the people should be taught to do without any controlling authority, any law, or any civil code. . . . For since the only real obstacle to human perfection lay in the restraints imposed on Man by artificial conditions of life, the removal of these must inevitably restore him to his primitive virtue. 'Man is not bad except as he is made so by arbitrary morality. He is bad because Religion, the State, and bad examples pervert him.' It was necessary, therefore, to root out from his mind all ideas of a Hereafter, all fear of retribution for evil deeds, and to substitute the religion of Reason. . . . After deliverance from the bondage of religion, the loosening of all social ties must follow" (pages 8-10).

Weishaupt, besides being a theorist, was an organizer. He therefore set himself to construct a secret society, along lines borrowed from the Freemasons and Jesuits, its purpose being to put his theories into practice. The use of classical names was one of the features of this society of the Illuminati, among whose members were, besides Adam Weishaupt (Spartacus), Herr von Zwack (Cato), the Marquis di Constanza (Diomedes), Massenhausen (Ajax), Hertel (Marius), the Baron von Schroeckenstein (Mahomed), the Baron Mengenhofen (Sylla). Cities

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also were renamed: Munich was known as Athens; Ingoldstadt, the birthplace of Illuminism, as Ephesus, and so on.

Of this secret society, Adam Weishaupt, who had revolted against the principle of obedience taught by the Jesuits, was the despotic head, exacting blind obedience to his decrees, and working for world domination with himself as the supreme dictator.

Weishaupt had the blasphemous insolence to claim "as our Grand Master, Jesus of Nazareth." "The most admirable thing of all," he wrote to one of his followers, "is that great Protestant and reformed theologians (Lutherans and Calvinists), who belong to our Order, really believe they see in it the true and genuine mind of the Christian religion. Oh! man, what cannot you be brought to believe!" The purpose was, "to tickle those who have a hankering for religion."

So much for Mrs. Webster's opinion of Adam Weishaupt and his Order of Illuminati. Her thesis is, that all modern destructive movements, beginning with the French Revolution of 1789, continuing through the revolutions of 1848 and Marxian Socialism, and coming down to modern Bolshevism in Russia and Hungary, have their source and inspiration in Weishaupt's Order. Weishaupt, therefore, becomes the *diabolus ex machina* of all the disruptive movements of the last hundred and forty years. The lines of evidence by which Mrs. Webster seeks to connect the branches with the root are clearly worked out and supported by much careful research; but for details we must refer readers to the book itself.

Of even deeper interest, and even more important, it seems to us, for a reason presently to be set forth, are the lifelike portraits of many of the men who were protagonists in these organizations of destruction; men like Robespierre, Babeuf, Marx and Bakunin. In these pictures, it appears to us, Mrs. Webster's best work is to be found. From these admirable full length portraits in words, our space will allow us to quote only a few illustrative passages:

"On one point, however, Robespierre differed from most of the members of the same school of thought who came after him, in that he showed himself a *consistent* Socialist, for he had the singleness of aim, aided by an entire want of moral scruples, to push his theories to their logical conclusion. A Labour extremist in this country [England] recently described the modern Bolsheviks as 'Socialists with the courage of their opinions,' and the same description might be applied to Robespierre and Saint-Just. Thus Robespierre did not talk hypocritically of 'peaceful revolution'; he knew that revolution is never peaceful, that in its very essence it implies onslaught met with resistance, a resistance that can only be overcome by an absolute disregard for human life. 'I will walk willingly with my feet in blood and tears,' said his coadjutor Saint-Just; and this, whether he admits it or not, must be the maxim of every

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revolutionary Socialist who believes that any methods are justifiable for the attainment of his end." (p. 41).

"'In the eyes of Maximilien Robespierre and his council,' says Babeuf, 'depopulation was indispensable because the calculation had been made that the French population was in excess of the resources of the soil and of the requirements of *useful industry*, that is to say, that with us men jostled each other too much for each to be able to live at ease; that hands were too numerous for the execution of all works of *essential utility*—and this is the horrible conclusion, that since the superabundant population could only amount to so much . . . a portion of the *sans-culottes* must be sacrificed; that this rubbish could be cleared up to a certain quantity, and that means must be found for doing it" (p. 46).

To put it simply, those in excess of the numbers demanded by the theories of Robespierre were to be murdered. Theory was put into practice: "According to Prudhomme the total number of victims drowned, guillotined, or shot all over France amounted to 300,000, and of this number the nobles sacrificed were an almost negligible quantity, only about 3,000 in all. At Nantes 500 children of the people were killed in one butchery, and according to an English contemporary 144 poor women who sewed shirts for the army were thrown into the river" (p. 47).

Babeuf has already been mentioned. His activities became dominant about 1795. Mrs. Webster describes him as following in the steps of Weishaupt: "Thus Weishaupt had employed twelve leading adepts to direct operations throughout Germany, and had strictly enjoined his followers not to be known even to each other as Illuminati; so Babeuf now instituted twelve principal agents to work the different districts of Paris, and these men were not even to know the names of those who formed the central committee of four, but only to communicate with them through intermediaries partially initiated into the secrets of the conspiracy. Like Weishaupt also, Babeuf adopted a domineering and arrogant tone towards his subordinates, and any whom he suspected of treachery were threatened, after the manner of the secret societies, with direst vengeance." (p. 56).

The scheme of Babeuf in no way differed from the Bolshevism of a year ago, the Bolshevism which is now masquerading as pseudo-capitalism, while remaining an infamous tyranny. Even more instructive than the details of his plan, we find the portrait of Babeuf: "When writing out his plans of insurrection, Babeuf would rush up and down his room with flaming eyes, mouthing and grimacing, hitting himself against the furniture, knocking over the chairs whilst uttering hoarse cries of 'To arms! to arms! The insurrection! the insurrection is beginning!' Then Babeuf would fling himself upon his pen, plunge it into the ink, and write with fearful rapidity, whilst his whole body trembled and the perspiration poured from his brow" (p. 64). "It was no longer madness," said his secretary, "it was frenzy."

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Of the period between 1814 and 1848, Mrs. Webster has much that is of value to say, of which we can quote only a paragraph:

"'Italian genius,' says Monsignor Dillon, 'soon outstripped the Germans in astuteness, and as soon as, perhaps sooner than, Weishaupt had passed away, the supreme government of all the Secret Societies of the world was exercised by the Alta Vendita or highest lodge of the Italian Carbonari.' It was this formidable society, the 'Haute Vente Romaine,' which from 1814 to 1848 directed the activities of all the Secret Societies. Far more subtle, and therefore more formidable, than the Carbonari, the leaders of the Haute Vente conducted their campaign precisely on the lines of the Illuminati, of which they were indeed the direct continuation. Thus, according to the custom of the earlier Order, followed by Anacharsis Clootz and Gracchus Babeuf, the members of the Haute Vente all adopted classical pseudonyms, that of the leader, a corrupt Italian nobleman, being Nubius. This young man, rich, handsome, eloquent, and absolutely reckless, was 'a visionary with an *idée fixe* of elevating a pedestal for his own vanity.' But it was not in the band of dissolute young Italians he gathered around him, but in his Jewish allies, that Nubius found his principal support" (p. 87).

On the eve of the Revolution of 1848, one of his agents writes to Nubius: "The assault which in a few years and perhaps even in a few months from now will be made on the princes of the earth will bury them under the wreckage of their impotent armies and their decrepit thrones. Everywhere there is enthusiasm in our ranks and apathy or indifference amongst the enemies. This is a certain and infallible sign of success. . . . What have we asked in return for our labours and our sacrifices? It is not a revolution in one country or another. That can always be managed if one wishes it. In order to kill the old world surely, we have held that we must stifle the Catholic and Christian germ, and you, with the audacity of genius, have offered yourself with the sling of a new David to hit the pontifical Goliath on the head" (p. 131).

Two portraits stand out in the period immediately following 1848: Ferdinand Lassalle and Karl Marx. Of the first, Mrs. Webster writes:

"Ferdinand Lassalle, the son of a rich Hebrew merchant, was born in 1825. Tormented from his youth by hatred of the Christian races, whose blood even as a schoolboy he hoped to shed, Lassalle early embarked on a revolutionary career. Congenitally idle, dishonest, revengeful, an avowed atheist, Lassalle declared himself a revolutionary by principle, who would not hesitate at a Reign of Terror as a means to secure his ends. . . . Bismarck had been quick to recognize the advantage of harnessing the Jewish agitator to the Prussian Imperial machine, and before long we find Lassalle sinking his racial hatred against the Gentiles in favour of the worst oppressors of his kind. By 1859 he had become an ardent Prussian Jingoist, subscribing to the whole policy of Bismarck. . . ." (p. 166).

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We shall have something to say of this alliance later. Of Marx, Mrs. Webster says:

"Even more valuable to the cause of German Imperialism was the founder of the creed now known as 'Marxian Socialism'. Karl Marx, the son of a Jewish lawyer whose real name was Mordechai, was born at Trèves in 1818. In 1843 he settled in Paris to study economics, but his revolutionary activities led to his being expelled from France, and in 1845 he moved to Brussels, where, in collaboration with his German friend Friedrich Engels, he reorganized the Communist League, and a few years later (in 1847) published the now famous *Communist Manifesto*. Soon after this he returned to Germany, where he took an active part in the 1848 Revolution, and in the same year we find him in Berlin at the head of a secret Communist society wielding the powers of life and death. For this it is said that he was condemned to death, but succeeded in escaping to London, where he settled down for the rest of his life and devoted himself to his great book *Das Kapital*. . . . In neither work had Marx originated anything. His theory of 'wage-slavery' was, as we have seen, current during the first French Revolution, and had been continued by Vidal and Pecqueur, to whom the idea of the socialization of mines, railways, and transport was also due; his communism was that of Babeuf, of Louis Blanc, and Cabet; his Internationalist schemes had been propounded by Weishaupt and Clootz, as also his attacks upon religion. . . . Marx then was an impostor from the beginning. Posing as the prophet of a new gospel, he was in reality nothing but a plagiarist, and a plagiarist without the common honesty to pay tribute to the sources whence he drew his material." (pp. 166-169).

Such is the mental equipment of Karl Marx. His moral nature, even more significant for our purpose, is thus vividly sketched by Bakunin:

"His vanity . . . has no bounds, a veritable Jew's vanity. . . . This vanity, already very great, has been considerably increased by the adulation of his friends and disciples. Very personal, very jealous, very touchy, and very vindictive, like Jehovah the God of his people, Marx will not suffer that one should recognize any other God but himself. . . . To praise Proudhon in his presence was to cause him a mortal offence worthy of all the natural consequences of his enmity; and these consequences are at first hatred, then the foulest calumnies. Marx has never recoiled before falsehood, however odious, however perfidious it might be, when he thought he could make use of it without too great danger for himself against those who had the misfortune to incur his wrath" (p. 170).

This discerning critic is in his turn criticised as follows:

"Michael Bakunin, born in 1814, belonged to the Russian nobility, and at the age of twenty entered the artillery school at St. Petersburg.

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He passed his examinations brilliantly, but, always an incorrigible idler, spent most of his time, when quartered in a provincial town, lying on his bed in his dressing-gown. Before long he left the army, but took up no other profession, preferring to dabble in philosophy and to meddle in his friends' affairs. . . . Even his *intimes* and fellow-Anarchists Ogareff and Herzen had little good to say of him. 'I infinitely regret having nourished this reptile . . .' wrote the former; 'he is a man with whom it repels me to shake hands;' whilst Herzen described him briefly as a man 'with talent but a detestable character and a *mauvais sujet.*' Incidentally Bakunin had applied the same description to Herzen.

"Embroiled in all these private quarrels, too indolent to do any honest work, Bakunin ended by taking up the profession of a revolutionary—a career which, like many another of his kind, he found both easy and remunerative" (p. 172).

Mrs. Webster makes the point that "Bakunin was a disciple of Weishaupt," and shows how Bakunin and his disciple Netchaieff started a society precisely on the lines of the Illuminati: "In the Alliance of Bakunin, as in the *Communist Manifesto* of Marx, we find again all the points of Weishaupt—abolition of property, inheritance, marriage, and all morality, of patriotism and all religion. Is it not obvious that the plan had been handed down to the succeeding groups of Socialists and Anarchists by the secret societies which had carried on the traditions of the Illuminati, and that Bakunin, and still more his coadjutor Netchaieff, was simply an Illuminatus?" (p. 188).

Of Netchaieff, we have this brief but significant portrait: "He was a liar, a thief, and a murderer—the incarnation of hatred, malice, and revenge" (p. 189).

It is not necessary for our purpose to follow the lines along which Mrs. Webster traces the descent of present day Socialism and Bolshevism from the original group of Illuminati founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776. The main argument of *World Revolution* has, we believe, been made sufficiently clear.

Before commenting on Mrs. Webster's view, we may mention two other documents bearing on the case: An article, "The Jewish World Problem," by Lord Sydenham of Combe, in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for November, 1921, which seeks to show that the Jews have had the dominant role in Bolshevism from the outset; and a booklet in French. *The Jews and the Russian Revolution,* by Boris Mirsky, a rather feeble and emotional attempt to disprove this view. Both are of value and interest, but the limitation of space prevents our quoting them at length.

We come, then, to the main thesis of Mrs. Webster: that all the disruptive, evil and subversive movements of the last century and a half have had their origin in the secret society conceived and founded by Adam Weishaupt; and that this original cause is still in full operation, and must be expected to bear much evil fruit in the future.

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We believe that there is a certain element of truth in Mrs. Webster's view, but we believe also that Mrs. Webster has not gone deep enough, has not penetrated beneath the surface to the real causes of the facts which she so painstakingly details.

Let us test the matter in this way: Would Mrs. Webster affirm that if Weishaupt had died, let us say, the year before he revolted from the training of the Jesuits, there would have been no French Revolution, no Revolution of 1848, no Marxian Socialism, no Bolshevism? We hardly think so. It would then follow that Weishaupt's society was only one factor among many; his plans and methods may have supplied the moulds, the formulae, for future movements, but the causes are to be sought elsewhere.

It has been said many times that only after we have gained a clear realization of spiritual light, of holiness, are we able to perceive the reality and danger of evil; not as a principle co-eternal with good, but as the rebellious distortion of the divine gift of free will, a spiritual power turned to evil ends. In the same way, perhaps, it may be affirmed that only after we have to some degree become aware of the part played in the life of mankind by the Masters of Light, are we able to perceive the dangerous, subtle and evil part played in human history by the masters of darkness.

A quotation from *Light on the Path* will make our meaning clear:

"In fact, to have lost the power to wound, implies that the snake is not only scotched, but killed. When it is merely stupefied or lulled to sleep it awakens again and the disciple uses his knowledge and his power for his own ends, and is a pupil of the many masters of the black art, for the road to destruction is very broad and easy, and the way can be found blindfold." (page 79).

What we wish to suggest, then, is that, in the history so graphically and sincerely set forth by Mrs. Webster in her books, we have only one chapter, neither the first nor the last, of the history of a secret society which antedates Weishaupt by many millenniums, and which will continue its evil and destructive work for millenniums to come; until the day, in fact, when mankind's advance in spiritual light and life will have raised the whole human race above the plane of darkness and evil which supplies the masters of evil with their life and sustenance, lacking which they are doomed to die of starvation.

This may suggest the reason why the pupils of the powers of evil work so untiringly to thwart every real advance of the human race, to pull down whatever civilization painfully builds, that makes for light and true development and spiritual growth. And we underlined the characters of the men who are the protagonists in the drama described by Mrs. Webster, in order to make clear the type of men who are the natural pupils of the masters of darkness. To put it simply, their

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characters are detestable from every sane and normal standard of human life.

It would not be difficult to suggest reasons why these pupils and co-workers of the powers of darkness choose the chief clauses of their creed: Internationalism, communism, the destruction of the higher class through the despotic rule of the lowest class, the corruption of family life. The attack on religion hardly needs comment.

If we take a large view of human development throughout the ages, we shall see that one great factor in spiritual evolution has been the national spirit: the development of some peculiar excellence or gift in a limited group, in order that this gift may enrich the whole of mankind. The simile has been used before, but it has its point: an orchestra depends for its musical value on the marked difference between the instruments which compose it, the contrast between them, the different parts of the whole melodic and harmonic creation which they bring into relief. But each instrument must be excellent in its own individual character and scope; the more individual it is, the better for the orchestral effect.

So with nationality. It would seem that one power of the Logos, or a part of one power, is incarnated in each real nation, and that this nation exists to give that power scope and expression, in order to make it visible and available for the whole human race. Therefore true nationhood is a divine expedient for forwarding the life of all humanity. And therefore the masters of darkness, who desire above all things that humanity shall not progress in spiritual life, invariably make their attack against true nationhood, in the name of a false and delusive internationalism. By just that much can they put off the day of spiritual life, which will also be the day of their own destruction.

The consideration of this false and dangerous internationalism, which means, in practice, a violent opposition to all true nationhood, brings us to one of the most valuable points in Lord Sydenham's article already referred to: the point that the most active and virulent agents and preachers of internationalism since the days of Karl Marx and Lassalle have been Jews. Lord Sydenham writes: "In this country [England], and in others, there are many Jews who are loyal and valued citizens; but, whenever they have proclaimed their solidarity with their adopted States, they have been subjected to violent attacks. Of Mr. Morgenthau's recent claim to be an American, the *Jewish World* could say: 'What horrible banality! God's chosen people, their aspirations and their strivings satisfied, their martyrdoms avenged by becoming American' (July 27, 1921). In the spirit here manifested, of which there are many examples, lies danger which Gentiles ignore at their peril."

This suggests two considerations. First, those Jews who are the most violent preachers of internationalism are, for the most part, atheists and renegades from their own religion. They attack, with nationhood, the ties of religion and of family life; and this last attack means for

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them a dissolution of the bonds of family life, in order to open the door to sex promiscuity and unbridled sensuality. The proposed "socialization of women" in Bolshevist Russia made this absolutely clear. The attack on nationhood, on patriotism, is only the entering wedge, to be followed by squalid libertinism.

Therefore, those Jews who, like Mr. Morgenthau, have proclaimed their faith in patriotism, must not be content to stop at this point. They must look all the facts in the face; they must recognize clearly that Jewish internationalism is only the beginning of a process of complete destruction; and they must further recognize their own responsibility for their own race, with all its tendencies. They must actively and of deliberate purpose combine and organize their efforts to stem this tide of destruction, set in motion by the renegade anti-nationalists of their race. They must bring these destructive energies completely to an end. If they do not do this, and do it promptly and decisively, then the Gentile races will unquestionably be compelled, as Lord Sydenham suggests, to take the matter into their own hands, and take effective measures to defend themselves.

The creed of evil, with its spurious and destructive internationalism, lays equal stress on communism, and from a like impulse of opposition and hatred toward every factor of spiritual development. Human character, as it grows, demands the progressive balance of two forces; individual growth as a conscious unit, possessing defined powers and responsibilities, and, on the other hand, a steady broadening and deepening of relationship with others. "Kill out all sense of separateness . . . yet stand alone" is the eternal paradox of spiritual life. But communism deliberately works to submerge all individual growth and responsibility, all individual light and power, in a low and gross mob-consciousness, which offers no possibility for responsible spiritual life. Precisely for this reason, communism commends itself to the powers of evil, whose very existence depends on checking and stifling the spiritual advance of mankind.

Ordered family life is, in the same way, a vitally valuable training school for spiritual development. The model of true family life is the relation between a Master and his chelas, his "children", to translate the word literally. Therefore the powers of evil make their onslaught on family life.

Whoever studies Mrs. Webster's books must be struck by the fact that the organization, the methods, the very phrases of these workers of deliberate evil are all distorted counterfeits of the organization and methods of the Powers of Good. The fundamental reason for this likeness is, that evil will is a distortion and corruption of divine will, and is, therefore, compelled to create along the same general lines, because it has no original life. But, as always, the counterfeit testifies to the genuine original.

Students of Theosophy will understand both the law and its result,

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and will see why words like Illumination, adept, lodge, and so on, continually recur in the counterfeit activities of the powers of darkness. And just at this point, it seems to us, Mrs. Webster has lacked the clue which students of Theosophy possess, and has, therefore, tended to condemn certain of the children of light, merely because their methods of organization are mimicked by the apes of darkness. For example, Mrs. Webster (page 26) ascribes to Cagliostro a role, which is the exact opposite of that which he really played, in the view of many students of Theosophy, who hold that he was an agent of the light, though he may have committed serious errors. Cagliostro was rejected by the Masonry of his day, and was later traduced and defamed; but that has been the common fate of those who are in advance of their time. What we have said of Cagliostro applies in a measure also to Martinez Pasqualis, whom Mrs. Webster equally blacklists, and to his pupil St. Martin.

We come now to the practical application. We shall be well advised carefully to note the characteristics of the men whom Mrs. Webster has so vividly portrayed: their ambition, their vanity, their hunger for despotic power, the corruption of their lives; because we have here a list of those elements in human nature, and therefore in our own natures, which give the masters of darkness their opportunity.

Where races go over bodily to gross and evil ambition, like the Germans, these races will become apt agents of the powers of evil; where a race becomes widely tainted with greed and materialism, and makes itself the enemy of true nationhood and patriotism, as is, unfortunately, the case with many Jews, that race will offer special opportunities; and we shall find natural alliances, like that between Lassalle and Bismarck, between Trotzky and the German General Staff.

Right understanding is vitally necessary. Students of Theosophy ought to realize that the conflict between the Powers of Light and the masters of darkness is in fact universal; not remote or abstract, but waged day by day, hour by hour, in the very midst of human life. We should be on the watch for manifestations of these deliberately planned and directed activities; for example, we should be able at once to recognize the source and aim of the activities described in such a book as Mrs. Webster's, supplying the clues which are there lacking; discerning the real directors behind the scenes, and their lasting purpose of evil. We must use our discrimination always; and, knowing that this conflict is going on from day to day, in our own hearts and in the world about us, we should follow the events of the day, as recorded in the daily papers, with something more of genuine understanding and discernment, finding in these events, whether small or great, the evidences of the terrific conflict which is ceaselessly waged. Real understanding, even by the few, a clear recognition, here, in the world, of the work of the unseen contestants, will definitely aid the Powers of Light, when heart and mind and will are thrown on the side of the Divine.

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FRAGMENTS

HE who would see the Master should seek him at the dawning, for it is then he is most visible to men.

The Lodge has four great doors. One looks towards the North, one towards the South, one towards the East, one towards the West. Just prior to the hour of dawn there issues from each portal (as that hour may come), a messenger, an angel. He stands upon the threshold, the great doors opened wide, wrapped in silence. As the first grey light shows faintly in the sky, he steps across, raising his face to the stars above him. Then his voice sounds,—a great echoing cry like an organ tone, that slowly pulsates into silence again:—Awake thou that sleepest: arise from death! Three times at intervals that cry resounds, then the great doors close upon the messenger's return. They tell us, those who know the secrets of the Lodge, that this is the Lodge's memorial to the resurrection of Christ; that since that first Easter Day in Palestine these messengers have called each morning, and that the call stirs somewhere in the depths of every soul,—to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West. They who are "awake" at dawn can hear it, they say, not only with the inner ear, but with the outer, and feel the quivering response of Nature to this "Aum" chanted on its new note.

Christ held out his chalice to me, and I who was athirst, cried, Lord, give me to drink! And he said, Would'st thou drink? And I cried the more saying, Yea, give me to drink, Lord, I die of thirst. And he gave me, but his face was sad.

The first taste was sweet, sweet beyond measure, with a sweetness that intensified all thirst, and that moreover made any other beverage unsatisfying for ever. The second taste was of wormwood and of gall, bitter unbearably. Yet it, too, intensified my thirst, and though I shrank, I knew that I must drink or die. Then I beheld the chalice, and lo, it was the Heart of my Lord which he held out to me, and I drank through the wound in it where he was pierced for my sins. Drop by drop the nectar fell from that opening of his love, as still he held the chalice out to me. And what I drank now was a liquid fire, burning and consuming me, a torture inner and outer. So I understood how God's love had created hell as well as heaven.

CAVÉ.

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IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH
KATHA UPANISHAD

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT WITH AN INTERPRETATION

V.

This Spirit who is awake in those who sleep, moulding desire after desire: this, verily, is the luminous one, this is the Eternal; this, verily, is called the immortal. In this all worlds are set firm, nor does any transcend it. This, verily, is That.

As the one vital Fire, entering the world, has shaped itself according to form after form, so the one Inner Self of all beings shapes itself to form after form, and is also outside them.

As the one Breath, entering the world, has shaped itself according to form after form, so the one Inner Self of all beings shapes itself to form after form, and is also outside them.

As the Sun, the eye of all the world, is not stained by visible outward defects, so the one Inner Self of all beings is not stained by the evil of the world, being outside it.

The one Ruler, the Inner Self of all beings, who makes one form manifold: the wise who recognize Him dwelling within them, theirs is joy everlasting, but not of others.

The enduring among unenduring things, the Intelligence of intelligences, who, being one, disposes the desires of many: the wise who recognize Him dwelling within them, theirs is peace everlasting, but not of others.

This is that, they say, the ineffable, supreme joy; how may I understand it? Does this give light, or shine by another's light?

The sun shines not there, nor the moon and stars, nor these lightnings, nor fire like this. After this shining, all shines; from the shining of this, all draws its light.

THIS passage is so clear, so eloquent and full of beauty, that it hardly needs any comment. It is the teaching of the supreme Divine Self, which is at once Divine Consciousness and Divine Will; which is the inner Divine Self of all beings, and the origin and source of all power, of every form of force and will throughout the universe.

As being the source and substance of all force, it is that everlasting Motion which is one aspect of the Eternal. And, since motion, in one of its manifestations, is light, this everlasting Motion is perpetual, eternal Light.

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One phase of our perceptive consciousness is recipient of natural light, which is a manifestation of the everlasting Light. If we can conceive a spiritual consciousness directly perceptive of that Light, we shall recognize that such a consciousness will dwell in everlasting Light.

This is one of the most universal of all religious and mystical symbols: the Eternal is the "Father of Lights"; the incarnate Logos is "the Light of the world"; and we find, in the *Upanishads* and in the *Apocalypse,* exactly the same expression of the self-luminous spiritual world: "The sun shines not there, nor the moon and stars. . . . from the shining of this, all draws its light"; and "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light".

Yet another universal religious teaching finds its expression in the passage translated above: the teaching that the Divine is both immanent and transcendent. The one Breath, the Spirit, enters the world shaping itself to form after form, and yet remains outside them. The Divine Spirit is at once the substance, the force and consciousness of every manifested form; yet this manifestation, this endless differentiation does not for an instant impair the perfect unity, the entire perfection of the Divine.

Rooted above, downward branching is this immemorial Ashvattha tree: this, verily, is the luminous one, this is the Eternal; this, verily, is called the immortal. In this all worlds are set firm, nor does any transcend it. This, verily, is That.

Whatever is here, the whole moving world, moves in the Life, made manifest from That. This is the great Fear, the uplifted sceptre; they who know this, become immortal. Through fear of this, fire burns; through fear of this, the sun glows; through fear of this, Indra and Vayu, and Death runs as the fifth.

If one has been able to awaken to this, here, before the body's dissolution, thereafter he builds for embodiment in the creative worlds.

As in a mirror, so in oneself is this perceived; as in dream, so in the world of the Fathers; as in the waters, dispersedly, this is perceived in the world of the Seraphs; as in the light and the shadow, it is perceived in the world of the Eternal.

The immemorial Ashvattha tree is the Tree of Life, rooted above, in the Eternal, and branching downward through the manifested worlds. This again is a universal symbol, found in all religions.

The Eternal is the "great Fear", the everlasting Mystery, before which even the loftiest spirit must ever bow down in reverent awe; the unseen, supreme Lord, whom all manifested powers, whether of life or death, perpetually obey.

The recognition of this Divine Eternal makes for the building of the spiritual body, "the house not made with hands".

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While we are here, the Divine Self is indistinctly seen; it appears "as in a mirror, enigmatically," in Saint Paul's words; in the world of the Fathers, the restorative paradise between death and rebirth, it is seen as in a dream, since that is a world of celestial dreams; in the world of the Seraphs, the angelic world, its radiance is like the gleam of sunlight on rippled water, every celestial being reflecting something of that light. In the world of the Eternal, there is the light and the shadow: the light of the Logos, the shadow of the manifested worlds.

The wise man, considering that the activity of the powers of perception and action is separate from his real being, and that they have their rising and setting, as of activities arising apart from himself, grieves not.

Higher than the powers is Mind; higher than Mind is spiritual being; above spiritual being is the Great Self; above the Great is the Unmanifest. But higher than the Unmanifest is the Spirit, all pervading, without distinctive mark. Knowing this, a living being is set free and goes to immortality.

This is what may be called the classification of the Principles: there are, first, the powers of perception and action; then Manas; then the spiritual being, Buddhi, the manifestation of Atma; above Atma is the Logos; beyond the Logos is the Eternal. Knowing this spiritual stairway, man ascends it to immortality.

The form of the Eternal cannot be seen, nor can any one behold Him with the eyes. Through the heart, through illumination, through the understanding He is apprehended. They who know this, become immortal.

When the five powers of perception come to rest, with the mind, and the understanding no longer strives, this they call the highest way; this they hold to be union, the steady controlling of the powers; thereupon he becomes undeluded, for union is a rising and a surcease.

Not, verily, by speech, or by thought, or by the eyes, can this be obtained. It is apprehended of him who realizes its being; how could it be known otherwise?

It is to be apprehended by realizing its being, and by direct experience of both; to him who has apprehended it through realization, its true being is revealed.

When all desires that dwell in his heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal and enters the Eternal.

When all the knots of the heart are untied, the mortal becomes immortal; so far goes the teaching handed down.

These passages would seem to be the original source of the teaching of union, of Yoga, one formulation of which has come down to us.

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connected with the name of Patanjali, while there is another expression of the same teaching in the *Bhagavad Gita.*

Only one sentence appears to call for comment: "It is to be apprehended by realizing its being, and by direct experience of both": the meaning appears to be, a direct experience of the Divine within us and the Divine above us; the dim star within, and the infinite light.

A hundred and one are the channels of the heart; of them, one rises to the crown; ascending by this, he reaches immortality; the others lead in diverse ways.

Of the measure of the thumb, the Spirit, the Inner Self, dwells ever in the hearts of creatures. Let him draw this forth from the body, steadily, like a reed from its sheath. Let him know this to be the luminous, the immortal; let him know this to be the luminous, the immortal.

Something has already been said, in a previous section, concerning the "channel in the head" through which the divine fire ascends, to what Shankara calls "the door". This appears to be a reference to the same teaching.

As has already been said, the second part of *Katha Upanishad* appears to consist of pages taken from some Book of Discipline for disciples, each passage almost complete in itself, with the result that there is some lack of external continuity. But the inner thought is continuous, as will become clear as each passage is read, pondered on, and inwardly digested. The repetition of the closing sentence, here, as elsewhere, is meant to mark the end of the text.

There is, however, an added passage, intended to preserve the unity of the whole book by declaring that the preceding passages were a part of the teaching given by Death to Nachiketas. This passage follows.

Nachiketas, receiving this wisdom declared by Death, and the perfect rule of union, attained to the Eternal, gaining freedom from passion and from death. So, verily, will he who knows this, concerning the Divine Self.

C. J.

Dost thou pray? Nay! God prays to thee . . . Listen to His prayer.—ANON.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

III

CAGLIOSTRO

IN previous numbers of the QUARTERLY, reference was made at some length to the *French Revolution,* by Mrs. Nesta Webster, and to the attitude there adopted toward the Free Masons and Illuminati and their share in the responsibility for the Revolution. On such a subject, where the truth is so difficult of access, each additional point of view, presenting, as it may, some new facet of the whole truth, is well worth consideration. A book on Illuminism in France, by Dr. "Papus,"* who claims to have devoted years to the study of the subject, affords several significant points.

Using the term Illuminati in a sense other than that of Mrs. Webster, he distinguishes definitely between them and the Masonic Order. The Illuminati—among whom he classes the followers of men like Martinez Pasqualis, Saint Martin, Willermoz—devoted themselves to science, theurgy, etc., teaching the doctrine of the perfectibility of man, endeavouring to develop inner faculties ordinarily dormant, and seeking, through the practice of magic, to obtain the objective assistance of a guide from the spiritual world. They avoided politics and kindred projects, and were avowedly hostile to certain of the societies whose aims were political.

In his treatment of Masonry, the author makes another distinction within the Order itself. He traces the history of the Masonic Order proper, from its foundation in England, in 1646, by the members of certain powerful occult confraternities, as a centre of propaganda for their work, down to and through the establishing of the Grand Orient of France in 1773. The Order stood avowedly for liberty, fraternity, equality, but was not subversive in character; it was equally strong in its warfare against atheism and immorality. The subversive, distinctively revolutionary element among the societies of the time, he attributes to the surviving members of what had been the Knights Templar, who banded together in 1786 to form the Grand Chapitre General. In many instances, the members of this body took advantage of the Masonic organization, carrying on their work by forming higher grades of Masonry, their members well organized and admirably disciplined, and their teachings aiming to make of each member an avenger of the Knights Templar.

* Students of Theosophy doubtless will remember Madame Blavatsky's unfavourable opinion of Dr. "Papus." It is interesting, nevertheless, to note the result of his researches in regard to Illuminism.—EDITORS.

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Of course there were societies combining the qualities of all these three classes in varying ways, and with varying relations to the parent body.

While some of the author's conclusions are without doubt open to question, they nevertheless afford valuable pointers, in a veritable maze of available information, where the time-honoured test, "by their fruits", cannot always be applied with any certainty. The interesting suggestion is made that the secret societies of any given period are like the astral model on which the physical body—the outer social life—is formed. In illustration, the author refers to the social system prior to the Revolution, at the time when the Knights Templar were an active influence. Then the hierarchical system prevailed, and recognition of a supreme power, and of obedience to it, were the rule—all, it is said, an outer manifestation of the organization of the Religious Orders. This he contrasts with the democracy during and after the Revolution—the outer manifestation of the organization of the Masonic Order. It is further asserted that the Monarchy and the Church, in suppressing the Knights Templar, while they recognized what was occurring on the outer plane, little realized the inner significance of the act and its far-reaching effect for the future.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, there was an enormous growth of the Masonic Order. From very small beginnings, it had increased in 1776 to the number of three hundred French Lodges. In 1789 there were over six hundred, and by the end of the century, general statistics showed 137,675 Lodges, comprising over twenty-one million Masons. This meant that the principles of liberty, fraternity and equality, continually taught in the Lodges, could scarcely fail to become a living power in the life of the day. Hand in hand with that, there went an intense and widespread interest in the supernatural. Occultism, illuminism, spiritualism, magic were the fashion; the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, were topics of absorbing interest. Visions and revelations were sought after, and the power to control unseen spirits. Dabblers in various arts evolved mystical systems of one sort or another, and gathered each their small following about them, usually in a secret organization. Masonry was closely allied with the interest in the supernatural, and the members of the various Lodges were avid in search of experiences of all kinds, open to any influence that might be brought to bear on them. This was the instrument which the Lodge messengers, carrying on the work of enlightenment for the last quarter of the century, found ready to hand. And of the three men who came to do the Lodge work of that period—Mesmer, the pioneer, St. Germain supervising the developments, and Cagliostro later commissioned to help (see *Theosophical Glossary*)—at least the last two men made extensive use of Masonry, introducing various rites not familiar, and often not acceptable, to Masons of the day. It was Cagliostro who made the most definite effort to weld the Order together, to give it oneness of purpose and loftiness of ideal, and to use it definitely as an instrument.

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It would be difficult to discover a man concerning whom more startlingly contradictory stories have been circulated than about Cagliostro. Any one who is forceful, successful, eminent, is certain to have detractors, to make enemies; but it is not often that one finds the same man considered by hundreds of people wholly good,—beloved, revered, even regarded as "divine", and by equal numbers, wholly bad, possessed of no spark of the qualities that would render him merely human. Carlyle, with his eye for the dramatic, pictures him a monstrous sham —less than man, less than beast even; by profession a healer of diseases, abolisher of wrinkles, Spirit-summoner, Gold-cook, Prophet, Priest, thaumaturgic moralist and swindler; really a Liar of the first magnitude; a Quack of Quacks, surrounded by gulled or gulling disciples; a most dusky, bull-necked, mastiff-faced, sinister-looking individual, with mouth of pinchbeck, and front of brass. Indeed, even Carlyle's inexhaustible store of adjectives must have been taxed to meet the demand, and in the end he fails of his purpose through so far overshooting the mark.

Madame Blavatsky made the statement that Cagliostro, misjudged for so many decades, would be vindicated in the present century. An important step in this direction has been taken by Dr. Marc Haven in a book entitled *Le Maitre Inconnu Cagliostro*. In it the author, using the same method adopted by Mrs. Webster in her *French Revolution*, endeavours to discover the real man. Thanks to the thoroughness of the Inquisition, almost nothing of Cagliostro's own writings escaped the flames. But letters of noted men who knew him, journals and memoirs of the day, records of his Order, are consulted, with an effort to take into account the position and bias of the writer and whatever other elements might affect the value of the testimony.

W. R. H. Trowbridge, in the Preface to his book, *Cagliostro, the Splendour and Misery of a Master of Magic*, writes: "In choosing Cagliostro as the subject of an historical memoir, I was guided at first, I admit, by the belief that he was the arch-impostor he is popularly supposed to be. With his mystery, magic and highly sensational career, he seemed just the sort of picturesque personality I was in search of. The moment, however, I began to make my researches I was astonished to find how little foundation there was in point of fact for the popular conception." The further this author pursued the subject, the more he became convinced of the error of the usually accepted view. And this is just the conviction one gains in following the researches of Dr. Haven. He shows us the bigness, the open-hearted generosity, the kindliness and impulsiveness of the man, in a way that makes him vividly real and living, and, what is more important, at the same time he shows the reason for his downfall (outwardly speaking, at least), the cause of all the slander, misunderstanding and obloquy under which the real man is concealed.

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Numerous fantastic ideas can be gathered from rumours, some slanderous, some satirical, concerning Cagliostro's early life. Nothing is known as fact. Almost the earliest dependable accounts start with his first London sojourn in 1776, during which he foretold to several chance acquaintances the winning numbers in a Lottery then being held, and as a result fell into the clutches of a band of swindlers, was robbed, imprisoned, and finally, with his wife, left England almost without money or possessions. According to some accounts, he came into contact with Masonry more or less by chance, during this visit. Partly in view of his mission, and partly in view of the fact that London was, in a sense, the source of the Masonic activity of the day, it seems far more probable that his journey to London was made for the particular purpose of making this connection.

Be this as it may, as he travelled about Europe, from this time on, he visited one Masonic Lodge after another, honoured and increasingly influential wherever he went. His endeavour was to develop and use what was best in them. He taught the members the relativity, the incompleteness of our knowledge of the world about us, our perceptions limited as they are, to what we can learn by means of the five senses. He taught of other senses, undeveloped in most men, but capable of development, which open up a new world and extend the limits of consciousness. But it was necessary to meet his pupils on their own ground, satisfy their curiosity, offer them proofs to win them to his teaching. Accordingly he held séances, performed magical operations, and of these, as might be expected, the most is made by his enemies. His method as a rule seems to have been somewhat like what is now known as crystal gazing. The principal features of it were a carafe or globe of water, into which gazed a small child, called the pupil or *coulomb,* who must not be past the age of innocence—and in which he saw spirits who prophesied future events, told of happenings at a distance, gave answers to questions, and so forth. Eliphas Levi wrote suggestively: Cagliostro practises hydromancy, because he knows that water is at the same time an excellent conductor, a powerful reflector and a very *refringent* medium for the astral light, as is proved by the mirages of the desert and the mountains. Cagliostro himself said that he made use of these séances as a means of calling attention to the fact that there is another world than the material world of our familiar acquaintance. This suggests the early days of Madame Blavatsky's work, when popular interest in spiritualism and psychic phenomena were employed similarly for the same purpose. The séances, far from being useless ceremonies, mere amusement, suddenly proved to have an object. They were theurgic; the regeneration of man was their aim, and through spiritual means.

To follow the course of Cagliostro's career would be useless repetition of what is already well known. Suffice it to say that as he travelled from one place to another, he developed more and more the plan for

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his Egyptian Masonry; his pupils increased with great rapidity, and not only had he a large following, but he became intimately associated with more and more distinguished people, people of learning, of culture, of every rank of society including the highest aristocracy.

One account of Cagliostro's work makes the assertion that his real greatness lay in his power as a clairvoyant and as a healer. His power as a healer, as a physician (whatever his method), was overwhelmingly attested during his stay in Strasbourg. He had previously practised medicine to some extent. Here, a number of remarkable cures spread his fame abroad, and people flocked to him from far and near—his hôtel was filled with patients; his stairway and vestibule, the street before his house, were crowded. From early morning until late at night, he continued the work day after day. Hundreds were of the very poor, and he gave them medicine, food, money. Many were of the very rich. To all alike his understanding of the hearts of men gave a healing of more than body. In a very short time, his work brought him into conflict with the medical profession—a sharp conflict, resulting in the bitter enmity of certain physicians. Unable to strike successfully at him in any other way, they engaged a recent arrival from Spain—Carlo Sachi by name—to act as tool. Sachi, claiming to have known and been aided by Cagliostro in earlier years, succeeded in obtaining a place as errand boy or apprentice for him. Cagliostro himself had always scrupulously avoided accepting any payment whatever for his medical services; in fact, he accepted money on no occasion, and the source of his obvious wealth was always a mystery. The new apprentice, engaged in carrying prescriptions to patients, extorted from them and pocketed large sums, and in ways best calculated to rouse their resentment. He gossiped and strutted about, making himself well known as the assistant of the great man, and then told, on all sides, evil stories of a supposed former relationship with the Count, and by insinuation and innuendo cast suspicion on his present standing in Strasbourg, the value of his work, and the honesty of his purpose. A patient, hearing the tales, disclosed the state of affairs. Sachi was at once dismissed, and on threatening the life of the informant, was banished from Strasbourg for his threats and "for calumnies against a man very universally respected." He then claimed that it was all a mistake, that he had been speaking of someone else, and when this failed of its purpose, he withdrew from the city, and sent to Cagliostro an extortionate bill for services rendered. The only reason for going into this incident is that the highly coloured tales of Sachi were not only taken up at the time by enemies of Cagliostro—by that army of little people who are always jealous of power or success, and by the still larger number of idle gossips—but at a much later date, the testimony of this scoundrel was widely used, and in the popular accounts that have remained, his stories are all too often quoted as fact.

Cagliostro did not remain long in any one place, but travelled widely

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throughout Europe, and in some sections, notably in Central Europe, visited practically every Lodge, winning adherents everywhere for his Egyptian Masonry. The Lodges had no spiritual direction, were ignorant of their origin and their aim, and according to the account of Dr. Haven, Cagliostro's effort was to infuse the Christian spirit, the spirit of wisdom and of truth, into this growing organism. In order to do so, it was necessary that he should direct Masonry as a whole, draw it away from worldly concerns, direct it toward the light. At Lyons he achieved a triumph in his Masonic work, forming a Lodge, erecting a temple, wholly in accordance with his plan. This period was, in one way, the summit of his career. To attempt to re-tell Dr. Haven's account of it would be a mistake. But from that account a few passages, taken from the ritual of the three grades of Egyptian Masonry, will help to give, in brief, an idea of the nature of the teachings:—

Masonic works are entirely spiritual, and have no other object than to earn the privilege of being admitted into the temple of God. Man, created in the image and likeness of God is the most perfect of his works. So long as he preserved his innocence, he commanded all living beings, even angels, intelligent forces, ministers of God. But as the result of the abuse of his power, it was lost; man was made mortal, and deprived even of communication with spiritual beings. His work, in order to regain the original purity and power which were his right, thus becomes considerable, and this is the purpose of initiation. The regeneration is twofold: moral and physical. In order that he re-become a child of God, first the longing for it must be awakened within him, and he must then begin to shape his life accordingly. If he be sincere in his efforts, God will provide for him one of His elect to help him. He learns from this master that the work consists in glorifying God (spiritual regeneration); in penetrating into the sanctuary of nature (intellectual regeneration), and in purifying the elements in himself (social and physical regeneration). To glorify God in oneself, is to become interiorly formed anew, not by exterior austerities, but by interior conflict and struggle. The work is long and patience is necessary. To penetrate into the sanctuary of nature is to acquire knowledge, not of human learning, but the direct cognisance of reality. When man has become thus triply regenerated—a healthy soul in a healthy body—he will experience an influx of the grace of God and will himself become a master. And just as the ordinary man, living in the material world, perceives and acts in it, so the regenerate man can perceive and act in the spiritual world where he lives.

This is, of course, only an incomplete rendering of the ritual of the first three grades. The more private papers, which Cagliostro regarded as of inestimable value, were, a part at a time, stolen in London, confiscated in Paris, seized and burnt in Rome; so that practically nothing remains.

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Of his stay in Paris—the splendour and magnificence of his life there, the number and high rank of his friends and followers—and of his connection with the celebrated affair of the diamond necklace, much has been written that purports to be fact. In fiction, it has been immortalized by Alexandre Dumas in several of his novels—and in a most unfortunate light. The *Queen's Necklace* represents him as clever, intriguing, using as dupes the other figures of the drama, secretly plotting and effecting the theft of the necklace, with the malignant purpose of discrediting the monarchy at this most critical period. Dr. Haven shows that Cagliostro had actually nothing to do with the theft of the necklace. He was not in Paris, had not come to Paris until the plan had been made and carried out. It will be remembered that the affair of the necklace involved the Cardinal de Rohan, a high dignitary of the Church and one of the highest of the French aristocracy, whose close intimacy with Cagliostro had long been a matter of note; and a woman, Madame de la Motte, a natural descendant of Henri II, clever, ambitious, audacious, totally unscrupulous. The Prince-Cardinal was not in favour at Court. Madame de la Motte, trading on his ambitions, led him to think that Marie Antoinette favoured him secretly and desired her to act as go-between; and finally induced him to become security for the payment for a diamond necklace, which the Queen was alleged to desire but to be unable to afford. The date of payment fell due; the Cardinal, immensely wealthy though he was, could not meet it. The Queen of course disclaimed all knowledge of it, and the Cardinal and Madame de la Motte were imprisoned. Madame de la Motte could not accuse the Cardinal, for no one would have believed her. In his palace, she had several times met Cagliostro—there was much about him that was mysterious and not understood;—her ready accusation, then, was, "The alchemist took the necklace to pieces in order to increase by means of it the treasures of an unheard of fortune." By insinuation, she involved his wife as well, and both were imprisoned in the Bastille for many months, awaiting trial. From Madame de la Motte's testimony at the trial, came many of the statements on which rest Cagliostro's reputation as an impostor, a charlatan and a swindler. He had become justly famous as a healer, a wonderworker, a possessor of fabulous wealth, the source of which was a mystery. Rumour had enlarged on his powers in endless directions, and all this gave easy credence to the lurid tales of the unscrupulous woman who was determined to fasten her own guilt on him. To her, then, are due the stories that he claimed to be hundreds of years old; that he had been present at the marriage at Cana, and many others. She said he was a Portuguese Jew, a Greek, an Egyptian of Alexandria, that he sold immortality to the wealthy, and that he was guilty of misdemeanours of many kinds.

As is well known, Cagliostro was completely exonerated, and on his release was given an ovation by throngs of people, who filled the

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streets as they escorted him back to his home. At this time, revolutionary sentiments were openly expressed, and his long detention in the Bastille on mere suspicion, caused him to be hailed as a martyr to the liberties of man. Though Madame de la Motte had been convicted and sentenced, a certain faction which lost no opportunity to strike at the King and Queen, published scurrilous pamphlets, claiming that Marie Antoinette was really involved in the affair, if the truth were known. The outcome of it all was that Cagliostro was immediately banished from France. He withdrew to London, and from there brought suit against the Marquis De Launay, Governor of the Bastille, and also against the Commissioner of Police, for the loss of valuable papers and other possessions, money, medicines, and alchemical powders, which had been wantonly seized when he was thrown into prison. This, of course, intensified the feeling against him among certain of the Court circle in France, and brought about his meeting with the man who has done more than anyone else to blacken his name, Theveneau de Morande.

The latter was born in France, was a rascal from boyhood, and finally fled to England to escape punishment. Here he became a professional blackmailer, writing first *Le Gazeteer Cuirassé ou Anecdotes Scandaleuse sur la Cour de France*. He blackmailed Madame du Barry; he tried to blackmail Voltaire, but came off the loser. The French Government attempted to seize him, and he posed in England as a political exile. Finally, the French Government employed him as a subsidized journalist and spy, and he became the editor of the "Courrier de l'Europe," which was read all over the continent. In it, he and a band of associates tore reputations to shreds, and to the attacks of this man's ready pen, Cagliostro was subjected by his enemies in France. Morande seized and improved upon all the wild tales, absurd or venomous as the case might be, which Madame de la Motte had invented during her trial, and for a considerable time tried through written attack to provoke a quarrel or induce a bribe. All the rumours afloat were gathered together, and finally someone was sought who had a grievance and would bring a charge against Cagliostro. As a result of this search, Sachi was unearthed. Morande brought him to London at his own expense and secretly swore out a writ against Cagliostro. English law at that time made imprisonment the penalty for even one complaint of indebtedness. Fortunately, Cagliostro was warned and took immediate legal steps in time to foil Morande's scheme. He then wrote a "Letter to the English People," in which he scored Morande so successfully that the whole affair was dropped. Both in his personal friendships and in his Masonic work, Cagliostro's standing remained unchanged, but in the latter field, in England, the results apparently did not justify the effort expended, and in 1787 he yielded to the urging of his friends and pupils on the Continent—particularly of Sarrasin, one of his most devoted followers to the very end—and left for Switzerland. The "Courrier" immediately

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claimed the glory of having driven him from London. It commiserated the Countess, who had remained behind in order to wind up their affairs, on having been deserted by her husband in his effort to save himself. Her stay with friends was represented as morally discreditable to her; the disposal of their furniture was represented as a seizure and forced sale. The seriousness of these calumnies was in no way lessened by the fact that the material in the "Courrier" appeared almost immediately in Leyden, Hamburg, Berlin, Florence, Amsterdam, and Paris.

In the *Queen's Necklace* and the *Memoirs of a Physician,* Cagliostro is represented by Dumas as an anti-monarchist, and a powerful exponent of democracy and the rights of man, and it would be interesting to know just where fiction ends and fact begins in such a charge. Cagliostro foretold the fall of the Bastille, it is true; the attack on Versailles; the overthrow of the monarchy; but in many another instance he had shown his clairvoyant powers, so the statements are no proof of anti-monarchical sentiments. In the Proceedings of the trial at Rome, he is accused of hatred toward the Court of France, and of sentiments and writings of a seditious nature, but the Proceedings, as will be seen later, warrant no credence. The so-called shockingly seditious writings are evidently identical with his "Letter to the French People," written during his exile in London. In it he laments his banishment as due to the King having been misled by his ministers; he speaks of the horrors of his imprisonment in the Bastille, and the cloud on the happiness of France constituted by the *lettres de cachet,* adding that God wills the Bastille be made a public promenade. (Mrs. Webster shows that this had long been talked of, and even considered by the King.) The letter continues, "O my friends, there will reign over you a prince who will find his glory in the abolition of the *lettres de cachet,* in the convocation of your States General, and above all in the re-establishment of the true religion. . . . Your sovereign is fitted for this great work. I know that he will bring it to pass, if he will only listen to his own heart. His severity toward me, does not blind me to his virtues."

This letter doubtless is less startling to us now, familiar as we are with the actual developments of the Revolution, than to one confident of the permanence and security of the old régime. It will seem still less seditious, however, if we turn to certain of the prophecies of the famous St. Germain. The latter foretold long in advance, every step of the Revolution. "Some years yet will pass by in a deceitful calm; then from all parts of the kingdom will spring up men greedy for vengeance, for power, and for money; they will overthrow all in their way. The seditious populace and some great members of the State will lend them support; a spirit of delirium will take possession of the citizens; civil war will burst out with all its horrors; it will bring in its train murder, pillage, exile. Then it will be regretted that I was not listened to." And again, "The Encyclopaedist party desire power; they will only obtain

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it by the absolute downfall of the clergy, and to ensure this result they will overthrow the monarchy. This party, who seek a chief among the members of the royal family, have turned their eyes on the Duc de Chartres; this prince will become the tool of men who will sacrifice him when he has ceased to be useful to them; the crown of France will be offered him, and he will find the scaffold instead of the throne. But before this day of retribution, what cruelties! what crimes! Laws will no longer be the protection of the good and the terror of the wicked. It is these last who will seize power with their bloodstained hands; they will abolish the Catholic religion, the nobility, the magistracy." At another time: "Kingdom, Republic, Empire, mixed Governments, tormented, agitated, torn; from clever tyrants she [France] will pass to others who are ambitious without merit. She will be divided, parcelled out, cut up; and these are no pleonasms that I use, the coming times will bring about the overthrow of the Empire; pride will sway or abolish distinctions, not from virtue but from vanity, and it is through vanity that they will come back to them. The French, like children playing with handcuffs and slings, will play with titles, honours, ribbons; everything will be a toy to them, even to the shoulder-belt of the National Guard; the greedy will devour the finances."

The conduct of Lafayette and others prominent in the Revolution, even the rise of Napoleon was foretold. All these prophecies could be construed as seditious if one so desired, but how were they employed? Never in a way to cause strife. In every instance, as a warning, an aid, to the monarchy. By letter, by messenger, by personal interview, St. Germain made one effort after another to persuade Marie Antoinette of the danger, to lead her and the King to take measures which might avert the storm. A final letter to the Queen reads, "My words have fallen on your ears in vain, and you have reached the period of which I informed you. It is no longer a question of tacking but of meeting the storm with thundering energy." And immediately after, to a confidential friend of the Queen, "All is lost! This sun is the last which will set on the monarchy, to-morrow it will exist no more, chaos will prevail, anarchy unequalled. You know all I have tried to do to give affairs a different turn; I have been scorned; now it is too late. I can do nothing for the King, nothing for the Queen, nothing for the Royal Family, nothing even for the Duc d'Orléans, who will be triumphant to-morrow, and who, all in due course, will cross the Capitol to be thrown from the top of the Tarpeian rock."

Assuming that Cagliostro and St. Germain were both sent by the same source, both conscious of their mission, it is hardly to be supposed that one would be doing all in his power to avert the cataclysm, and the other intentionally fomenting strife. Madame Blavatsky says that Cagliostro made fatal mistakes and was recalled. What was their nature? She does not indicate. St. Germain worked secretly; he foretold these

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events only to one or two or three persons—the persons whose power and influence would effect the most toward frustrating the revolutionary plot. Did the mistakes of Cagliostro lie, perhaps, in too great freedom of speech, in disclosures to the many instead of to the few, in a possible failure to calculate the inflammable condition of the public mind, the terrible consequences of the conflagration, once ignited? There is nothing to indicate a reply—only material for vague surmise. There is much in the revolutionary situation that is interestingly suggestive regarding the Lodge plan for the period—or rather alternative plans, representing, perhaps, the difference in individual method of certain Lodge members or groups of members—but here again, only surmise is possible.

Cagliostro remained in Switzerland until 1783, then continued his travels, arriving finally in Rome in May, 1789. It was in the following December, that he was seized by the Inquisition. His torturing trial, conducted secretly and with evidence which the prisoner was never permitted to see; his long struggle to vindicate himself and his doctrines; his tortures of body and agonies of mind; the gradual crushing out of hope, of fire, of spirit; the public abjuration of his "errors", as, barefooted and in penitent's garb, he asked pardon of God and Holy Church, while the executioner burnt before the multitude in the public square, his writings and papers; his sentence and final life imprisonment, under continual guard, in one of the deepest dungeons of the fortress of San Leo —this closing chapter of his life is one of absorbing interest, though not to the present purpose. The authorized account of the trial has been translated into English under the title of the *Life of Joseph Balsamo*, the latter having been declared by his enemies, some years before, to be his real name.

In fixing this name on him, Goethe was actively concerned. Rumour had it that Cagliostro, instead of being of high birth and connected in a mysterious way with the East, as had generally been accepted, was actually born in Palermo in a poor family named Balsamo. Goethe was entirely unacquainted with Cagliostro, but, as is well known, the literary and dramatic possibilities in the career of such a remarkable figure had appealed to him strongly, and he undertook to investigate the question. His findings are published in one of the volumes of *Wilhelm Meister*. He gathered considerable information about the real Joseph Balsamo, a ne'er-do-well and a miscreant, who apparently bore a strong physical resemblance to Cagliostro, and then on entirely unsatisfactory and inconclusive evidence (not to him perhaps, but certainly to his readers), linked together the early years of one and the later years of the other, and considered the matter settled. Quite typical of his method was his visit to the widow Balsamo. She was old, wretchedly poor, very ignorant, and, as is often the case in such circumstances, suspicious of strangers. Goethe represented himself to her as an Englishman who knew her son. The poor old creature was overjoyed at hearing again of her long lost boy,

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sent for a notary and had him write for her a letter, which Goethe was supposed to deliver. In it she said she had been told of his having become immensely wealthy and a great lord, described her own pitiful state of want, and implored his help. This interview, and the fact that a young woman in the family resembled the portraits and busts of Cagliostro then everywhere prominent, sent Goethe away highly satisfied. As a matter of fact, every statement seems, if only from the point of view of incongruity, to be proof positive that there were two men and not one.

The Life of Joseph Balsamo, translated from the Original Proceedings published at Rome by order of the Apostolic Chamber, adopts the theory of identity, and gives many pages to the infamous early life of Balsamo. A more scurrilous and malignant account, it would be difficult to find. There is no form of dishonesty, chicanery, double dealing and maliciousness which he is not represented as indulging in habitually, and no low instinct or evil inclination which was not characteristic of his nature. A turn of roguery is given to every act of his life, as when he is represented as earning a precarious livelihood by making pen and ink drawings,—not honourably, but by taking engravings done by some one else and touching them up, so that they might have the appearance of pen sketches. He is declared ignorant and averse to learning. He and his wife are said to have wandered about Europe at times as beggars, but usually living on the proceeds of her enforced immorality. This is sufficient to show the general nature of the account. It is given a semblance of fact by various means—phrases such as: "This much is however certain (and he has confessed it himself)", then follows some low accusation. Or, "He did thus as all those intimately acquainted with him have affirmed." Or again, "During his trial before the Apostolic Court Cagliostro could not deny . . ." (Few men in the hands of the Inquisition could long deny what their judges wished them to affirm.) Of the utter incongruity between the vulgarity of his early life as here represented, and his later life of learning, culture, refinement, and close friendships with the nobility of every country he visited, the account makes no note. Such of the better known facts about him as the *Life* is forced to meet, it treats with characteristic disregard of truth; as for instance: "In regard to medicine, fortune was exceedingly favourable to him, and he actually succeeded in the cure of some diseases. But in truth his knowledge did not surpass that which is acquired by every quack and nostrum monger."

This is the book on which are based most of the popular accounts of Cagliostro's life and work. More than one writer could be cited, who begins his story with the statement that he had become interested in a book entitled *The Life of Joseph Balsamo,* had looked further and found the "Courrier de l'Europe," one number after another of which corroborated fully the first impression received, and so forth. The question of why such an account should have been issued by the Apostolic Chamber

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is easily answered, when we realize that the Church had long been the bitter enemy of Free Masonry, regarding it as a deadly menace. Added to this, rumours were rife concerning the magnitude of Cagliostro's work, the complete devotion of his countless adherents, and the danger of secret plots to effect his rescue from the Inquisitorial prison. To destroy his work then, crush his sect, turning their devotion into doubt, suspicion or hate, and to stamp out his heretical doctrines, were regarded as imperative whatever the means necessary. A passage from an article by H. P. B. in "Lucifer"—January, 1890—quotes a typical instance of the terrorizing effect which his teachings, in the hands of his Inquisitors, would be likely to have:

"In the number of the crimes he is accused of is included that of the circulation of a book by an unknown author, condemned to public burning and entitled, *The Three Sisters*. The object of this work is 'to pulverize certain three high-born individuals.' [H. P. B. is quoting from contemporary correspondence, and adds her own explanation.] The real meaning of this most extraordinary misinterpretation is easy to guess. It was a work on Alchemy; the 'three sisters' standing symbolically for the three 'Principles' in their duplex symbolism. On the plane of occult chemistry they 'pulverize' the triple ingredient used in the process of the transmutation of metals; on the plane of Spirituality they reduce to a state of pulverization the three 'lower' *personal* 'principles' in man, an explanation that every Theosophist is bound to understand."

Going back to Mrs. Webster's book and her belief that Cagliostro was a member of the Order of Weishaupt and concerned in its ominous work: it would be absurd to question facts which she has gathered from sources inaccessible on this side of the ocean. Nor would there be any point in denying his connection at one time or another with various persons and various centres known to be revolutionary in character. But one cannot accept her conclusions. Cagliostro's years of almost continual travelling for the very purpose of reaching every Lodge possible, is ample explanation, it would seem, for contact with men of every stamp. And certainly there is no reason to suppose that he was influenced by them, adopted their doctrines or aided their work, as a result of such contact. His treatment of the Philaléthes, his demand that they burn every record of their own before his teaching be given them, is evidence enough of his independence. Would it not be reasonable to assume that he was striving to counteract the work of Weishaupt, and to convert the immense influence of Continental Masonry from destructive to constructive purposes?

Dr. Haven makes frequent reference to certain valuable unpublished manuscripts concerning Cagliostro, holding out the possibility of an additional work on the subject, and it is sincerely to be hoped that this work of bringing to light the real story, the whole truth, will be continued.

J. C.

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THE WRITTEN LANGUAGE OF CHINA

AS geology finds recorded in the fossils, coal-beds, and strata of rock and sand, the physical history of the earth, so linguistics finds in the age-old word pictures of China the secret of origin of all written languages. Not that the Chinese is the oldest written language, for the Egyptian, perhaps transplanted to the Nile by the fourth race refugees from Atlantis, is surely older, but its beginning is hidden in the haze of antiquity; also it did not fossilize in the ideographic period, like the Chinese, but developed gradually into a syllabic and then alphabetic stage, the records found on the obelisks and elsewhere showing all these modes of writing combined. The Chinese, on the other hand, has remained in the logographic state, in which each character represents an entire word (with perhaps many meanings); and it has developed along that line, becoming conventionalized, the characters losing all semblance to the pictures which they originally were. The Egyptian hieroglyphics are more artistic, some of the papyri being really beautiful, though in the eyes of the Chinese nothing is more truly artistic than the various combinations of strokes, lines, and dots that build up the pictured words of their own tongue. They admire these words for their appeal to the eye alone, apart from what they may express; and learning to draw the characters with accuracy and in due proportion filled, until very recently, a large part of the schoolboy's day in far Cathay. The Chinese often decorate their walls with beautifully executed characters, usually quotations from the classics, which are valued at least as much for the beauty of their lines and proportions as for the sentiments they express—something like the samplers of our grandmothers' day.

All languages, except those of the most degraded races, are dual,—spoken and written, the latter being symbolic, the characters through which it is expressed representing sounds (alphabetic or syllabic symbols), or entire words (phonetic, pictographic, or ideographic). The earliest writing was directly symbolic, each character picturing a single word. Such was the early Egyptian and the ancient Mexican (daughters evidently of a common mother, probably of the Atlantidean) and the Chinese. In most languages there is more or less difference between the spoken and the written forms, but in Chinese the difference is so great as really to constitute two distinct languages. So wide is the difference, indeed, that an ordinarily intelligent, but not classically

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educated Chinaman would find himself almost as much at sea as a foreigner in trying to penetrate into the meaning of an ancient classic such as the *Tao Teh King*. There is, however, one advantage in the fact of the written word being independent of sound, for it may then serve as a written *lingua franca*, understood by men speaking many different tongues. In China there are a great many so-called dialects, really independent languages, spoken by the inhabitants of the country, yet educated men throughout the Empire can communicate readily by means of the written characters common to all. This is only an extension or universalizing of the symbolism employed to a limited extent in the writing of all the European languages, as seen in the numerals, and in other signs used in mathematics and music, as well as in the marks of punctuation.

Written Chinese is monosyllabic, and every character stands for a single syllable which is a word—or rather in many cases not a single definite word, but an idea. In the European languages the letters are arranged to form words, and words are grouped to express ideas; but in Chinese there is no alphabet, and the characters, many of them at least, are really not words—except as each has a fixed name, differing in each dialect—but are pictures of ideas,—ideograms. This being the case, one can understand that each character can be translated in as many different ways as one can express any idea in words. But this is not the worst. One must find out, to begin with, what idea the writer had in his mind when he drew the character, for often a single character stands for any of several different notions—which one the reader must determine for himself, partly from the context and largely by intuition. We shall see this later when analyzing the title of the *Tao Teh King*.

The Chinese characters are of three kinds: 1. The pictograms, which originally were rude outline drawings of various objects—men, trees, horses, the sun, moon, etc. These pictograms have been so changed in the course of the ages that most of them are wholly unrecognizable for what they are meant to depict, but a comparison with the ancient forms will bring out the resemblances. 2. The phonograms are compound characters, one part of which conveys the meaning, while the other is added merely to indicate the pronunciation. 3. The ideograms are apparently mere collections of lines and strokes conventionally accepted as expressive of ideas, but an analysis of some of the simplest of these will show that the designers displayed much ingenuity in so combining pictures of concrete objects as to express abstract notions. Thus the character for good is a combination of two, standing for woman and child respectively, the thought in the originator's mind perhaps being that the child was good so long as his mother was there. The character for bewitching is a compound of the two characters for woman and winning, and this need not call for prolonged cogitation. Some of the other characters in which the character for woman appears are,

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however, less complimentary. Speech is represented by words and the tongue. The idea of sincerity or guilelessness is indicated by the signs for words and perfect; of flattery, by a compound of words and a pitfall. The song of birds is pictured by three mouths in the branches of a tree. Fever is very obviously indicated by disease and fire, and sickness is represented by a bed and a man, which would seem to be more naturally a picture of sleep, but sleep is already appropriately indicated by eyes and hanging down. A character representing one man with two women means high spirits, gaiety, but the combination of two men with one woman stands for annoyance—proving the writer a student of human nature as well as of Theosophy. Three dogs scampering about, mean whirling, spiral. And so on indefinitely. The examples given will illustrate the cleverness and ready wit of those who devised this wonderful system of chirography. These were, we are told in *The Secret Doctrine,* students of Masters who were made to record the oral instruction in symbols of their own choosing, it being forbidden to relate historical or religious events in definite and recognizable words, lest the elementals originally connected with these events be thereby recalled. These symbols, constituting as it were a system of shorthand notes, were examined by the Master and, if correct, were accepted by him.

From this small beginning was created in time the Chinese system of writing, comprising some 30,000 characters. Many of these, however, are obsolete or seldom used, and should anyone contemplate the study of Chinese, he will be encouraged to know that when he can recognize the meaning of 2,500 characters he can read all the writings of Confucius, while Lao Tze's *Tao Teh King* contains a much smaller number of separate characters.

The three words forming the title of the treatise just mentioned, which was the subject of study by the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society a year or so ago, and of which a clarifying interpretation is now in course of publication in the QUARTERLY, afford an interesting example of the symbolism of the Chinese characters and demonstrate the extreme difficulty of translating them into words.

The first character, *tao* is compounded of two simpler characters meaning "to go" and "the head", and the idea, or rather ideas, which it expresses, are contained in these two concepts—thus it means a way or path through which one goes ahead; reason, which is a function of the brain; then a combination of these two, the reasonable or right path; further, a rule or formula, or the way in which a thing is done. It is the character chosen by the translators of the New Testament to express the Word or Logos, and it has been suggested that, if Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* were to be put into Chinese, this character would also enter into the title. Some of the translators of the *Tao Teh King* have called it Reason, others the Way or the Path, and some have dodged the

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difficulty by simply calling it Tao and leaving the meaning to the imagination of the reader. Path or Way is undoubtedly the best word to denote the idea of this treatise; we find the same word used toward the end of the first Fragment of the *Voice of the Silence*—"Hast thou not entered Tau, the 'Path' that leads to knowledge—the fourth truth?" The word is here Tibetan, but taken, as many Buddhist terms were, from the Chinese. The early Buddhists in China called themselves *Tao jen,* or men of the path. Also the characters *teh tao,* meaning, to go in spite of obstacles, signify in Chinese Buddhism to follow the path unfalteringly until Nirvana is attained.

The second character, called *teh,* is compounded of three characters meaning the heart, to go, and straight, and is usually translated virtue or goodness, power or quality, vital energy, life principle, or as we might say, *prana.* Goddard says it means virtue such as the Master felt go out of Him when the sick woman touched the hem of His garment.

Finally, the character, *king,* is an interesting one. It is compounded of one character which gives it its pronunciation, and another meaning silk threads, or the warp or lengthwise threads of a weave. It is the common designation of a classical treatise, and is used in a special sense by the Buddhists to denote a *sutra,* the latter, as explained in the translation of the *Yoga Sutras,* meaning a thread—the same indeed as the surgeon's suture.

There is a Chinese tradition that their written language was given to them by Heaven, and it really is difficult to believe that these thousands of wonderfully and logically constructed ideographs could have been evolved by the unaided mind of man. And in truth a treatise such as the *Tao Teh King,* written in these beautiful idea pictures, must be on a higher plane than writings in any of the western idioms, for the latter are apprehended by the reasoning faculty, which is on the plane of the lower manas, while the *Tao Teh King* in its original form can, one must believe, be fully comprehended by intuition alone.

T. L. S.

If men could hide themselves from the eyes of God and from the eyes of the world, there are very few indeed who would do good, and very few who would abstain from evil.—FABER.

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HISTORY FROM WITHIN

Charles VII of France

IN the January, 1915, Quarterly there is a wonderful story, "War Seen from Within", signed *Men-Tek-Nis,* a nom-de-plume of Mr. Griscom's. It describes a gathering of disciples of the Lodge, including both those who were in incarnation and those who were not. The Master speaks to them, and in a succession of pictures shows them the ceaseless warfare of the White Lodge against the Black, waged through the centuries for the souls of men. He shows them, too, the restrictions imposed by the moral law they serve. For the White Lodge is circumscribed as the Black is not, and the limitless force of the Lords of Light can be used with safety in human affairs only as men make it possible by self-sacrifice. Free-will cannot be interfered with, nor men pushed about like puppets from above. But when, through right thought, motive, and action, men supply them with force from below, the Masters may use and supplement this force, magnifying it a thousand fold for the good of all mankind.

Hence it is essential that there should be disciples in incarnation. When there is a piece of work to be done, chelas must incarnate, if not to do it, then that it may be done through them. They generate the needed force by self-conquest, self-sacrifice and prayer—most potent of forces. They are, as it were, the ammunition train, and without ammunition battles cannot be fought except at terrible cost. Of course, the Lodge has many other kinds of work to be done by its chelas on earth. The outer campaign must be directed, the guns must be aimed, and men must be led, not driven, into the thickest of the mêlée.

These, at least, are inferences to be drawn from Mr. Griscom's beautiful story. It closes with the Master's soul-stirring appeal for volunteers for his cause, addressed both to those already in incarnation and to "those who will volunteer to go there", to incarnate of their own free will to fight in his great warfare. Think of the chance to offer oneself for such a combat, going forth like a knight of the Round Table of King Arthur to slay some many-headed dragon of evil on earth! Truly romance is of the soul. The source of the Arthurian legend itself, as of all true art and all true beauty, must have been in the inner world. Some saint or chela makes of his life a thing of divine beauty and high adventure, and then, later, a poet in a moment of inspiration catches the reflection of it and records it as an immortal poem. The noble ideals of chivalry could never have found their way into the hearts of men unless they had already been lived by chelas of the Lodge.

History would be absorbingly interesting if we could follow the

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exploits of these knights-errant of the Lodge through its pages. They do not seem to wish to be known. Like Launcelot, they ride into the lists with closed visor and plain shields, lest men know them by their device; and, the victory won, ride away unrecognized. We may be sure that the Lodge and its agents have borne their part in every great event, known or unknown, that has left its mark on the destiny of mankind. If the facts of history were not so hopelessly distorted it would be easier to see this, but even then we should remain blind to the greater part of what was being done, for we cannot see with the vision of the Lodge nor judge with its standards. We have been told to "take long views" and to remember always "the reality of spiritual things, the unreality of material things". It is in the development of the soul, both of men and of nations, that the Lodge is interested, and in material things, material civilization, physical life itself, as they help or hinder the growth of the soul.

As students of Theosophy, therefore, we are invited to seek in history not its "economic" but its spiritual interpretation, and, holding the great principles of spiritual life firmly in mind, to read the record of events in their light, remembering always that the "facts", and above all the conclusions of history, are by no means above question. The basic laws of the universe are immutable. When history tells us that in this case at least a grape was plucked from a thistle, we may be sure either that the grape grew elsewhere or that the plant is not a thistle, whatever historians may choose to call it. "By their fruits ye shall know them". So if we ask ourselves what effect this man or this event had on the cause for which the Lodge ceaselessly works, and try to apply what we know of spiritual law, we may catch glimpses of the hand of the Lodge, possibly where we expect it least. Let us try to see history, as well as war, "from within."

Suppose, for instance that we are reading the history of France at the time of Jeanne d'Arc. We read of the insane King, Charles VI, and his immoral, dissolute, German wife, Isabella of Bavaria, who betrayed her own son and sought to sell his kingdom to the English by the treaty of Troyes. France was torn by civil wars and by the revolts of the great, self-seeking nobles, Armagnacs and Burgundians, against the King. Her armies had been beaten for nearly a century, and, on the death of Charles VI and the accession of his son, the greater part of French territory was in the hands of the English, who claimed it all under the Treaty of Troyes, and set vigorously to work completing their conquest. Town after town fell into their hands while the King of France, Charles VII, still uncrowned and unanointed, remained sunk in lethargy and stupor, without an army, a plan or a hope. At length only a few strong places held out against the English, and the death of France as a nation seemed but a question of months. Then came the

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miracle of Jeanne d'Arc, sister of her "brothers of Paradise". In a few short months, by the aid and counsel of her comrades in the Lodge, the English were defeated, France saved, the King crowned at Rheims and the tide of English invasion definitely turned back. Then followed her abandonment, betrayal and martyrdom. What kind of a creature was it that sat on the throne of France and lifted no finger to save her?

A picture rises before the eyes: the court-room of her trial, crowded with hostile judges, clerks and soldiers, all equally bent upon her death, because of her loyalty to her King, and eagerly seeking to get some word from her that they could use against that King. And she, a slender girl of nineteen, standing alone, erect in the midst of his bitter foes and hers, fearlessly proclaiming to their faces that he was the noblest knight in Christendom. Perhaps a lie would have saved her life. She never lied. She was the soul of truth, and yet she called him the noblest knight in Christendom. Was it just the exaggeration of her loyalty? She was not given to exaggeration. What did she mean?

History calls Charles VII one of its great enigmas.

Moreton Macdonald in his *History of France* says: "The reign of Charles VII must always be regarded as two reigns—that of Charles asleep and that of Charles awake—that of *Charles Roi de Bourges* and that of *Charles le bien-servi*. It is frequently forgotten by historians that such inconsequences of character are not uncommon in human nature. We are too often inclined to write down a King as a fixed quantity; to do so no doubt simplifies the problem, but it is dangerous to the cause of truth. In Charles's case the change is too complete and too obvious to ignore. To account for it is more difficult. . . It seems, therefore, that we must be content to record the transformation and to examine its results."

All historians are agreed that after the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc, Charles underwent a rare transformation. As if the shock of her death had aroused his soul from sleep, he who had before been so sunk in lethargy as scarcely to raise a hand to save his kingdom, now became one of the great kings of France. Hard-working, statesmanlike, governing his realm himself, yet gathering around him many able advisers and lieutenants, he was called by his contemporaries both Charles the Victorious and Charles the Well-Served. He raised France from the point of extinction, at which she was on his accession to the throne, to a commanding position in Europe. "He is the king of kings", Francis Foscari, Doge of Venice, said of him. "We could not do without him". True, it was not Charles, but Jeanne d'Arc, who saved France from the English; and it was her spirit and self-sacrifice, not his, that aroused both France and her King, and made triumph possible. Yet—and this is a point of great importance to which we shall return later—had it not been for his co-operation, passive and supine though it appear to us, even she could have done nothing. Deep in stupor as he was, there was

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still that within him which could see, however dimly and uncertainly, that that radiant spirit came from Heaven, and could make a feeble effort to respond to the message she brought him *de par le Roi du Ciel.* Feeble truly, yet enough. Suppose one of her enemies, Cauchon or Trémouïlle, had been King of France.

At his awakening after her death, he found France freed from imminent peril, but with its capital and much of its territory still in the hands of the English. The power of the King had sunk so low that France was little more than a collection of semi-independent feudatories, jealous of one another, rebellious, turbulent, self-seeking, turning their arms against each other or against their King, as their fancied interests dictated. The treasury was empty, the public finances in complete confusion, justice seemed to have perished, while the entire country was infested by bandits who robbed and tortured at their will. Half the houses in Paris were said to be empty, and grass grew in the streets.

Charles, and the lieutenants he gathered around him, drove the English from France, established a standing army, overcame the rebellious nobles and made France again a united nation. The robbers were put down, the roads made safe, and justice, internal order and tranquillity were re-established. The public finances were put on a sound basis. Methodical, hard-working, able, prudent and courageous, the King put through the military, financial and judicial reforms that laid the foundations for three centuries of greatness in France. With the Papacy and with foreign countries his policy was equally wise and far-sighted, so that he attained to great fame and influence in Europe.

Some interesting opinions, contemporary, or nearly so, are quoted by Guizot:

"He had his days and hours for dealing with all sorts of men, one hour with the clergy, another with the nobles, another with foreigners, another with mechanical folk, armorers, and gunners; and in respect of all these persons he had a full remembrance of their cases and their appointed day. On Monday, Tuesday and Thursday he worked with the chancellor and got through all claims connected with justice. On Wednesday he first of all gave audience to the marshals, captains and men of war. On the same day he held a council of finance, independently of another council which was also held on the same subject every Friday."

"He requickened justice, which had been a long while dead", says a chronicler more friendly to Burgundy than to Charles. "He put an end to the tyrannies and exactions of the men-at-arms, and out of an infinity of murderers and robbers, he formed men of resolution and honest life. He made regular paths in murderous woods and forests, all roads safe, all towns peaceful, all nationalities in his kingdom tranquil. He chastised the evil and honoured the good, and he was sparing of human blood".

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And another: "When he was alive, he was a right wise and valiant lord, and he left his kingdom united and in good case as to justice and tranquillity".

This is the man who let Jeanne d'Arc go to her death without the least effort to help her, so far, at least, as history records; the man who prosecuted and despoiled his faithful servant, Jacques Coeur, on the absurd charge of having poisoned Agnes Sorel; and who at the end, starved himself to death through fear that his own son was trying to poison him. What is the explanation? There are, it is true, those who contend that he tried to save Jeanne d'Arc, sought to negotiate for her release, and threatened vengeance if she were harmed. Perhaps it may have been as they say, and the intervening five hundred years may be responsible for the destruction of all but the slightest evidence of his efforts. It is possible, but it does not seem probable. Certainly we have to-day no adequate grounds for believing that he himself did anything at all, though some of his captains, notably Xaintrailles, did plan an expedition of rescue. In any event, his lethargy, stupor and weakness, all through that time, contrast so sharply with the greatness of what he subsequently did for France and the splendid qualities he showed later on, that history is justified in calling him an inexplicable enigma. History cannot explain, but the study of Theosophy may give us light.

Charles's body was inherited from an insane father and an immoral, dissolute mother. When the Ego, the soul, incarnates, it shuts itself within the personality. Its first duty is to obtain control of that personality, to cleanse and purify it so that the light and inspiration of higher planes will not be prevented from reaching the imprisoned soul. We may imagine the personality as responding, in the different parts of its complex nature, to impulses sent along a great number of wires, like a great business of many departments connected with and controlled by telephone from a central office. It is the task of the soul to get each one of these wires into its own hands, and to see that no one else ever sends an order along any one of them. The trouble with most of us is that we have left many loose ends of wire inside us, unconnected and uninsulated, and that these are seized upon by elementals and used by them to transmit their orders, not ours. The poor, bewildered personality at the other end does not know the difference; the order is coming over the right wire, inside "myself", and it obeys it as "my will" from "my" own central station. Most men identify themselves instantly with every passing desire that enters their minds from the psychic world. It never occurs to them that the desire is really not in the least theirs, or that they did not originate it. It requires practice to distinguish the differences in the voices prompting us, and so we are constantly misled by the elementals of vanity and self-will, sloth and sensuality, and the host of others to whom we have given houseroom, and who use these unguarded inner wires to urge their will upon us. Insanity would seem to be the

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condition which results when they seize control, not of isolated wires only, but of the central station itself. Perhaps Russia to-day is exemplifying as a nation what happens when an individual goes mad.

A body such as that which Charles inherited, therefore, would have the weakest of connections with the soul within it, and would have innumerable loose and tangled ends of wire, easily grasped by elementals and most difficult to reduce to order. In addition, the immorality of his mother would have spread dense darkness over what should have been the windows for his soul, cutting off the light from higher planes, without which the soul is blind and starved. Surely only a great soul could have broken through such handicaps as his. Perhaps nothing less than the shock of Jeanne d'Arc's death could have reached and roused him. That did reach him. He broke through, sufficiently at least to do the work he came to do. He did it, and let go, the abandoned body dying an insane death.

Can he be blamed for the death of Jeanne d'Arc? How can we judge? If a man leaps to the driver's seat of a runaway team of horses to try to stop them before they reach a group of school children, is he to be blamed if one be run over before he succeeds, even though that one be the flower of them all?

There was, said Jeanne d'Arc, great pity in Heaven for the fair land of France. There are great souls in Heaven who have ever been willing to throw themselves into the breach in the hour of France's need, at whatever cost to themselves. France was the cradle on earth of chivalry, that fairest flowering of the spirit of Christianity itself. Where were her chivalrous sons, the souls that were Charlemagne, Roland, Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Louis, Bernard of Clairvaux, at this time of crisis when the land they loved was at the point of death? They would never have let the soul of Jeanne d'Arc enter incarnation and take the burden of saving France alone; and we may be sure they did not. Many great men, great warrior souls, must have incarnated with her in France at that time, perhaps only to be submerged in the heavy Karma that lay upon the whole nation, but with a fighting chance to overcome it, at least partially, in themselves, and so to be of aid. Dunois, La Hire, de Richemont, Jean d'Aulon and many others come to mind. They helped, each in his own place. Yet the King was the key to the whole situation. Without at least his passive assistance, nothing at all could be done. What way so certain to assure the King's co-operation as to incarnate as the King?

Think of taking on that heredity! Surely the soul that was Charles VII was either very low or very high; low, if that heredity were its own "karma" in the ordinary sense; high, indeed, if it were taken as a voluntary sacrifice to further the Master's cause, to save the land he loved. No one can touch pitch without being defiled. No soul could incarnate in such a personality without the certainty of being deeply stained and

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wounded by the reaction from the sins that personality was sure to commit. The best that the soul could hope to acquire would be a doubtful and precarious control, subject to many lapses. Sins are real forces, and leave real wounds in the inner nature that last until they are expiated. Our present faults, weaknesses and blindnesses are but the lasting effects of our past sins. So, perhaps, the soul that was Charles VII may, since that time, have spent more than one incarnation in working itself free from the stains and faults it then acquired. One wonders who he was when he came back. Someone wholly unknown to history? or some saint, or warrior or king who accomplished much good, yet with outstanding faults that lead history to condemn him, as it is sometimes pleased to condemn Napoleon? "Judge not". I wonder what the Members of the Great Lodge think when they see those wounds and remember the glorious fight in which they were received. Their very scars when healed, must turn into the Medal of Honour of the Lodge itself.

Mr. Judge says that those who have gone before, and scaled the summits which we can only glimpse on our horizon, have sent back word that there is no limit, but that beyond there rise ever higher and higher peaks to be surmounted. So, as we study Theosophy, ever higher and higher ideals arise before us. Personal righteousness and purity are splendid things, yet they, and all personal ideals, pale before such utter self-immolation as may come through love of a great cause. What a picture it is! On one side, the evil triumph of the Black Lodge as they looked at France, torn by internal dissensions and jealousies, at the point of extinction, the Karma of the nation's sins giving into their firm possession the body of him who was to be her King and her hope; against this the "great pity in Heaven for the fair land of France", and the determination of the Master, leader and inspirer of forlorn hopes, who ever wrings victory from defeat, that France should be saved. Then the soul that was to be Charles VII, putting aside, perhaps, a hard-won right to remain and serve in the sunlight of that Master's presence, stands out on the brink of incarnation, facing the evil to come, the foulness, perhaps the shameful betrayal of her who was, maybe, his age-long comrade,—foreseeing all this clearly and loathing it with passionate loathing. Then, because he saw the wish in his Master's heart, the plunge into the desperate chance of that incarnation, the fierce, single-handed fight in the dark with the overwhelming powers of evil, to rescue, from within, the personality of the King of France. Again the apparent defeat, the aid from a comrade's sacrifice, and the final victory. What a welcome he must have had when, at last, the fight over, he came home to the Lodge, and heard Jeanne d'Arc say once more: "I dare swear he is the noblest knight in Christendom".

J. F. B. MITCHELL.

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AKHNATON THE "HERETIC" PHARAOH OF EGYPT

III.

The New Kingdom (The Empire)

AGAIN the cycle of civilization turns to its completion, and again darkness and disorder sweep over Egypt.

Towards the close of the Middle Kingdom the power of the feudal barons had been effectively broken, and Senusert III and Amenemhat III, the last of the great Kings of the XIIth. Dynasty, had fully regained the traditional supremacy which belonged to the Royal House. But after them there followed a few feeble monarchs, too infirm and irresolute to hold the reins of government, and in the end the Royal Line vanished. Then once more the provincial lords, knowing that there was no longer anything to fear, rose and struggled for power among themselves, but internal dissension only weakened the state, and opened up the country to foreign adventurers. Almost complete historical obscurity now closes in on Egypt, and it was during this time that the invasion of the mysterious people known as the Hyksos, took place. They swarmed into the Delta from Asia, laying the whole country under tribute, making the weak kings of this period their vassals, and ruling the land with a rod of iron from their stronghold, Avaris, in the Delta. Exactly who they were is not known, though there has been much speculation concerning them, and in general it is thought that they were Semitic. Manetho, the native historian of Egypt, who lived three centuries B.C. and to whom we owe the dynastic divisions, calls them Arabians and Phœnicians, popularly they were known as "Asiatics" and "Barbarians." It is still an open question which need not trouble us here; enough that the Egyptians chafed mightily under their despotism and never rested till, after a prolonged and irksome rule, filled with unquestionable barbarities on the part of the invaders, they drove them out. There is a picturesque, though probably highly coloured account, which brought about the final and successful uprising. The Hyksos King, Apophis, apparently wishing to show the "mailed fist", sent to Sekenenra, "Prince of the Southern City" (Thebes), the following preposterous complaint:— a messenger "has come to thee concerning the pool of hippopotami which is in the city (Thebes). For they permit me no sleep; day and night the noise of them is in my ears." As Thebes is situated well over three hundred miles south of Avaris, it is not surprising if the "Prince of the Southern City" considered that Apophis was going a bit too far, and though the account is probably a folk-tale, still, it is the traditional

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"last straw"—as well it might have been! The uprising was universal, and the Hyksos were pushed back into Syria from whence they had come. But the influence of this foreign domination had been far-reaching; it had broken sharply into the conservatism, so strongly marked a characteristic of the Egyptian people; it had shown them warfare on a large scale, and it had made them realize that only by complete unity of purpose could they hope to keep their land for themselves. Gradually, out of the confused mass of petty kings and warring nobles, we see the star of a powerful Theban family in the ascendant, and when the curtain of mist and obscurity rises once more, it is to usher in an age of military genius and material splendour which was never surpassed in Egypt,—the time of the New Kingdom, commonly called the Empire.

It would, perhaps, be helpful to conceive of Egyptian history, up to the end of the Empire, as representing three great life-waves, and, keeping this idea in mind, we may thus consider the gigantic sweep of successive civilizations (of the Old Kingdom, Middle Kingdom, and New Kingdom), as the shadowing forth of the three aspects of the Logos,—Wisdom, Intelligence, Activity.

The great XVIIIth. Dynasty, the Dynasty to which Akhnaton belonged, opened with Ahmes I, one of the Theban princes who were making their power felt. Petrie, in speaking of the immediate ancestors of Ahmes, i. e., the last of the kings of the obscure XVIIth. Dynasty, says: "This dynasty then, would seem to have been descended from a part of the Royal Egyptian Line which had taken refuge in the far south to escape from the Hyksos oppression. . . . As the Hyksos power decayed, this southern family fought its way northward again, and so laid the foundation of the XVIIIth. Dynasty." Traditionally, Ahmes was known as the expeller of the Hyksos. Under his energetic rule the less powerful nobles were again suppressed, their lands reverting to the crown, and at last, as in the Old Kingdom, all Egypt became once more the personal estate of the Pharaoh, the government being completely centralized.

The dominating characteristic of this period is military,—Egypt became primarily a military state. We have seen that the struggle with the Hyksos had taught them the elements of aggressive warfare; it had also taught them the necessity of keeping up a strong defensive army at home. They had become past masters in archery, and the Hyksos having introduced the horse into Egypt, chariotry on a comparatively large scale was now for the first time possible. It is hardly to be wondered at that, with a formidable, well equipped army at their disposal, with the bitter memory of life under the domination of the foreigner who had with difficulty been driven back into Syria, the Pharaohs of this dynasty should themselves have dreamed of foreign conquests, perhaps with an element of reprisal in the thought. Aggressive warfare in those days cannot, of course, be considered in the same light as it is today. In the ancient

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world a nation was, to a certain extent, only looked upon as such if it had proved itself strong and cohesive enough to preserve its independence against what was considered legitimate attack from the outside. National boundaries were not as a rule clearly defined, and, while there were certainly strong racial divisions, yet even these were more or less fluid; barriers were easily broken down, and races easily merged. This was the more fortunate in many instances, for the result of intercourse, even by means of war, meant not only the exchange of commodities but, what was more important still, the exchange of ideas and thus the spread of civilization. So, in the events which follow, we must, to a certain extent, get away from our modern standard of national ethics, and put ourselves back into ancient times.

Ahmes I, then, began a campaign in Syria almost at once, and successive campaigns, the great feature of the XVIIIth. Dynasty, were continued, without interruption, by his successors, each Pharaoh increasing the conquests of his predecessor, till at last the vast Egyptian Empire extended over most of the then known world.

It is not possible to give, in a short sketch of this sort, more than the merest outline of events. We know more about this new state in Egypt than we do of any previous period, and there is a bewildering mass of historical facts from which to choose.

The commanding position now once more occupied by the Pharaoh, meant an immense responsibility which the rulers of the Middle Kingdom, sharing largely as they did the management of public affairs with the nobles, did not experience, and his duties were now so great that he was obliged more and more to lean upon his Vizier or Prime Minister, and we see this office assuming an increasingly important position. The Vizier was the Pharaoh's right hand man, and as such was expected to be above reproach, which, indeed, was already the standard held for him in the Middle Kingdom, as we have seen. He was regarded by the people as the mouthpiece of justice, their last appeal.

Under the Vizier, distributed all over the land, were hosts of petty officials of the crown, administering local justice and replacing the position formerly occupied by the feudal barons of the Middle Kingdom. These officials were chosen entirely according to *ability* and without any relation to birth or rank. Thus was opened up to the middle classes the possibility of public careers, and not a little pride was felt when men of humble origin suddenly found themselves in positions of considerable authority. One such man writes of himself: "I was one whose family was poor and whose town was small, but the King recognized me. . . . He exalted me more than the royal companions, introducing me among the princes." As a natural consequence government officials became in fact the nobles of the Empire, surrounding the person of the Pharaoh, and as a result, an official class, quite distinct and of itself, sprang up.

The soldier in the newly created army formed a second distinct

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class in the social fabric of that day, for his importance rapidly rose owing to the increasing magnitude of the Empire, and the Pharaoh grew more and more dependent on him for the execution of his imperial designs.

There was still a third class, as distinct as the other two. This was the priesthood which had now become a recognized profession. We saw how in the Old Kingdom particularly, the duties of the priest were performed by the local noble and that in the Middle Kingdom the priest easily combined his social with his religious obligations. But there now appeared an organized state religion, with the whole land divided into priestly communities and under one control. The triumph of the Theban family from which Ahmes I sprang, gave the State Temple at Thebes the natural supremacy, its High Priest in consequence becoming the head of the whole sacerdotal organization. Amen, the old local god of Thebes, had been, as we know, transformed during the Middle Kingdom, into Amen-RA, and he now, for the first time, assumed a *national* importance, and the High Priest of Amen-RA became not only officially superior to the much older Priest of RA at Heliopolis, but he also enjoyed an ever increasing political power. Besides being the national religious head he frequently held the important government office of Grand Vizier as well. The Priest of RA, however, though neither claiming nor holding any purely temporal position, never lost his religious significance. Heliopolis continued to be, as it had been from the beginning, not only the centre of culture and learning, but also of pure religious inspiration, and its High Priest was reverently spoken of as "The Great One of Visions."

The temples, particularly those of Amen, were now growing to such magnificence as to have become veritable palaces, the equipments and furniture vying with that of the Pharaoh himself. The pure simplicity of the Old Kingdom had gone forever; the humble offerings to God of grain, wine, oil, honey, offerings prompted by the heart, were quite unthinkable in this splendour-loving age. The temple endowments had reached fabulous sums, owing to the wealth which poured in as a result of foreign conquests, this enabling the Pharaoh to make such gifts to the temples as had never before been dreamed of. This growing wealth demanded for its administration such a multitude of temple officials that these, by mere weight of numbers, counted greatly in the political sense, and became more and more of a force which could not be ignored. But almost inevitable debasement of the old, pure standards was the result.

There is still another very important feature of this period,—the part which women played in public affairs. Already from earliest times the women of the Royal Line had been held in great reverence, and the immemorial law, by which the throne was inherited through the mother and not through the father, alone showed their consequence. Indeed, in Egypt, descent in the female line was jealously preserved in

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the Royal Family, until Roman times. Now, in the XVIIIth. Dynasty, and indeed somewhat earlier, women began to have more and more *active* authority, taking an ever-growing share in the external affairs of state. Isolated cases, it is true, had been known before. A princess of the Royal House had been the last ruler of the XIIth. Dynasty, and had held the throne through four troublous years. Much legend and romance had grown up about her, but in reality her influence had not been very far reaching. The Empire, however, is peculiarly marked by a long line of powerful women, whose commanding figures arrest our attention at every turn. Aahotep, the Great Queen of Sequenenra (the last Pharaoh of the obscure XVIIth. Dynasty, and the mother of Ahmes I) headed, we might say, this imposing line. Still more celebrated was her daughter Ahmes-Nefertari (the "Royal Wife" of Ahmes I) through whom, as Petrie says, "descended all the rights of the Royal Line," and who was "adored for many centuries as the great ancestress and foundress." Many records are left us which tell of the reverence which the great women of this time inspired, but lack of space prevents our quoting from them. They can, however, be found in abundance on stelae and the walls of the tombs of this period.

Such then, in broad outline, was the Egyptian state during the XVIIIth. Dynasty, before Akhnaton's day. Ahmes I was followed by a powerful line of Kings most of whom were well able to cope with the growing complexity of the times, but often disputing the throne among themselves. Amenhotep I, Ahmes' successor, continued the campaign in Syria, successfully repulsed an invasion of Lybians, grown bold since the time of the Hyksos, and then concentrated his energies on the south, where the old Nubian Dominion of the Middle Kingdom, from the first to the second cataract, needed a firm hand, but he had no great difficulty in subduing the "wretched Kush" who apparently wilted at the first rumour of his approach. After a reign of some ten years he was followed by Thothmes, the first of that name which has become so celebrated in Egyptian history. Thothmes I was partly a commoner, the son of a woman not of Royal Blood, and as we have just seen, Egypt held firmly to the ancient law of matrilineal descent. It is therefore certain that he owed his succession to the throne to the fact that he had married a princess of the Royal Line, thus establishing his claim. His first use of power was his conquest of the whole of upper Nubia, where the old frontier was pushed back to the fourth cataract, thus adding immense territory to the fast growing Empire. An inscription says of him: "He hath overthrown the chief of the Nubians; the negro is helpless, defenceless in his grasp. He hath united the boundaries of his two sides, there is not a remnant among the curly-haired (an epithet for the negro), who come to attack him. . . . "[1] He also made

[1] Except where otherwise indicated all the quotations which follow are from "Ancient Records."

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vast new conquests in Syria, where he left a stone boundary tablet as far north as the Upper Euphrates. The close of his reign, or more properly speaking the retirement of Thothmes I, has remained a complete mystery, which up to the present has never been solved, but when once more we get our fingers on the pulse of public affairs, we find ourselves in the midst of a strange family feud. It chanced that there was at this moment but one indisputable heir to the now vacant throne, but this was a woman, Hatshepsut, the sole living child of Thothmes I and his Royal Queen. Women, we know, had reigned alone before this, but it had seldom happened, and in general there seems to have been a strong prejudice against it. There were also two sons by other, not royal, queens, these later becoming Thothmes II and the great Thothmes III. The first of these reigned for so short a time, and left comparatively so little mark, that he need not here be taken into account. There were now left in the arena two strikingly dominating personalities, warring against each other for the throne, and the events which followed must have been startling even in that world of abrupt surprises. Hatshepsut had grown into a brilliant and accomplished woman. An inscription says of her: "To look upon her was more beautiful than anything, . . . her form was like a god, she did everything as a god, her splendour was like a god; Her Majesty was a maiden beautiful and blooming, . . ." In addition to this she undoubtedly had the stronger claim, considering the law of matrilineal descent (her mother being, as she was, of the old family of Theban princes, the expellers of the Hyksos), and indeed the party of legitimacy was so powerful, that, woman though she was, she had by far the larger popular support. Also there was the fixed belief in her "divine birth"—in other words she was the legitimate child of the Solar God.

But Thothmes was a man of parts, a born leader of men, and though he was a young prince who could have had no particularly sanguine expectations as to his succession (because of his mother's inferior claim), he unmistakably inspired not only confidence but respect wherever he went. During his father's reign he had been placed in the temple of Karnak as a priest with the title of "prophet"—the word prophet, however, in a case of this kind, not implying augury of any sort. But while he may have had no undisputed right to the throne, the strength of *his* claim lay in the fact that he was backed by the full weight of the priesthood of Amen, a thing which no one, in those days of increasing priestly power, dared trifle with.

So these two apparently irreconcilable foes stood and faced each other on the battle field, and the chances of victory were about equal for both. Then, as so often happens, Romance stepped in and cut the Gordian Knot. Prince Thothmes, perhaps with no great difficulty, won the hand of the Princess Hatshepsut, and through his wife he had at last an unquestionable right to the throne. But to make his claim beyond

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all doubt, a highly dramatic note was added when on a feast-day in the Temple of Karnak, amid the silent wonder and awe of the assembled people, the priests of Amen, after carrying an image of their god with ceremonial pomp through the vast stone colonnades, declared Thothmes to be, by divine revelation, the chosen one of Amen. A long inscription on the walls of the temple, written by Thothmes after he had become King, describes this scene:—"I was standing in the northern hypostyle, . . . the god made the circuit of the hypostyle on both sides of it, the heart of those who were in front did not comprehend his actions, while searching for my majesty in every place. On recognizing me, lo, he halted. . . . I threw myself on the pavement, I prostrated myself in his presence. He set me before his majesty (i. e. before the god himself); I was stationed at the "Station of the King." (The place in the Holy of Holies where the King stood for the performance of the prescribed state ritual. The placing of Prince Thothmes at this official "Station of the King" is a public recognition of him as King.) . . . "Then they (the priests) revealed before the people the secrets in the hearts of the gods. . . . He (the god) opened for me the doors of heaven, he opened the portals of the horizon of RA.[2] I flew to heaven as a divine hawk, beholding his form in heaven. I adored his majesty. . . . RA himself established me, I was dignified with the diadems which were on his head, his serpent diadem rested upon my forehead. . . ." With a Royal Princess as his wife, and proclaimed King by divine sanction, the last impediments were swept away, and with a suddenness which proclaimed him to be a veritable man of destiny he leaped, as it were, at one bound from the comparatively low estate of a priest of the temple, to the loftiest position in the world of that day.

But Thothmes, having won his right to the throne by marrying the real heir, had no intention of sharing it, and he soon pushed Hatshepsut to one side and took the reins of government into his own strong hands. He graciously permitted her to be called "Great Royal Wife" or "Great King's Wife" but she was allowed no power. The party of legitimacy, however, could not so easily be ignored, and ere long we find Hatshepsut not only co-regent but actually, in her turn, pushing Thothmes himself into the background. She became in fact the Pharaoh, and Thothmes went into temporary retirement.

Hatshepsut is one of the most picturesque figures of ancient times. She must have been a woman of extraordinary energy and resourcefulness, not merely because only a most masterful person could have succeeded in throwing into the shade a man like Thothmes III, but also because, as it was almost unprecedented that a woman should reign alone

[2] In the translation of "Ancient Records" RA is written Re, according to the more modern custom, Amen is written Amon. But in order to keep a uniform method throughout, and to avoid confusion, we have taken the liberty of altering the spelling of these names to the older and more familiar forms which we have used in this series.

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in Egypt, she was able to play fast and loose with the strongest national traditions. Indeed, so far did her energy carry her, that the very word "majesty" which in Egyptian is always masculine, was put into the feminine form, and she is often represented in reliefs dressed as Pharaoh in man's attire, on her head the double crown of the North and South, and wearing the false long beard which is exclusively the sign both in hieroglyphs and statuary of Kingship as well as of Divinity. Ineni, the great official who served under so many reigns, speaks of her in glowing terms as: "The bow-rope of the South, the mooring stake of the Southerners, the excellent stern-cable of the Northland is she, the mistress of command, whose plans are excellent, who satisfies the two regions when she speaks"—i.e. Upper and Lower Egypt. But being a woman and living in the age in which she did, active warfare was impossible for her, and her energies were therefore directed more towards the enterprises of peace than towards those of war. She spent much time and thought in rebuilding the semi-ruined temples of her ancestors, monuments which had been demolished during the Hyksos period. On the plain of Thebes she also built her own beautiful temple, dedicated to her god Amen.

Hatshepsut's reign is full of extravagant achievements, the most striking of which was the expedition of a fleet of ships to the distant land of Punt, in order to bring back myrrh trees for the adorning of the front of her temple. This was in obedience to a vision. Hatshepsut tells us that one day, while praying, "at the steps of the Lord of Gods; a command was heard from the Great Throne, an oracle of the god himself, that the ways of Punt should be searched out, that the highways of the myrrh-terraces should be penetrated." The account of this expedition is given us in a series of reliefs and inscriptions, and they are such marvels of execution and so thrilling with life as to be quite unique at this period. The vessels, stout and well manned, went by the Red Sea, and returned laden "very heavily with marvels of the country of Punt; all goodly fragrant woods of God's land, heaps of myrrh-resin, with fresh myrrh trees, with ebony and pure ivory, with green gold of Emu, with cinnamon wood, . . . incense, . . . eye cosmetics, with apes, monkeys, dogs, and with skins of the southern panther, with natives and their children. Never was brought the like of this for any King who has been since the beginning." To celebrate the successful return of the expedition a magnificent festival was given, and the great Queen made a speech from the throne in which she re-affirmed that it was Amen-RA himself who "commanded me to establish for him a Punt in his house, to plant the trees of God's land beside his temple in his garden. . . . It is large for him, he walks abroad in it."

In commemoration of the "first occurrence of the Royal Jubilee" Hatshepsut erected a pair of obelisks, the tallest up to that time ever quarried in Egypt, gorgeously overlaid with gold and silver which must have flashed like fire in the brilliant sunshine. She proclaims: "Hear

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ye! I gave for them of the finest electrum, which I had measured by the heket (about five litres), like sacks of grain. My majesty appointed the numbers more than the entire two lands had ever seen. The ignorant like the wise knoweth it." The total measure of precious metal used for this one purpose amounted to nearly twenty bushels.

Maspero says of Hatshepsut: "She keeps nothing of the woman except the habit of speaking of herself in the feminine gender in the inscriptions," and indeed she seemed to have a thoroughly masculine grip of affairs, but, great as she was, she could hardly have held her position so long, especially against a man of her husband's calibre, had she not been entirely sure of the support of her party. With her death that party was dispersed, and Thothmes III stepped out once more from his long obscurity, to take full command of a situation which needed the utmost firmness. For Egypt's power in Asia had not yet been made unquestionably secure, and the Syrian provinces, conquered with so much difficulty by the founders of the dynasty, were but too eager to revolt. Thothmes, burning with impatience to re-open the Syrian campaigns so long suspended, hurled himself at the task with characteristic vigour and intensity. There now begins a long term of aggressive warfare, for Thothmes lived to be a very old man, and died almost literally in harness, as is the wish of all born soldiers. He had had to wait a long time to carry out his dreams of conquest, but at last his dreams were to come true.

At the time of Hatshepsut's death then, the Asiatic provinces were in open rebellion, southern Palestine alone remaining true to Egypt. Kadesh, on the upper Orontes, was the centre of revolt. All Syria was a seething caldron of rebellion, and even the kingdom of the Mitanni, east of the Euphrates, was giving its help to the insurrection. Thothmes had a task before him which would have staggered a less audacious man. He rose, like the great warrior he was, to meet the danger. "The King himself, he led the way of his army, mighty at its head like a flame of fire, the King who wrought with his sword. He went forth, none like him, slaying the barbarians. . . ." We can imagine that the army, so long inactive during Hatshepsut's reign, needed a vigorous pulling together, but so intrepid was Thothmes that one fancies he would have started on his great enterprise with a handful of raw recruits, and have come out victorious by sheer gallantry and contempt of danger.

In the spring of the year, within a twelvemonth of his return to power as sole ruler, the expedition started. The combined enemy had taken up its position on the Plain of Esdraelon, occupying the stronghold of Megiddo, and it was towards this objective that Thothmes advanced. The army got as far as the hill town of Yedem, some fifty miles north of the Dead Sea, but to push on to Megiddo, without making a weary detour, meant taking the army through a narrow defile in the mountains straight over the Ridge of Carmel. This was a perilous

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attempt, and Thothmes was advised by his officers to choose one of the safer lines of march. An unbroken account of what follows is found in the *Annals* inscribed on the walls of Karnak, and these are so graphic and throw such a light on the character of the Great King, and give such a picture of the times, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting liberally. The warnings of his officers against the short cut do not at all daunt an ardent, impatient and energetic man like Thothmes, and refusing to accept offhand their advice, he calls a council of war: "His majesty ordered a consultation with his valiant troops, saying as follows: 'That wretched enemy, the chief of Kadesh, has come and entered into Megiddo; he is there at this moment. He has gathered to himself the chiefs of all the countries which are upon the water of Egypt'" i.e. subject to Egypt. Thothmes, however, not wishing to override the judgment of his officers without weighing the matter well, asks for more detailed information than he has yet received as to the different approaches to Megiddo. He is told of two long and safe roads, but also of the shorter, dangerous mountain pass. The officers apparently see with some dismay that the King is considering the short cut, and they make a vigorous protest: "They spoke in the presence of his majesty, 'How is it that we should go upon this road which threatens to be narrow? While they come to say that the enemy is there waiting, holding the way against the multitude. Will not horse come behind horse, and man behind man likewise? (i.e. they will have to go single file). Shall our advance guard be fighting while our rear guard is yet standing yonder in Aruna, not having fought? There are yet two other roads, . . .'" Then with perhaps a tardy shame for their own timidity: "'Let our victorious Lord proceed upon the road he desires, but cause us not to go by a different road.'" Then Thothmes, with magnificent self-reliance and daring, takes a mighty oath: "'I swear as RA loves me, as my father Amen favours me, as my nostrils are rejuvenated with satisfying life, my majesty will proceed upon this road of Aruna (the mountain pass). Let him who will among you go upon those roads ye have mentioned, and let him who will among you come in the following of my majesty. Shall they think among those enemies whom RA detests:—does his majesty proceed upon another road? He begins to be fearful of us,—so will they think.'" On hearing these words the officers seem to catch some of the fire of their dauntless leader and King. "They spoke before his majesty: 'May thy father Amen, Lord of Thebes, presider over Karnak, grant thee life. Behold we are the following of thy majesty in every place whither thy majesty proceedeth, as the servant is behind his master.' Then his majesty commanded the entire army to march, . . . upon that road which threatened to be narrow. His majesty swore, saying: 'None shall go forth in the way before my majesty,' . . . He went forth, at the head of his army himself, showing the way by his own footsteps; horse

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behind horse, (they have entered the defile) his majesty being at the head of his army." After a sharp skirmish in the mountains, in which the Egyptians, only the vanguard being engaged, come off victorious, the rear guard is found to be in danger, and though Thothmes probably chafed at the necessary delay, he was persuaded by his officers to halt. "His majesty halted outside (i.e. at the far end of the pass), and waited there protecting the rear of his victorious army." Finally the last of the troops come safely through, and the entire army, reunited, pours out into the open. "Behold, when the front had reached the exit upon this road, the shadow had turned, (it was past mid-day) and when his majesty arrived at the south of Megiddo, on the bank of the brook of Kina, the seventh hour was turning, measured by the sun." They then prepare to encamp for the night on open ground: "Then was set up the camp of his majesty, and command was given the whole army, saying: 'Equip yourselves! Prepare your weapons! For we shall advance to fight that wretched foe in the morning.' Therefore the King rested in the royal tent, the affairs of the chiefs were arranged, and the provisions of the attendants. The watch of the army went about saying: 'Steady of heart! Steady of heart! Watchful! Watchful! Watch for life at the tent of the King!' . . . On the day of the feast of the new moon, . . . early in the morning, behold, command was given to the entire army to move. . . . His majesty went forth in a chariot of electrum, arrayed in his weapons of war, like Horus the Smiter, Lord of Power, . . . while his father Amen strengthened his arms. . . . Then his majesty prevailed against them at the head of his army, and when they saw his majesty prevailing against them, they fled headlong into Megiddo in fear, abandoning their horses and their chariots of gold and silver. The people (evidently those inside the town), hauled them up, pulling them by their clothing, into this city; the people of this city having closed it against them. . . . Now if only the army of his majesty had not given their heart to plundering the things of the enemy, they would have captured Megiddo at this moment, when the wretched foe of Kadesh and the wretched foe of this city (the two kings of Kadesh and Megiddo are meant), were hauled up in haste to bring them into this city. The fear of his majesty had entered their hearts, their arms were powerless, his serpent diadem was victorious among them. Then were captured their horses, their chariots of gold and silver were made spoil; their champions lay stretched out like fishes on the ground. . . . The victorious army of his majesty went around counting their portions. The whole army made jubilee, giving praise to Amen for the victory which he had granted to his son this day, giving praise to his majesty, exalting his victories." Then Thothmes orders that the whole town shall be encircled and cut off from all communication with the outside world, and it finally surrenders: "Behold, the chiefs of this country came to render their portions, to do

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obeisance to the fame of his majesty, to crave breath for their nostrils, because of the greatness of his power, because of the might of the fame of his majesty." (It is on record that Thothmes treated the vanquished enemy with the utmost clemency). There then follows a long, detailed list of the spoils of war, an account of the gathering of the rich Syrian harvest, and a few minor statements. This ends the account of Thothmes' first great battle and siege, which was only the beginning of seventeen long years of Asiatic campaigning. The rout of the enemy in this first onslaught had been so complete, the combined wealth of the kings of Kadesh and Megiddo, falling into the hands of the Egyptians, had been such a blow, that before long most of Syria was ready to make terms, realizing that a master-hand was now at work to get back the lost provinces. But Thothmes had only begun his dreams of conquest; terms were not what he had come for, he would have complete submission or nothing, and he merely continued his march northward with this object in view. Town after town gave way before him, and still, grimly, he marched north. At last, owing to the lateness of the season, he halted, content for that year with his gains.

He now began the reorganizing of the conquered territory, replacing the faithless kings by ones who were more likely to prove loyal, and, showing himself to be a true statesman, he allowed these princes to rule as they pleased so long as they paid the tribute money regularly. His wisdom did not stop here, however, for, wishing to build up a permanent and sound Empire, he had their eldest sons sent to Thebes to be educated, so that when they, in their turn, became rulers they would already have formed close personal ties with Egypt itself. Thothmes now returned to Thebes, having accomplished all this within the space of six short months. His first act on reaching home was to present three captured towns and a dazzling array of treasures taken from the enemy, to his father Amen: "My majesty presented to him (Amen) gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, malachite, copper, bronze, lead, colours, emery in great quantity, . . ." Also hundreds of slaves, herds of cattle, poultry: "My majesty formed for him flocks of geese to fill the sacred pool, for the offering of every day, . . . I took for him numerous fields, gardens and ploughed lands, of the choicest of the south and north, and made fields in order to offer him clean grain." Thothmes also made "divine offerings of four great obelisks," and he multiplied each and all of the temple offerings to a point never even dreamed of before this time: "as an increase of that which was formerly." This was the beginning of the vast fortune of Amen at Karnak to which we called attention farther back, and which was soon to outgrow the wealth of all other temples.

During the next nineteen years seventeen were spent in Syrian campaigns, and year after year the Empire spread farther north into Naharin, "the land of the two rivers," i. e. the country between the Orontes and

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the Euphrates, and stretching up into Asia Minor. After ten years of fighting Thothmes was able to do what no former Pharaoh had accomplished,—he crossed the Euphrates into Mitanni and set up his boundary tablet on the east side, "he set up a tablet east of the water." Indeed, he had already done what none of his forefathers had done before him,—he had met the *united* forces of the Syrian rebels, whereas his fathers had conquered them singly. His fame was now so great that even the King of far-off Babylon wished to be on good terms with the mighty conqueror, and sent him gifts of lapis-lazuli. The Kheta too, a powerful people of Asia Minor (probably the Hittites), sent gifts.

His work was now thoroughly organized. As soon as the spring rains in Syria had ceased, he marched thither and for six months made his strong arm felt in his provinces there, and each year, when he returned from his Syrian campaign, he spent the remaining six months in a tour of inspection of Egypt itself, keeping his provincial officials in wholesome awe of him, preventing them from oppressing his people by illegal taxation, suppressing corruption wherever it reared its head. Nubia also demanded his constant attention. He built and restored temples in thirty different places,[8] and he personally organized the management of the state temple of Amen at Karnak, advising the priests as to the best use of its growing fortune, and exhorting them to be true to the life to which they had dedicated themselves: "Behold, my majesty made . . . every law and every regulation . . . for my father Amen-RA, Lord of Thebes, presider over Karnak." Speaking to the priests he says: "Be ye vigilant concerning your duty, be ye not careless concerning any of your rules; be ye pure, be ye clean concerning divine things, take heed concerning matters of transgression, guard your heart lest your speech . . . (word lost) every man looking to his own steps therein. . . ." Even in his rare moments of relaxation he was busy designing vessels to be used in the temple services. This was apparently one of his hobbies. His Vizier, Rekhmara, a man of much distinction and coming of a long line of state officials, writes of him: "Lo, his majesty knew that which occurred; there was nothing which he

[8] The two obelisks in London and New York are from Heliopolis, and were erected to celebrate one of his jubilees. We should like to take this occasion to explain a statement which was made in an earlier article of this series. This statement was to the effect that of all the temples and monuments dedicated at Heliopolis to the Sun, only one XIIth Dynasty obelisk had been "recovered." But this does not really convey the intended impression, for, as a matter of fact, there are many monuments, inscriptions, etc., from Heliopolis, scattered far and wide, beginning with early, and continuing down to very late times. It would be nearer our intended meaning to say that of all the monuments which are still *in situ*, only one has been recovered,—the XIIth Dynasty obelisk referred to. It is practically certain, however, that many temple remains at Heliopolis, lie buried under the rich alluvial soil which has been for ages deposited in the Delta, making such indispensably fertile ground that no grant for excavating is easily obtained from the Egyptian Government. It looks as though archæology would continue to play a subordinate rôle to agriculture, and that we shall, in consequence, never know what lies just below the surface of the earth, hidden under the waving wheat and the thick, sweet clover.

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did not know, . . . he was Thoth in everything, there was no affair which he did not complete."

The people of Thebes had long ago forgotten that their great King had once been a humble priest of Amen. They not only saw the mighty monuments he erected, but they saw, also, the emissaries from far distant lands, who came and went, whispering the story of Egypt's power; they saw stately Phœnician galleys sailing majestically up the Nile laden with cargoes of rich stuffs, precious metals, cunningly wrought, from Cyprus, Crete and the Ægean Islands; fine horses for the Pharaoh's use, and all the yearly tribute sent from the provinces both in the south and the north. The wealth which thus poured into Egypt was beyond anything ever seen before, and well might the people be proud of their King who had done all this.

Thothmes was an old man, probably well over seventy, when the last serious uprising in Naharin took place. One last united effort to throw off the yoke of Egypt was made by the subject princes there, but so swift and severe was their punishment that never again, as long as the great Pharaoh lived, did they dare raise their heads in revolt. For one last time in Asia the old King received in state the tribute sent him by the now thoroughly subdued tributary princes:— "slaves, horses, gold and silver dishes, vases of Keftyew (Crete), genuine lapis-lazuli, sparkling stones, beautiful costly stones of this country, bronze suits of armour, weapons of war, . . ." and then for the last time he returned to Egypt, having left his Asiatic provinces on a firm basis. Twelve years more of life were ahead of him, and these twelve years were devoted to constant activities in Nubia and at home. We are loath to blame him if he looked with some satisfaction on what he had accomplished, but he protests more than once that the records of his deeds are in strict accordance with truth, and that they were performed as an offering to his God: "I swear as RA loves me, as my father Amen favours me, all these things happened in truth. . . . I have not written fiction as that which really happened to my majesty; I have engraved the excellent deeds. . . . My majesty hath done this from desire to put them before my father Amen, as a memorial forever and ever," or again, "I have not uttered exaggeration in order to boast of that which I did, saying, 'I had done something' although my majesty had not done it. I have not done anything against which contradictions might be uttered. I have done this for my father Amen, because he knoweth heaven and he knoweth earth, he seeth the whole earth hourly."

One is tempted to linger long and affectionately over the romantic life and achievements of this great Pharaoh, who was so vivid, so fearless, so real, and only once again, at a later date, did Egypt see anything like his equal in military prowess. He is the first great military hero recorded in history, "the world's first Empire builder," immortal because

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of the greatness of his exploits, simple because of the greatness of his soul.

At last at a ripe age, the seasoned old warrior died, after a reign of fifty-four years. "Lo, the King completed his life-time of many years, splendid in valour, in might and in triumph; from year 1 to year 54, third month of the second season, the last day of the month under the majesty of King Menkheperra (one of the throne names of Thothmes III) triumphant. He mounted to heaven, he joined the sun; the divine limbs mingled with him who begat him." During his long reign he had welded together, by sheer force of character, and unlimited energy and statesmanship, the earliest great Empire known in recorded history; an Empire which stretched from northern Syria southwards to the fourth cataract of the Nile. Breasted writes of him: "From the fastnesses of Asia Minor, the marshes of the upper Euphrates, the islands of the sea, the swamps of Babylonia, the distant shores of Lybia, the oases of the Sahara, the terraces of the Somali coast and the upper cataracts of the Nile the princes of his time rendered their tribute to his greatness. . . . The inevitable chastisement of his strong arm was held in awed remembrance by the men of Naharin for three generations. His name was one to conjure with, and centuries after his Empire had crumbled to pieces it was placed on amulets as a word of power."

HETEP EN NETER.

(To be continued)

If we cannot live at once and alone with Him, we may at least live with those who have lived with Him; and find, in our admiring love for their purity, their truth, their goodness, an intercession with His pity on our behalf. To study the lives, to meditate the sorrows, to commune with the thoughts, of the great and holy men and women of this rich world, is a sacred discipline, which deserves at least to rank as the fore-court of the temple of true worship, and may train the tastes, ere we pass the very gate, of heaven. We forfeit the chief source of dignity and sweetness in life, next to the direct communion with God, if we do not seek converse with the greater minds that have left their vestiges on the world.—J. MARTINEAU.

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THE DAWNING OF A SOUL

THE Monastery stood by the living spring, at one edge of the marsh. The marsh was somewhat lessened by the meadow land, reclaimed by the untiring toil of the monks. Save for this stray haven of peace, all else savoured of devastation and desolation. Man's fury, or man's sloth, had made the valley unlovely and all but uninhabitable. The stripped granite hills bore little verdure or foliage. All was grey, or grim, or grimy, except where the Monastery farms and gardens bloomed, like some stray but glorious rose, by the side of a dusty trail across a forbidding desert. What if the buildings were small and lacking in comforts. Physical ease was never the goal of Benedict's faithful.

The Abbot was listening to a report from one of the Bailiffs. They were figuring how to make the stores carry over until the harvests were garnered. Through the door shot a dishevelled little figure. The boy's chest was heaving, his breath came in sibilant pants. In a clenched, blackened, little fist something was clasped. "O, Father Abbot," he gasped, "please, please, may I see your Reverence for just a minute?"

The ascetic, aristocratic face was illumined with a smile of gracious welcome. The Bailiff looked shocked. Yet the stern, wise enforcer of the Founder's rigorous Rule ignored the seeming breach of etiquette and canon. A quick glance towards the Bailiff sent that worthy man out of the room, and the Abbot turned to the boy, with eyes that gently asked a question, though no sound came from the chiselled lips.

"O pardon me, Father Abbot, but I must go back with Brother Hob, right off, and if I did not see you now, I won't see you for a long, long time." Then the boy's pent-up emotion threatened to overwhelm him. He stopped to fight back the flooding tears. As he struggled for self-mastery the Abbot waited in a silence and a stillness that were sympathy embodied.

Right well did the Abbot know the boy—even though the boy might easily have believed that his Superior had hardly had the time or the energy to spare, to keep him in mind. To one not a child it would have been unbelievable that, with his record, he could still serenely trust that the Abbot held him in his heart. The whole Monastery knew him. His crude, untamed spirits had disturbed many a contemplation. His uncontrolled fidgets and rude postures had often put a discordant note into the Oratory Services. Work had been hampered by his sloth or his thoughtlessness. Justly had he been called the stray sheep of the flock. He had fastened himself upon Father Leo, when that saintly monk (may God rest his soul) had been off, down the Valley, on the Monastery's affairs. Few knew that, when even Father Leo's miraculous

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patience showed stress, the Abbot himself would intervene to save the lad from earned expulsion. Yet the time came when the Head, as well as Father Leo, were forced to conclude that so unbroken a colt could not be kept in the home paddock. Hence Egbert, called "Little Brother Ego" by some of the monks, who sensed that his faults were rooted in his thorough self-absorption and its follower—self-indulgence, had been sent to work with the lay-Brothers in the outlying quarry, where his daily labour was in its kitchen garden.

It is to be supposed that some such review passed through the Abbot's mind, while he waited in gracious dignity for his small suppliant to begin. Well may it be called a supposition, any speculation as to what was in the Abbot's thoughts! For no man, be he monk or layman, would dare to say with surety that he reads a mind so attuned to high and holy thinking. It were enough indeed to seek to fathom the wisdom within the spoken word, and to strive to follow therefrom.

The boy spoke: "You know, Father Abbot, how my dear Father Leo"—the shrill voice broke—"how my dear Father Leo wanted me to be a good gardener for our Lord and raise things for the quarry kitchen? Come last springtide, just about when St. Michael took him to our Lord" (here tears suffused his eyes) "I pledged holy St. Benedict I would be a good boy—for Father Leo's sake. And, when he went, I prayed I could have something to show, before his day came back again. It is to-day—as Father Abbot knows?" The Abbot bowed his head, with the courtier's grace he had never lost.

"I got afraid I could not do it. But I kept up praying for a miracle to happen. You know, Father Abbot, you told us miracles do happen, if we have faith?" Again that courtly bow of acquiescence. "I prayed, and I prayed, and I prayed, and—look!—it has happened!" The clenched fist unclasping, a blackened hand was thrust forth, palm uppermost. On its moist and dirt-encrusted surface lay a battered, bedraggled, limp little flower. "I raised it all by myself. It bloomed yesterday and I begged Brother Austin to let me bring it to you. The turnips have died, but Father Abbot, I have really and truly raised something, all by myself—except for the help of our Lord, and great St. Michael, and holy St. Benedict, and all the holy saints. Now I am going to be a real gardener, and then I may come back here—and to you, Father Abbot?"

Beauty of love was in the Abbot's face, as he leaned over, with eyes kindling, to inspect the proof of the miracle.

"This would please dear Father Leo," he said. "But, my son, you must not forget that to be a real gardener, and so to earn your way back here, where we want you to be, you must raise the turnips as well."

"I am going to, Father Abbot, now that I know how much our Lord helps."

"Does my son really wish to succeed?" In exultation over the

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Abbot's love for him, forgetting due reverence, the boy nodded an affirmative reply.

"Then, Egbert, you must learn to do all the little things that you are told to do, and to do them well. Each one of those little things counts. Every one of the little things must be done. The little things must be done out of the garden, as well as in it. For example: does my son ever stop to remember that letting his face get so dirty will help to let the weeds crowd his garden? and that my son does not wish, I know."

The dirt-laden hand shot to the wet face, increasing the disaster thereon.

The Abbot continued: "Will you not stay for Recreation, so the House may know of your success? I give leave."

"Thank you, Father Abbot, thank you," stammered the boy; then added, anxiously "but ought I to? I told Brother Austin I would go back on the first wain that is just leaving, but I could take the second, at sundown, if your Reverence says I may?"

"You are right, my son, to think that you should do as you were told, no matter what tempts you. That is true obedience, and would please Father Leo as much as your flower. So, go; and may the blessings of the Master and of St. Benedict be upon you."

With an awkward genuflexion, beneath the uplifted hand, the boy backed to the doorway. The threshold crossed, he rushed forth, passing the still scandalized porter, by whom he had so recently darted, to hurl himself upon the slow-moving ox-cart, starting off for the hills and the quarry.

As he lay on the straw, rocked by the roll of the rumbling wain, ignoring, boy-fashion, its lurchings and joltings, Egbert dwelt in ecstasy upon the interview. How pleased Father Abbot had been! How happy he had made him! How happy it would make Father Leo. Tears came into his eyes once more, as he offered a prayer for the repose of the soul of that loving and beloved Superior. As Egbert thought of Father Leo he began to stop thinking of himself. Father Leo had taught him that thoughts are things—Real Things. To a boy's vivid fancy this had come to be real. He grew to know that Thought-things came to him. The Thought-things that wanted to help him he called his "Visitors." The Thought-things that led him wrong, Father Leo had called "Imps of Satan"; he had warned the boy that they might seem the better and the kindlier. He had tried to teach the child that he was in very truth "a child of God". He had begged Egbert not to let the Devil abduct him, to bring him up as the Devil's slave. He had told Egbert that the choice lay with him, as did the choice of which Thought-things should companion him.

All this Egbert knew. He knew too, that his body and his mind were his enemies—helpers of the Imps of Satan. Yet it was so often

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hard to realize that what hurt his body, or his mind, or his pride, really did not hurt him, but often helped and protected him. The hurt was so vivid he would forget who was hurt. So it was that he, or whatever it was that then felt that it was he, would fear the coming of the "Visitors", when they brought reproof, just as he feared the Fathers and the Brothers when caught in outer wrong-doing. He would pray for help against the friendly Imps and that he might learn to welcome the more austere Visitors, though still he feared them—became uncomfortable when they approached his mind.

"Visitors" now began coming towards Egbert's mind, as he lay out-stretched on the straw. This, as customary, made him uneasy. He sat up. Often, at the quarry, he would seek refuge from the Visitors by physical activities. These activities were usually unplanned, impulsive, ill-considered. They sometimes got him into trouble. But even trouble might prove a relief from the pressure of the Visitors,—relief from what his elders might have described as the "gnawing tooth of conscience."

Egbert sat up. He kept still for a moment. He deliberately thought hard, and with love, of the Abbot and of Father Leo. Then his glance began to roam out over the open sides and end of the wain. Automatically he was calculating where to drop off, that he might run, run, run, until his tired body would still his working brain and close the doors of his mind to the Visitors. But it was as if he heard Father Leo's, "Keep still! Think it out!" once more. The memory that he really did wish to please the Abbot came over him like a power. He took up a less-besmirched corner of his tunic and scrubbed his face. Then, and it was for the first time in his life, he turned in his mind and, so-to-speak, went forward to meet his Visitors.

The thought that first came towards him suggested to Egbert a kindly steadying Presence, that somehow seemed to say without using words or sounds:—"You know you really do like us. You know we are friends, and servants of Father Leo, and the Father Abbot, and that we only want to help you. You know that you really want to be what they want you to be. Let us help you. You know that you can trust us, because we want you to do what they want you to do. You can tell us from the Imps, because they want you to do what Father Leo and the Father Abbot do not want you to do. You know that we are really your friends. Let us help you. Father Abbot loves you. You know that. You know that St. Benedict loves him. You know that the Founder and our Lord heard Father Abbot bless you in Their name. Nothing can hurt you unless you want to let it hurt you."

The boy's body was still and erect. In his heart a silent plea formed —"Help me to please our Lord and Father Abbot."

A second Visitor approached his mind. "Do not be afraid. Fight with the bright sword of obedience. But to fight, you must know when and how to use that sword. Turn from the sloth of disobedience.

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Think where you have been wrong, or what you have done that is wrong, however little, or however right it may seem. Make it look the wrong that you know it to be. Do not fear to hunt down your faults. Drag them out where you can see them. The Devils fear the light of the truth. They hide in the darkness. They hide behind excuses. Drag them out. You can take hold of them anywhere that you see a fault. Pull them out wherever you can take hold of them. As Father Leo used to say: 'Keep still! Think it out!' "

Egbert sat still. He thought as he had never thought before. He went back over his interview with the Father Abbot. He had broken the rules, when he darted past the porter. "But I was in a hurry to tell Father Abbot what would please him," he began in self-defence. The unseen second Visitor seemed to wave a bright, though invisible, sword. In silence Egbert's heart answered: "Yes, it would have pleased him more had I remembered the rules."

Then an Imp forced his way in, just to whisper: "But the Father Abbot knew what you meant, and he told you that your face was dirty." Hands clenched themselves. The boy's eyes suffused as his sense of mortification arose. Again it seemed as if the bright sword flashed. The Imp was gone. "But the Abbot does love me. The Abbot does want to help me. Why did he say that? Please, good Visitor, help me!" There was a darkness of silence that seemed overwhelming. Only the picture of the bright, flashing sword remained. Then, in memory, emerged the voices of Father Leo, then of the Father Abbot, then of all the Fathers who had striven to teach him. They seemed to sound together, like an orison in Choir: "You know. You do know. You need no more help. Use what you know."

A boyish hand struck out and down, in sudden determination. "I do know," Egbert said aloud, and then talked on in outer silence. "The Abbot wants to fit me to please our Lord and St. Benedict, as well as himself. That means that I ought to want my face to be clean and to do every one of the little things. Why! They are like the stones from the quarry. Each one is needed to build the church. If Brother Austin forgot one stone the church would not be right. I cannot be right unless I do every little thing."

Then the boy laughed out; so merrily that the stolid oxen quickened, and the plodding Brother with the goad-stick looked back in surprise. "Why, good Visitor," Egbert thought, "you are right. You are right. I am a quarryman building a church. Weeding in my garden; saying the offices; keeping the hours; doing my lessons; observing silence; obeying my Superiors; thinking of others;—these all are stones that I can cut in my own quarry. And I won't have to wait until I am big and strong. I can go aquarrying right now—all by myself."

Then a third Visitor seemed to come, unformed to the eye of the mind, yet a Presence of light and grace: "Not all by yourself," it said.

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"You can do nothing by yourself. You can only work in your quarry if you will let our dear Lord be your Master Quarryman."

Blankness swept over the boy. Then came fear, as if an Imp had struggled in. "But our Lord is so big, so great, so busy. He won't have time." The Imp was gaining form, when the third Visitor pressed in: "The Father Abbot is big and great and busy—does he not love you? May he do more than the Master whom he serves and loves? The Abbot trusts our Lord to take care of him and the Monastery. Wont our Lord love and help a child of his Abbot?"

Back into Egbert's memory swept all he had heard from the Fathers, of our Lord, and His life, and His love, and His Passion. Soon all the memories were of the Passion. A wave of sympathy for Him and His loneliness swept over the boy like a flame. "Would He really like it, if I tried to do my little things for Him?"

The third Visitor gave no answer, but once again the boy seemed to hear, though there was no sound: "Keep still! Think it out!" Conviction came, displacing doubt. The boy turned up his face to the sky: "Dear, dear Lord," he prayed, "please, please help me to do my little things for Thee." Then to the third Visitor he gave himself and all his consciousness. Nothing took shape or form, but he felt he shared her love for her Master; shared her agony to give Him pleasure. It was joy. It was pain. It was peace.

So complete was the union in this pure and holy devotion that the boy forgot all else. He did not know when he fell back, asleep. He hardly knew when the lay-Brother waked him. He tried to bring the loveliness back. All that remained was the sense of peace; a state of quietude. The best he could do, in terms of memory, was to recall the second Visitor. Yet the help of the third Visitor seemed, somehow, to remain. He felt that he wanted to use the offered sword of obedience. "It is the little things that count." Then—"Brother Hob," Egbert cried, as he sprang down from the wain, "I will put the oxen in their byre, and get their feed and water."

The lay-Brother stood, alert for action, suspicious by experience, while the boy drove off the cattle, freed from the wain. Any moment he expected to see a little figure shoot into the darkness, with mischievous laughter, while the steers blundered off, astray. But, no—the procession went on straight to the byre. And soon the creaking of the well sweep was heard; the splashing of pouring water; and the shuffling of staggering small feet.

The lay-Brother moved on towards the Refectory, murmuring, as he crossed himself: "They do say as how the good Lord still works His miracles."

BROTHER SCRIBUS.

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TAO-TEH-KING

AN INTERPRETATION OF LAO TSE'S BOOK OF THE WAY AND OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

V.

36. *That which contracts has surely expanded.*
That which grows weak has surely been strong.
That which fades has surely been bright.
That which grows poor has surely been endowed with gifts.
This is both hidden and revealed.
The gentle triumphs over the hard; the weak triumphs over the strong.
The fish should not leave the depths; the strong arm of the kingdom should not be shown to the people.

THE sense seems to be exactly that of the proverb, "What goes up must come down". It is a contrast between the world of the Eternal and the external world of the "pairs of opposites", where all things change and endure not; where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

As to what follows, it is, say the commentators, a doctrine hidden from the foolish, but revealed to the wise. The Way, which is gentle, triumphs over that which is hard; the Way, which seems weak, triumphs over the strong.

Then comes a quaint conceit of Celestial humour: "While it is in the soft element, water, the fish is safe; on the hard element, earth, it comes to grief. In the same way, the Master governs without the display of external force."

37. *The Way follows non-action, yet accomplishes all things.*
If kings and princes follow the Way, all beings will turn to righteousness.
If, after they have turned, they wish again to go astray, I shall hold them back through that simple Being which is without name.
The simple Being which has no name should not even be desired.
The absence of desire brings peace.
Then the kingdom becomes righteous of itself.

As was earlier pointed out, this Chinese teaching of non-action (wu wei) is exactly the doctrine of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "Who works, putting all works on the Eternal, giving up attachment, is not stained by sin, as the lotus leaf by water. . . . He who is united, giving up the

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fruit of works, wins perfect peace; the ununited, attached to the fruit of his works, is bound by the force of his desire" (V, 10, 12).

The Chinese commentator works the matter out methodically. Long after the people have turned toward righteousness, he says, affections and desires will begin to stir again in the bottom of their hearts, and virtue will wane. But the holy man in good time perceives this grave defect and checks it in its first beginnings. With the help of that which is simple and unnamed, the Way of the Spirit, and through detachment, he checks the first stirrings of passion. But if one should seek the Way with desire, this is still desire; therefore the Way must not be sought with desire. When the Way is no longer sought with desire, perfect quietude of heart is attained, and when desire has ceased in the heart, righteousness comes of itself. When freedom from desire has spread throughout the kingdom, the kingdom becomes righteous of itself.

Or, to give the same thought a Western turn: We must seek God for God's own sake, not for His gifts.

Or we may cite the words attributed to a Master: "Is there none who will serve me gratis?"

38. *Those who have the highest righteousness do not consider that they are righteous; therefore they are righteous.*

Those of lesser righteousness never forget that they are righteous; this is why they are not truly righteous.

Those who have the highest righteousness act righteously without thinking of righteousness.

The men of lesser righteousness are consciously righteous.

Those who have supreme humanity act rightly without thinking of humanity.

Those who weigh human rights practise them self-consciously.

Those who follow formalism practise it, and the people do not respond; then they use force to make formalism effective.

This is why men become self-consciously righteous after they have lost the Way; they become self-consciously humane after they have lost righteousness; they concern themselves with the rights of man after they have ceased to be humane; they become formalists after they have lost the sense of the rights of man.

Formalism is only the outer bark of uprightness and sincerity; it is the beginning of disorder.

False wisdom is but the barren flower of the Way and the principle of ignorance.

Therefore the great man cleaves to the substance and ignores mere surfaces.

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He honours the fruit and leaves the barren flower.
Therefore he takes the one and rejects the other.

We have here a descending scale: The Way (Tao); self-conscious righteousness; what we may call humanitarianism; concern over the rights of man; and a lifeless formalism. But, at the distance of twenty-five centuries, it is not easy to catch the exact shades of Lao Tse's meaning.

To begin with the first sentence: "Those who have the highest righteousness do not consider that they are righteous": we may cite, as a parallel: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven"; or that other saying, with its fine irony: "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." Or we may quote the saying that there is nothing more contemptible than self-conscious heroism.

One of the Chinese commentators has this to say of the closing sentences of this section: "The holy man penetrates all beings by the aid of a marvellous intuition. The true and the false, good and evil, shine in his vision as in a mirror. Nothing escapes his perspicacity. Common men see nothing but what is before their eyes, and hear nothing but what reaches their ears, and think nothing that is beyond their minds. They walk as blind men in the midst of beings; they use their faculties to gain knowledge, and only by chance do they catch gleams of light. They believe that they understand, and do not see that they are going toward the depth of ignorance. They rejoice when they have won what is lowest and vilest in the world, and they lose sight of what is lofty and sublime. They seek after surfaces and neglect realities; they gather the flower and throw away the fruit. Only the great man rejects the flower for the fruit."

Editors generally mark this as the first section of the second part of the *Tao-teh-king;* and, as the word "teh", which we have translated "righteousness", occurs ten times in this section, giving the key-note of the second half of the book, it is thought that the general title means the Book of Tao and of Teh; that is, the book, the first half of which is concerned with Tao, the second half with Teh.

39. *These are the things which have gained Unity.*
Heaven is pure because it has gained Unity.
Earth is still because it has gained Unity.
The spirits of men are wise because they have gained Unity.
The valleys are filled because they have gained Unity.
The myriad beings are born because they have gained Unity.

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Princes and kings are the standard of the world because they have gained Unity.

Such is the fruit of Unity.

If Heaven lost its purity, it would dissolve.

If Earth lost its stillness, it would crumble.

If the spirits of men lost their wisdom, they would cease to be.

If the valleys were not filled, they would dry up.

If the myriad beings were not born, they would come to nothingness.

If princes and kings grew proud of their high station, and ceased to be standards, they would be overthrown.

Therefore nobles remember their common humanity; men of high station remember the lowliness of their beginning.

Therefore princes and kings call themselves orphans, lowly, meek.

Do they not show by this that they remember their common humanity? And they are right!

This is why, if you take a wagon to pieces, you no longer have a wagon.

The wise man seeks no extrinsic value as precious jade, nor would he be despised as a worthless stone.

The Chinese commentator quoted, says: "Unity is the Way (the Logos). From the Way, all beings have received that which constitutes their nature. Men see beings and forget the Way. They are content to know that Heaven is pure, that Earth is still, that spirits are endowed with intelligence, that valleys may be filled, that myriad beings are born, that princes and kings are standards for mankind. But they forget that it is from the Way that all these qualities are drawn. The greatness of Heaven and Earth, the nobility of princes and kings, is the Unity which has brought them into being. But what is this Unity? You look for it and cannot see it; you wish to touch it and cannot lay hands on it. It is clear that it is the most subtle thing in the world."

If we remember that "the Kingdom" means also the kingdom of heaven, we may believe that princes and kings mean disciples and their Masters, who are in truth the standards of mankind, full of humility, and, therefore, thinking of themselves as meek and lowly of heart.

The cryptic sentence about the wagon is thus explained by a Chinese commentary: "With a multitude of materials you make a wagon. Wagon is the collective name of the different materials of which a wagon is made. If you count them one by one, if you take the wagon to pieces, you have nave, wheels, spokes, axle, pole and so on, and if you give these different parts their names, the name wagon disappears; there is no longer a wagon. In the same way, the unity of the people brings

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the prince or king into being. If you take the people away, the ruler disappears. Therefore princes and kings should be lowly in their honours; they should be simple and humble, like the Way."

40. *The return to the unmanifest causes the movement of the Way. Weakness is the method of the Way.*

All things in the world are born from the manifest (Logos); the manifest is born from the unmanifest.

One might write a treatise on these three sentences. It is better, perhaps, to suggest certain clues to their meaning.

It is said, for example, that "the whole personality must be dissolved", in order that the real individuality may be born. In this sense, the "return" causes the forward movement.

To carry the same thought to its conclusion, he who would become a Master goes back into the hidden depths of Being, in order that he may later come forth to work.

As commentary on the second sentence, we may take the phrases of Saint Paul: "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power"; "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness"; and even the mysterious saying: "For though he was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God."

41. *When those of the highest order of learning hear the Way declared, they follow it with zeal.*

When those of the second order of learning have heard the Way declared, they now follow it, now lose it.

When those of the lowest order of learning have heard the Way declared, they mock at it. If they did not mock at it, it would not deserve to be called the Way.

Therefore those of old said:

He who has the understanding of the Way, seems hidden in darkness.

He who has gone far along the Way, seems backward.

He who has ascended the Way, seems of low estate.

The man of high virtue is like the valley.

The man of perfect purity is as though despised.

The man of infinite worth seems full of weakness.

The man of true virtue appears inert.

The man who is simple and true seems low and degraded.

It is a square so great that its corners cannot be seen. It is a vessel so great that it seems uncompleted. It is a voice so great that its sound is imperceptible. It is an image so great that its shape is not perceived.

The Way is hidden, so that none can name it.

It lends its aid and leads all beings to perfection.

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A Chinese commentator says: "Those of the highest order of learning understand both what is hidden and what shines forth in the Way; they penetrate beyond the limits of the body. This is why, as soon as they hear the Way declared, they put their faith in it and follow it with zeal. Those of the second order of learning are on the border between the hidden and that which shines forth; between what is hidden from the senses, and what the senses perceive. They stand between the Way and the material world. Therefore, when they have heard the Way declared, they stand half in faith and half in doubt. This is why they now follow the Way, and now lose it. Those of the lowest order of learning see what shines forth, what is perceived by the senses, but not what is hidden. They remain wrapped in matter. Therefore, when they have heard the Way declared, they mock at it."

Another commentator adds: "The Way is hidden, deep, inscrutable. Those of the lowest order of learning mock at it because they seek it with their senses and cannot find it. If they could reach it, if they could grasp it in its sublimity with their senses, they would not mock at it; but, becoming accessible to their gross vision, it would lose all its grandeur, and would no longer deserve to be called the Way."

Concerning the dozen axioms quoted from those of old, the commentators say: "The ordinary man uses craft, boasting of it and thinking himself able. The saint has light, but lets it not shine outwardly, nor does he use craft. The ordinary man boasts and pushes himself forward insatiably. The saint dwells in humility, full of the sense of his own abjection and unworthiness. The ordinary man exalts himself. The saint unites himself in heart to the Way. The ordinary man has a narrow soul, which could not hold an atom. The saint holds in his heart the heavens and the earth. The ordinary man is inwardly full of sins and uncleanness; he decks himself outwardly, to appear pure and spotless. The saint is upright and simple, he is pure and white as snow. His righteousness is untarnished by the dust of the world; therefore he is able to bear shame and suffer ignominy. The ordinary man boasts of his least virtue. He wishes to be paid for each of his good acts. The saint sends forth his righteousness and his benefits over all beings, taking no credit to himself for it. Therefore he appears to lack righteousness."

42. *The Way produced the One; the One produced the Two; the Two produced the Three; the Three produced all beings.*

All beings flee from stillness and seek movement.

An immaterial Breath forms harmony.

Men hate to be orphans, lowly and meek; yet the kings so describe themselves.

Therefore, among beings some are exalted because they abase themselves; others are abased because they exalt themselves.

I teach what men teach.

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The violent and unbending do not meet a natural death.
I shall take their example as the basis of my teachings.

The meaning of the first sentence would seem to be: The Unmanifest produced the Manifest; the Manifest has two aspects, the masculine and feminine Logos. These two produced the Great Breath of manifestation, thus constituting a triad. The Chinese commentaries are in harmony with this interpretation. The Great Breath is also harmony, because it is the universal law of Karma, which "ordains all things wisely through perpetual ages."

The teaching that "whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted," needs little comment. He who humbles his personal will before the Divine Will, becomes one with that Divine Will and, therefore, invincible; but he who asserts his personal, rebellious will, is brought low by the Divine Will, in order that he may learn humility. The kings are those rulers of the heavenly kingdom who are "meek and lowly in heart," knowing that the Divine Will is all in all.

The next phrase, "I teach what men teach," has divided the commentators; it may be simply the introduction to the next sentence: "The violent and unbending do not meet a natural death"; their fate teaches the need of humility; this I also teach. This would accord well with the following sentence: "I shall take their example as the basis of my teachings."

43. *The softest things in the world overcome the hardest things in the world.*

The Unmanifest passes through things impenetrable. From this I know that non-action (detachment) is useful.

In the world there are few who know how to teach without words, and to draw profit from non-action.

"The Way is bodiless," says a Chinese commentator, "therefore it can penetrate minds and hearts and the multitude of beings."

Another commentary says: "He who acts actively may fail and lose the merit which he seeks; he who acts without acting gains limitless success. In this way Heaven and Earth act; in this way men and beings spring up." It is exactly the teaching of the *Bhagavad Gita* concerning detachment.

The same wise Celestial goes on to say: "The voice which expresses itself in sounds cannot be heard even for a hundred miles; the Voice which is soundless penetrates beyond Heaven, and moves the kingdom. The words of men are not understood by other races of men; but at the Word of the Being which speaks not, the two principles, masculine and feminine, send forth their fructifying powers, and Heaven and Earth join to bring forth beings. Now the Way and Righteousness do not act,

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yet Heaven and Earth give beings their entire development. Heaven and Earth do not speak, but the four seasons follow their courses."

This is not only the substance of the Logos doctrine, but the wording also.

44. *Which is nearer to us, our renown or our own being?*
Which is dearer, our own being or riches?
Which is the greater misfortune, to gain wealth, or to lose it?
Therefore he who has limitless desires is exposed to limitless misfortunes.
He who lays up rich treasures, inevitably suffers great losses.
He who suffices for himself dreads no dishonour.
He who holds himself in check risks no falls.
Such a one endures.

The commentator says, in his dry way: "Putting aside questions, this means that our own being is nearer to us than renown, dearer to us than riches; that it is a greater misfortune to gain wealth than to lose it."

Another commentator says: "He who possesses righteousness knows that the fairest nobility dwells in him, therefore he expects nothing from renown. He knows that the most precious treasure abides in him, and therefore expects nothing from what wealth procures. This is why he can hold himself in check, and does not fall. Since he is exposed neither to dishonour nor to danger, he endures."

This is once again the teaching of the goodly pearl, the hidden treasure, which is the divine life hidden in the heart within:

45. *The holy man is nobly perfect, yet he appears full of imperfections; his riches are not consumed.*
He is nobly filled, yet he appears empty; his riches waste not away.
He is nobly upright, yet he appears faulty.
He is nobly discerning, yet he appears simple.
He is nobly eloquent, yet he appears to stammer.
Movement overcomes cold, but quietness overcomes heat. The pure and still become the model of the universe.

"The prince," says the commentator, "who possesses the perfection of the Way and of Righteousness, conceals his glory and hides the praises he receives. The prince who possesses the fullness of the Way and of Righteousness appears empty; that is, he is full of honours, and yet dares not to exalt himself; he is rich, and dares not yield to luxury and indulgence." The prince is the disciple of the "kings."

Concerning the last sentence, a commentator has this to say: "When a man becomes pure, still, detached, though he seek not to triumph over beings, no being can resist him. Therefore Lao Tse says that the pure and still become the model of the universe."

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46. *When the Way ruled the world, the horses were sent to till the fields.*

When the Way no longer rules, war horses are bred on the frontier.
There is no greater crime than to yield to desires.
There is no greater ill than not to be self-sufficing.
There is no greater loss than the lust of possessions.
He who is self-sufficing is ever content with his fate.

The commentators tend to take the simile of the horses literally, in a sense inclined toward Chinese pacifism. But Lao Tse so constantly approaches the thought and even the phrases of the Upanishads, drawing, it would seem, from the same perennial springs which inspired the Upanishads, that we are justified in holding that in this instance also he is speaking not in the spirit of pacifism but in the spirit of the hidden wisdom, using the symbols which are called the Mystery language.

If this be so, then we may compare the sentences concerning the horses with a passage in *Katha Upanishad:* "Know the Higher Self as the lord of the chariot, and the body as the chariot; know the soul as the charioteer, and the mind and emotional nature as the reins. They say that the powers of perception and action are the horses, and that objective things are the roadways for these."

To apply this directly to our text: When we are under the rule of the Way, the Logos, the powers till the inner fields of our hearts and minds; the inner senses, the inner powers of action, come into activity; but when the Way does not rule, the powers are active only on the frontier, the outer fringe of our natures.

In the phrase, "self-sufficing," it should be remembered that we are speaking of the Higher Self, concerning which one of the Upanishads says: "This is the mighty Soul unborn, who is consciousness among the life-powers. This is the heaven in the heart within, where dwells the ruler of all, master of all, lord of all. He is lord of all, overlord of beings, shepherd of beings. He is the bridge that holds the worlds apart, lest they should flow together. This is he whom the followers of the Eternal seek to know through their scriptures, sacrifices, gifts and penances, through ceasing from evil toward others. He who knows this becomes a sage. This is the goal in search of which pilgrims go forth on pilgrimages." We are the pilgrims, pilgrims of eternity, and manifested life is the pilgrimage.

47. *Without leaving my house, I know the universe; without looking through my window, I discover the ways of Heaven.*

The farther one goes afield, the less he learns.

This is why the sage goes whither he will without going abroad; he names things without setting eyes upon them; without acting, he accomplishes great things.

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A Chinese commentator says: "Such is the essence of our nature, that it embraces and traverses the whole universe; it knows neither distance nor nearness of time or space. The saint knows everything without passing through his door or opening his window, because his nature is absolutely perfect; but men of the world are blinded by material things, their nature is limited by the limits of the senses; they are perturbed by their bodies and their emotions. Outwardly they are stopped by mountains and rivers, they see not beyond the scope of their eyes, they hear not beyond the reach of their ears. The slightest obstacle may paralyse either of these faculties."

Lao Tse's thought appears to be exactly that of the sentences in *Kena Upanishad*: "Without moving, that One is swifter than mind. Nor did the bright Powers overtake It; It went swiftly before them. That outstrips the others, though they run, while It stands still."

48. *He who gives himself to studies, each day increases (his information).*

He who gives himself to the Way, each day diminishes (his desires).
He diminishes them continually until he attains non-action.
When he has attained non-action all things are possible for him.
Through non-action he becomes master of the kingdom.
He who follows action cannot become master of the kingdom.

The Chinese phrase *wu-wei* is here translated non-action; its meaning is: abstinence from action inspired by selfishness; just as it has been said that we should do nothing which is desired by the lower self for that reason alone.

The whole matter is set forth at length in the *Bhagavad Gita,* and is, indeed, the most distinctive teaching of that Scripture of detachment and disinterested toil.

The Sanskrit word involved is *karma.* It may be interesting to try the experiment of re-writing Lao Tse's phrases, using this word:

"He who gives himself to the Way, each day diminishes his evil desires. He diminishes them continually until he attains freedom from karma. When he has attained to freedom from karma all things become possible for him. Through liberation from karma he becomes master of the kingdom of heaven. He who is bound by karma cannot become master of the kingdom of heaven."

This is exactly the teaching of the closing passage of *Light on the Path:* "The operations of the actual laws of karma are not to be studied until the disciple has reached the point at which they no longer affect himself. . . . Therefore you who desire to understand the laws of karma, attempt first to free yourself from these laws; and this can only be done by fixing your attention on that which is unaffected by them."

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49. The sage has no set mental forms. He adapts himself to the minds of the people.

With the good, he is good; with the evil, he is also good. This is the perfection of goodness.

With the sincere, he is sincere; with the insincere, he is also sincere. This is the perfection of sincerity.

The holy sage, living in the world, dwells serene and unperturbed, keeping the same feeling for all.

The hundred families follow him with their ears and eyes.

The sage regards them as his children.

The best comment seems to be the following passage, quoted from the Revised Version: "Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. . . Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Here is another memorable phrase: "The men of old said: All men seek to conquer death; they do not know how to conquer life."

C. J.

(To be continued)

If you reject the iron, you will never make the steel.—KANG HSI.

The life of the moral man is plain and yet not unattractive; it is simple and yet full of grace; it is easy and yet methodical. He knows that accomplishment of great things consists in doing small things well. He knows that great effects are produced by small causes. He knows the evidence and reality of what cannot be perceived by the senses. Thus he is enabled to enter into the world of ideas and morals.—CONFUCIUS.

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ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Gael was on the war-path. One glance at him was enough. The Recorder seized pencil and paper. "Hold forth, O Gael!" he said. And the Gael, erect before the open fire, without deigning to notice our invocation, held forth as if the peoples of the world confronted him. (The Philosopher insists that they do, and that the Gael knows it).

"The extent," he said, "to which the Christian Churches misinterpret and misrepresent the Master they are supposed to serve, would be heart-breaking if it were not for the conviction that ultimately they will be brought to a true understanding of his purposes, and that then they will redeem the stupidities and iniquities of their past. The Vatican, centuries ago, sold its soul to the devil for power, just as Germany did, under Bismarck. The spirit of the Vatican and the spirit of Germany, are one and the same. Both have been deprived of the physical force which would enable them to dominate as they both wish to dominate, but while Germany still hopes and indeed is determined to recover the physical force of which the World War deprived her, the Vatican aims to use the force of others, for her own benefit, through the control of their minds and consciences. The Vatican, therefore, is the more dangerous of the two: the danger is less evident, less immediate; the weapons used are far more subtle, the camouflage infinitely more difficult to penetrate.

"The Vatican has no principles. It has a clear-cut policy. Its aim being to dominate the world, by means of religion, it must of necessity provide for the 'religious' needs of irreligious people, and also for the needs of those who are sincere. So, in addition to its highly organized political department, it conducts a highly specialized religious department, providing—through Parish priests and religious Orders—a religious training, a religious discipline, *for those who want it,* which is superior to that provided by any other Church. The consequence is that the Vatican is surrounded, and to a great extent is concealed, by a host of devout souls, who belong to the Church of Rome, but who neither consider themselves, nor are, in any way responsible for the politics of Rome, and who rarely, if ever, give Rome itself a thought.

"Incidentally, Rome secures the credit for the saints which her system produces, although many of them, as their biographies prove, had to fight the authority of Rome at every step of their progress. Once dead, however, and safely canonized, Rome takes shelter behind them, rejoicing with unusual sincerity that they are at last in heaven. Meanwhile, and to account for the multitude of Catholics who are as unprin-

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cipled as she is, Rome turns defeat into victory—or tries to—by pointing to her 'toleration'.

"The Great War served many purposes. Like the child of Mary, it was 'set for the fall and rising again of many. . . . that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed'. It forced the Vatican to reveal its utter lack of principle; its amazing indifference to moral wrong; its concern for numerical and influential support to the exclusion of all else. There was Austria, with its millions of Roman Catholics and particularly its Hapsburgs, the zealous because often the needy adherents of Rome; there were the many Roman Catholics of Germany, politically out-numbered by Protestant Germans. And against them, at first, there were only France, Belgium, England. What would have been gained numerically, or in terms of influence, by condemning the crimes of Germany? Clearly, as Rome saw it, neither French Freethinkers nor English Protestants would have been 'brought over', while Austrian and German Catholics might have been offended beyond recovery. So, throughout the war, Rome prayed aloud for peace, hoping that her many prayers might divert attention from the fact that her neutrality was that of Pilate,—an everlasting shame.

"Look at the record of Rome in Ireland! The Irish Bishops are the obedient servants of the Vatican, and the Irish priests are at the mercy of their Bishops. Wounded British soldiers were dragged from their beds in hospital and were murdered in cold blood by Irish Sinn Feiners. Some of the most cowardly and brutal murders in the history of crime were perpetrated, day after day, not by irresponsible individuals, but by order of the Sinn Fein 'Government'. What did Rome do? She did nothing. By her silence she condoned the crimes which daily were being committed. Finally she came out with a general and purposely ineffective declaration that all acts of violence are much to be regretted,—carefully including the acts of the police and of British soldiers, whose duty it was to maintain law and order, and placing these acts on a parity with those of Sinn Fein murderers.

"That some of the leaders of Sinn Fein are not Roman Catholics, has no bearing on the case. Southern Ireland is Roman Catholic, and the people of Southern Ireland were actively encouraged by the silence of the Vatican to participate in crime and outrage. The Vatican was playing politics. It would play politics in exactly the same way if Sicily or Tuscany or any other Italian province were to rebel against the Italian Government. Police and soldiers might be murdered in their beds. The Vatican would be 'neutral'. The desire for temporal power would again become a hope, for a divided Italy might serve the ends of Rome.

"And the Vatican claims to be Christian!

"On the other hand, the Protestant Churches in England and America are not even wicked. They are merely feeble-minded. They

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are well-meaning in most cases; full of sentimental goodness, without a particle of vision, of inspiration, of understanding, or of humility. In America, the latest expression of their imbecility is 'A Program adopted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, by action of the Executive Committee', dated December 16th, 1921, consisting of 'A Declaration of Ideals and Policy looking toward a Warless World.' The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is said to be controlled by the Presbyterians, but its 'Warless World' program is endorsed in every particular by the Presiding Bishop and Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose Executive Secretary sent it to all the Episcopal clergy with a letter of beseeching approval.

"The program consists for the most part of pious platitudes, which are more or less innocuous. But these serve merely as an introduction to Clause VI, which deals with 'America's Obligations to Germany'. Under that head we are told:—

" 'If American Christians are earnest in their desire to have a Christian world order, a peace system to take the place of the old war system, we must ourselves have a Christian spirit toward the peoples of every land.

" 'The Christians and Churches of America should enter into the fullest possible fraternal relations with our Christian brethren in Germany, as Christians determined to join in rebuilding our shattered world on new and better foundations.

" 'We recommend, accordingly, that the Administrative Committee be authorized to prepare a suitable communication to the Churches and Christians of Germany on behalf of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, expressing our desire for renewed friendship and co-operation in our common task.'

"By analogy, if a man be proved a criminal, but for some reason or other escapes execution, it is the duty of Christians, *regardless of his penitence or lack of it,* to express their desire for renewed friendship with him, and for co-operation in their common task!

"It is not profitable, as a rule, to reason with the feeble-minded. And we know from long experience during the war that the Pacifist attitude toward evil springs from an ingrained and for the most part sub-conscious desire in the Pacifist to be forgiven at once—not to be punished—if at any time he should be so unfortunate as to commit a crime. It is in this spirit that he interprets the admonition to do unto others as you would be done by. Asked if the 'Churches and Christians of Germany' whom he wants us to embrace, have proved the sincerity of their repentance, or have so much as expressed polite regret for German outrages in Belgium and northern France (see the "Screen of Time" in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for 1917 and 1918), your American Social Service—Federal

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Council—International—Peace-at-any-price Christian, says 'Hush, Hush!' in grieved and pained surprise. You are sinning, he suggests, against Charity. Never mind the women who were outraged, the babies who were spitted on bayonets, the old men who were burned alive: it is your Christian duty to express your 'desire for renewed friendship' with the perpetrators of these crimes, and with the friends who cheered them on; it is your Christian duty to express your desire to 'co-operate' with them in your 'common task'!

"And the Christian Master—that great Warrior and King—has to endure this sickening 'program' as representative of his spirit! His name is plastered all over it. If missionaries ever were needed, they are needed now—to convert the Churches to Christianity. But it will be the work of ages, because at no time in the history of the world, so far as I can see, has organized religion been so obtuse. The so-called Federal Council is the last word in smug self-satisfaction. In comparison, the Roman Cardinals are penitents."

The Gael sat down. He had finished. If the Recorder had not been several paragraphs behind, he would have cheered him. There was a pause. Then, as no one seemed inclined either to accept the Gael's challenge or to supplement his indictment, our Visitor asked if he might submit certain questions which he had jotted down on behalf of friends. Told that his questions would be welcome, he produced the first: "In Eastern teachings great importance is always attached to dreams and the dream state. Yet many people never dream, or have only incoherent, meaningless dreams. How do you account for this?"

The Recorder promptly called upon the Philosopher for an answer.

"I should like to alter the wording of the question in one respect," he said. "We have no right to say that many people never dream. All we can say is that, if they dream, they do not remember their dreams: the brain, on waking, does not register their dream experience. It has been stated on the best of authority that 'the fumes of food' cloud the brain during sleep. The body is still, and the blood circulates less actively. Deposits are not carried away. Both the character and the quantity of food which we eat, have an important bearing on the result. Meat-eating—although, on account of their heredity, many people seem unable to preserve their health without it—meat-eating undoubtedly coarsens the physical structure and produces 'fumes' which are especially deleterious. The consequence is that the white race, speaking generally, is not as well able to register the higher order of dreams as are the vegetarian races of the East. Even those who, born in the West, have become vegetarians, defying their physical heredity, are rarely any better off in this respect than those who eat meat, because digestive troubles cloud the brain during the physical stagnation of sleep, and make true registration almost impossible.

"During deep sleep the soul does not dream, but it sees and knows

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on its own plane, which is the plane of reality. If the level of the waking personal consciousness be akin to that of the soul, much of the personal consciousness clings to the soul when the soul indraws to its own plane during the sleep of the body. The gods and the ways of the gods, in that world, are revealed. But, standing between the world of spiritual reality and the level of waking consciousness, there are the planes of the psychic world, both higher and lower, and the elements of our personal consciousness which have clung to the soul during deep sleep, have to pass back through these planes of the psychic world before entering once more into contact with the physical brain, which is the organ of registration. The lower planes of the psychic world, as they exist in most of us, are planes of confusion, of trivial interests, of intense but passing emotions, which, however, catch our attention again as we go through the process of waking up. Consequently, whatever real experience we have brought back with us from the spiritual world, is likely to become entangled, through association of ideas, with pictures and impressions we have registered previously on these lower psychic planes,—particularly at a time when the will is still dormant, as too often it is when we first awake from sleep. The result is a blur, or 'incoherent, meaningless dreams', when we wake gradually, as most people do. On the other hand, when we wake quickly, with alert will, we turn our attention as a rule to some outer duty, or to some form of prayer, and become engrossed in that without first looking for the thread within us which, if we were to pick it up and follow it back, might lead us to the memory of our night's real experience."

"May I ask what you mean by 'looking for the thread within us'?" our Visitor inquired.

"I mean a quiet turning of the heart's attention to anything which *may* have been 'brought through'; a quiet expectation that some thought will be found in the mind which, if considered, will open the way for the other connected thoughts and impressions, of which only this one thought has emerged, but all of which were garnered during deep sleep. . . . These inner processes, remember, are not easy to describe!"

"But what is the use of thoughts or dreams or of deep-sleep experiences if we do not remember them?" asked our Visitor.

"There are two ways in which to answer that question", the Philosopher replied. "First: we can remember, and we ought to remember, and it is our own fault if we do not. Very few people try. Second: we *do* remember, inasmuch as many of the most helpful ideas which come to us during waking consciousness, and I suspect by far the greater part of our 'good will,' are percolations which filter through in the course of the day, from the higher planes of our sub-consciousness, and which were left there in pockets or eddies as we made our way back from deep sleep."

"Humph!" said our Visitor. "I wonder if that's true."

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We laughed. "Test all things," the Philosopher rejoined. "Watch your own experience,—really watch it. See if, when some particularly clarifying idea comes to you during the day, it will not prove, on examination, to be a link in a chain which you can trace back to a dream, or to some impression received during sleep.

"Theosophy does not dogmatize. It is a record of experiment and experience, which it will do no one any good merely to swallow, and which every student is expected to verify for himself."

"One more question if I may", our Visitor said. "On what plane of being are we to think of the existence of the Lodge? Is there a term to describe such a plane?"

It seemed fair to pass this on to the Ancient. So the Recorder appealed to him, asking him to depart from his usual three-sentence method, and to answer the question fully.

"Not so easy," replied the Ancient. "How describe to a man who has never dreamed—if there were such a man—the world of dreams? People always assume that the physical world is the real world, and that all other worlds, or spheres of consciousness, are relatively unreal. To answer such a question properly, I think you would have to begin by upsetting that idea. You might point out, for instance, how much more real is the psychic than the physical world. A single experiment will prove it. Suppose you are driving in an automobile and you just miss a serious accident,—turning a corner, perhaps, with a narrow escape from collision with another motor. Your driver stops. Your heart, which for a moment almost stood still, begins to beat violently. You turn pale. It takes some minutes to recover your equilibrium. Do you realize that it is the psychic and not the physical event which has frightened you? By 'psychic event', I mean your imagination of the accident which might have happened. You can prove this by turning your attention instantly in another direction; by forbidding your imagination to look at your escape. Even if you are unable to prevent the initial inner commotion, you will be able to check it completely, not by using your will directly against the physical reaction, but by using it to divert your attention from the 'picture' in your mind which causes the physical reaction. In a hundred ways, and drawing only on the experience of the average man, you will be able to substantiate the statement that the physical world is unreal in comparison with the more intense reality of the psychic world.

"Having jarred, somewhat, the fixed and mistaken ideas of those who see reality only in terms of the physical senses, I think the next step would be to postulate, at a jump, that the physical world, as seen through the medium of the physical senses, and as thus perceived by the lower personal consciousness (the ordinary waking consciousness) is no more than an imperfect and often distorted reflection of the real world, as known to the eye of true vision. This real world is above the

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four lower planes, all of which are planes of reflection. Thought of from below, in terms of a three-dimensional consciousness, it would be a world of four dimensions. This means that the 'matter' of the real world, infinitely more real and substantial than the 'matter' of the three-dimensional world, passes through or over this 'matter', much as a three-dimensional body passes through or over a line drawn on a floor,—which, as an obstacle, does not exist. Ordinarily invisible, a real man, a 'four-dimensional' man, in what Paul the Apostle called a spiritual body, can make himself visible at will to beings on the physical or psychic planes. He can cross the ocean in a steamship if he wants to make contact with the physical world in that way; or he can cross the ocean as you would cross a line drawn on the floor,—almost without moving.

"But the main point to emphasize is that the plane on which the Lodge exists is permanent. Death has no power there. It is a world of activity more intense, of forces more tremendous, than anyone on the physical plane can imagine. But it is not in a state of flux; there are no upheavals; absolute order prevails there. It is a world of changeless values, and it is the world of the future, destined to become manifest to all men who survive the process of selection which you call evolution."

Our Visitor remarked that he had enough to keep him busy—"the thing I call my mind"—for several days, and, explaining that he had an engagement which he ought to keep, said good-bye with many expressions of thanks for what he characterized as our patience with his everlasting questions.

Almost immediately the door opened and a Friend whom we had not seen for some months, quietly entered the room and greeted us with his well-remembered salutation. Some of us wondered if he had passed our Visitor on the stairway, and, if so, whether our Visitor had noticed him. The ability to see that Friend for what he is, even in part, is a supreme test of perception. His intimates say he can travel anywhere unobserved and that, as he goes from centre to centre of the world's activity, he makes less noise and leaves fewer visible foot-prints, than anyone they know,—except the highest. The Ancient has often declared he would never have recognized him for what he is, if he had not been told, years ago, by Mr. Judge.

We did not ask this Friend where he had been or any personal questions. We knew he had come for a purpose, as he always does.

"I wanted you to know something of their meeting", he said. "I was not there, but I have word, and was told to convey word to you. I quote from memory, but this is my understanding of what I was to say:

" 'We have been considering the future of the world. The phenomena which you see as complicated and unusual, we see as simple and as very familiar. We have lived with these things for ages: the same actions, the same reactions, though on a slightly different plane each time. So there is really no problem, so far as *world* affairs are concerned.

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World affairs invariably are simpler than problems of the individual soul. Your recent studies should suggest one reason why.

"'The —— is my hope. Remember that that which men turn to in haste, and that which many turn to like sheep, following a leader, becomes merely a new name for old habits. Growth is slow. Conversion is not growth. Conversion can be no more than the beginning of growth in a good instead of a bad direction. Therefore I would rather have three men, earnestly striving for discipleship, working together with that in view, and thus constituting a group, than multitudes following a leader, forsaking their old sins only to adopt them again in new forms. The vice of one age, abandoned by thousands, has too often become the religion of the next age, clothed in arrogance and more difficult to convert than the worst of sinners.

"'Work steadily, therefore, primarily on yourselves, to align the least of your purposes with mine, that we may become a *united body*. I desire above all things union of purpose, and then the clear recognition by each that the purpose of the others is his own.

"'Do not be disturbed by the upheavals around you. . . . How foolish to suppose that the antagonisms of a thousand years are to be overcome in ten! On the other hand, froth on the surface (all you can see for the most part) is as light as the "statesmen" who produce it. A breath blows it away,—for new froth to form.

"'Go forward with serene heart and fixed will. Work for the future. In others, as in the events of life, make yourselves see the permanent, the underlying, the real, and make yourselves distinguish between that and the surface indications. Above all trust my love as the cause of all that happens to you and to those around you, that they too may trust . . .'"

For nearly an hour he stayed with us, this Friend of the far past and of the days for which we hope. Then he left us. "What is the difference, New York or Hell", he said, "so long as they are the centres of *his* work and peace!" T.

When you meditate, desire all the love which a soul has ever had for Me, and I will receive your love according to your desire.

CHRIST TO SAINT MATILDA.

Discouragement in anything is the worst of all faults. It is the death of manhood.—LACORDAIRE.

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LETTERS TO STUDENTS

March 8th, 1914.

DEAR ————

. . . Please get and read Fénelon's *Letters to Women,* and *The Spiritual Letters of S. Francis de Sales.* They are both in Mrs. Sidney Lear's series. Read one letter at a time and then apply it to *yourself.* Do not think how well it would do for ———— or some one else, but think of it as said by St. Francis or Fénelon *to you.*

Now for general principles—a general Rule for daily use.

You are a strange mixture of ups and downs. You have a talk with ———— and it is an even chance whether you go away in despair or in ecstasy. The difference of course is in you and your mood; and your mood is the result of your reaction to circumstances, to daily and hourly events, so that this new rule is an effort to give you something that will prevent these violent oscillations and reactions. It is this: Use your slips, your shortcomings, your mistakes, your negligences, your faults, or sins, if you prefer the term,—use them all as offerings to the Master, just as you would offer him a prayer or some definite act of sacrifice or devotion.

If you have nothing but rubbish to offer him, offer him rubbish; *and be grateful that you have rubbish to offer.* Let *him* be the judge if it all be rubbish. Even New York City refuse is picked over and much of value is found in it before the balance is burned or buried. He will find something of value in the rubbish you offer him, you may be sure. Remember, no agonizing because you have only rubbish to offer him, but gratitude that at least you have something.

Do this quite simply and literally.

You ask: "What *is* the difference between self-indulgence and self-sacrifice and common sense?" Perhaps you can get a clearer perception of the difference if you think of self-indulgence in terms of self-will. We want *our* way, not the Master's, or that of any constituted authority. Self-sacrifice is to control that self-will,—our natural impulses, our lower nature,—in order to do his will. There is a higher stage where we *want* to do his will; where we have no other will, where self-indulgence is eliminated, but we are a long way from that yet.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 28th, 1914.

DEAR ————

I received your letter of the 18th just as we were getting off for Watch Hill. I return the enclosure.

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I do not wish to preach, or to say "I told you so." On the contrary I am rather glad the incident happened, for it will show you the necessity of care and recollection at all times, without doing any particular damage. The Master is very good to us in this way. He will test us at first in matters that do not have very important consequences. But he will go on with more and more important things, where violations are more and more important, and where the consequences are more and more serious. So we learn to bear responsibility; for we must be able to bear responsibility before we can be efficient servants of his. He must be able to trust us, and trusting us does not mean taking risks —although he does that, of course—but it means that he must be sure we would die rather than disobey, and, further, that we shall remember not to act impulsively or accidentally. He must know that he can trust our recollection as well as our faithfulness and our desire. The trouble with you, as was pointed out to you not so long ago, is that you get "rattled" very easily and lose all recollection for the time being. Let any little thing happen, a stupid servant, a household accident, an illness or trouble, and you are inclined to go to pieces, and to forget what you are and how you ought to act, in your intense interest in and desire to be doing something about that which is uppermost in your mind. For the time being it looms large on the horizon of your attention, to the exclusion of everything else, although the other things are really of infinitely greater importance.

So you must watch this tendency to get "rattled". Go too far the other way. Make a habit of never doing anything in a hurry or on impulse. Force yourself into the habit of stopping and thinking whenever anything sudden comes up. You can train yourself to be automatic in this after a time.

* * * * * * *

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 10th, 1915.

DEAR ———

* * * * * * *

These be troublous times for all of us. We shrink from trial and pain, but also we should be sorry not to bear our full share of the world's burden, and that we can do looking after a sick child as well as fighting Germans in Flanders.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

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DEAR ———— June 20th, 1915.

* * * * * * *

I am so exceedingly sorry for the constant events that try your courage, your faith, your patience, your will. You must be made of very fine stuff indeed to be hammered so incessantly and so vigorously, and I think you take it all very well.

I should like to say something comforting and helpful, but you know how I feel and what I think. You know that the severest trials end, and that the Master sees benefit in all these happenings even when they are dark to our understanding. . . .

I admire your courage and simplicity, and you have my constant prayers and sympathy in your efforts.

* * * * * * *

I am, as always,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

September 9th, 1915.

DEAR ————

I was sorry to hear of ————'s misadventure and recent illness. You have so much to bear that I hate to see extra burdens imposed on you, and I particularly hate to see you impose entirely unnecessary and often entirely imaginary burdens on yourself! I really believe that if you only had to carry your natural burdens, those the Master and life give you, you could carry them all easily and even be happy and contented in the process. But once in so often you will get yourself worked up over an imaginary trouble, over some fancied mistake, over some breaking of your understanding of a rule: and in most cases this has no actual existence,—it is not real save to you who have created it.

I do not know the solution.

Of course we must not allow ourselves to be cast down and depressed and upset over real troubles, faults and failures: how much less, then, over those which are self-created and which have no actuality. However, you are trying, and you are making constant progress, so what more can we ask.

I am, with kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

December 8th, 1915.

DEAR ————

* * * * * * *

I wish you did not feel life was so complicated, and that it was difficult or impossible to decide between duties.

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Duties do not conflict. Our desires and our duties often do. And the instant you find yourself in such a position you begin to fret and stew, until you can no longer judge about your duty. If you could realize how little it matters what you do, in comparison with your motive, you would not get excited and confused.

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With kind regards, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

February 16th, 1916.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

Perhaps the reason you are kept away from us is that you need more self-confidence, that you need to trust your own instincts and intuitions, and that you are too much inclined to look for outside and "authoritative" statements which relieve you from responsibility. Do not forget that the Master guides your instincts, through your "feminine perceptions" quite as much as through any other faculty you may possess. Learn to trust yourself as his child. To think meanly of yourself is to think meanly of him. · You need greater confidence—primarily in him and then in yourself.

* * * * * * *

There is no fear of your getting "too resigned" if you will go on trying to do your daily duties as you believe the Master would have you do them. That is the whole secret. In that way understanding comes. You do not have to succeed: you have to try. You are trying. Cheer up!

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

May 12th, 1916.

Dear ———

. . . Your real problems are the same as those of all the rest of us. It may not seem to you to be so, because the circumstances are not the same. But these outer things do not really matter. Your faults and weaknesses would come into play just as much against any other set of conditions as against the present ones. The circumstances surrounding the present ones could radically change, but it would make no difference. Your nature, your faults, your weaknesses, your virtues, your abilities, would be the same, just the same. And these faults and virtues are about the same as the faults and virtues of the rest of us. Some of us have a little more of one and a little less of another, but we all have the same faults and the same virtues, and consequently the same problems! The main problem for all of us is to get rid of our

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self-will, of our self-absorption. You, for instance, for we are all alike, are so absorbed in yourself and your own problems that they become the centre around which you revolve. You think of them, talk of them, write of them, pray about them, worry over them, perpetually, until you get into a hopeless "feeze" and confusion, and cannot see anything in its true proportions or judge of anything wisely or sanely. Your very conscientiousness works against you. You get into a mess and try to get out of it by doing still harder the same things that got you into it. It does not work. You get worse, not better; more confused, not less so; the harder you try the more of a coil you wind around yourself. That being so, and you must realize that it is so, the conclusion must be that you are not going about it the right way. Of course you know that already, but this analysis may enable you to see *why* you are doing, or trying to do, things wrongly.

What is the right way—for you? Obviously to be less self-centred, less self-absorbed. You do not think of ————and his condition; you think of what *you* should do about him. You do not think of your housekeeping; you think of what *you* should do about it. You see ———— or ————; you do not think, or even listen to what they say; you spend your time with them talking about *your* problems, and what *you* have done or tried to do. It is always *you*.

I believe that if you could come to the Studio Sunday and spend an hour or two there, and not want to talk about yourself or your problems, but would be content to listen to the general talk, and not to see it only in the light of your problems—I believe the battle would be half won. But you could not do this; it would violate the habit of a life-time. You could, however, make a beginning; you could try to eliminate self by degrees, consciously as an act of will. You have the great advantage of desire: you have a genuine wish to do these things and you are willing to make the effort; your motives are admirable. Well, go ahead and do the best you can.

You have the resolution to win and the ability to win, if you could only get the problem in your mind and keep it there. Try it anyhow, for it is by repeated efforts and failures and new efforts that we finally win out.

I am, with kind regards,
Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

July 12th, 1916.

Dear ————

* * * * * * *

You have had so much advice that you do not need any more, and if I were to attempt to give you any, it would be a reiteration of the same old things:—

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Give plenty of rest to body and mind. Cultivate serenity and poise. Do not rush or stew or fret. When you find yourself getting rattled about anything, refuse to think of it any more at all: make yourself do something else: postpone any decision, if possible until you have slept.

"Let there be calmness: hold fast: go slow."

This was Judge's last advice.

I am, sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

July 21st, 1916.

Dear ———

I am more sorry than I can say for all you have to bear and struggle against both outside and inside yourself. May I suggest that although it does not seem so to you, pretty nearly every one I know has similar problems, difficulties, troubles, hardships, struggles. It is the *Path*: we cannot expect it to be otherwise; we must accept such dispensations with faith and courage, and the serene conviction that we shall never be called upon to bear more than we are entirely capable of bearing successfully.

But we must not add crosses of our own manufacture to those Karma gives us.

* * * * * * *

Go on with courage and faith; our endurance must be tested as well as all other qualities.

Sincerely yours,
C. A. GRISCOM.

August 11th, 1916.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

I enclose a leaf from my calendar which seems appropriate.

So strong sometimes are the storms of life, that strength of arms is of no avail; and there is no other means to save us from shipwreck than trusting in the cross of Jesus by which we are consecrated.—St. Augustine.

I know from personal experience that when we torture ourselves with imaginary, or partly imaginary troubles, it is small comfort to be told that our pain is self-created and does not exist in actual circumstances, and yet it is true. You are heart-broken because ——— says she hates you. Well, she does not hate you. The crossness and bad temper of ——— is not a thing to agonize over; it is unpleasant while it lasts, but the best treatment is a smile. A day or a week and the gust is over: or, if it takes a month or a year, that makes it more trying, requires more patience, more sympathy, but it does not alter the basic facts.

What is it you fear? Face every possibility, and you will find yourself strong enough to bear them all. Better still, go on with your daily duties and refuse to think at all about the things you fear. If they come,

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they will come, and you will bear them. Your duty, from moment to moment, will occupy all of your mind. If you allow yourself to worry about other things, other possibilities, other contingencies, you are trying to bear two things at once, and that is not God's plan for us. It means lack of faith,—and other things. . . .

You are not "cut off", not being punished for being bad. I do not think you have been bad. On the contrary you have tried hard in a very difficult situation, and ought to be full of courage and hope.

With kind regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

January 18th, 1917.

Dear ———

* * * * * * *

I have already told you everything I can think of to write or say. I suggest, therefore, that when you get upset and unhappy over things, you re-read some old letters, as they apply with full force, as well now as when they were written. Our reaction to circumstances and events is nearly always just the same, and the remedy is the same, although the events may change.

* * * * * * *

Just take one rule of silence and stick to it, namely, *Do not interrupt.*

Do not attempt any penances, or even think of them, until you are back. You can obey that one rule easily after a little practice.

I am, as always,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. GRISCOM.

Every step forward is always taken by the soul alone.—We learn not so much by being taught, as by the moments in which we make our own the things we have heard. Each of those moments is like a conquest to the person who experiences it. That is why learning is the great adventure.—The great lesson we have to learn then is that it is God Who is waiting to speak when the soul is left alone.—ROBERT KEABLE.

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The Ruin of The Ancient Civilization and The Triumph of Christianity; with Some Consideration of Conditions in The Europe of Today, by Guglielmo Ferrero; translated by Lady Whitehead (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1921).

Professor Ferrero continues to make valuable contributions to what we may call Comparative History, which is the effort to explain one century in terms of another. In the present work, he compares the Third Century and the Twentieth. He fears that Europe is in danger of collapse, and goes back to the earlier collapse of the Roman power, to discover, if possible, similar causes acting then and now. He wastes no time in seeking superficial resemblances, but makes it clear that the problem is ethical. The ascertainable causes of the rise and fall of civilizations must be essentially ethical: we reap as we sow.

Ferrero's hypothesis is that the status of authority is the test by which we can judge the condition of a civilization. "The principle of authority is the key to all civilization; when the political system becomes disintegrated and falls into anarchy, civilization in its turn is rapidly broken up" (p. 207).

There appears to come a time in every cycle, when the responsible elements in a society lose their hold on reality. They become obsessed with the desire for rest, for comfort, and are willing to let their duties slip into the control of others. During the Third Century, the Roman aristocracy seems to have yielded to such a temptation. The Senate simply stopped functioning, and as it had been the accepted instrument, the very incarnation of authority for the Western peoples, it dragged down in its inertia the whole Empire. When the established authority lost the confidence of the people, it became impossible to improvise a new order. In the absence of a recognized principle of authority, the first thing to happen was the emergence of the military with a claim to govern the Empire by right of force. The legions were ready to furnish Emperors—any number of them—but they could not agree as to the candidates. On all sides appeared anarchy, division, poverty, the infiltration of barbarian elements, the decay of the ancient culture. A great man, Diocletian, made an extraordinary effort to stem the tide, by using the army to carry out an administrative reform, and to reëstablish the Empire on a new principle of authority borrowed from the East. He asked his subjects to regard him as the earthly representative of Mithras, the Sun-God, the dispenser of thrones. But Diocletian lived to see the collapse of his Oriental despotism, which was too alien to the nature of the West to succeed. The work of dissolution went on, for the principle of authority native to the West had been lost.

Ferrero believes that Modern Europe is faced with the same problem. The principle of authority native to the West has been lost again, after having been recovered in the Middle Ages through the creation of a new hierarchy, through a reawakening of the spirit of trust and obedience. But now the forms of the mediaeval order, which made emergence from barbarism possible, have ceased to be living things. Divine Right of Kings, feudal aristocracy, chivalry,—these things have ceased to be manifest even as ornaments. They have been succeeded by other forms called modern,—universal suffrage, the "Rights of Man," all the trappings of democracy. But Ferrero feels that democracy is too vague, too akin to anarchism, to be capable of preserving Europe from the final state of universal chaos.

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He is pessimistic, because he cannot recognize anywhere a standard, about which the elements of law and order can gather. The ancient civilization was broken into fragments, but was still able to transmit some of its essence to a vehicle, which had been developed as if for that very purpose. Christianity was the ark, which saved the most precious seeds of antiquity. In a sense, it was not an ideal Christianity, which did this; it was Churchianity in its hardest and most dogmatic state. But it was the only basis of authority left, and it was a religious force binding men together. Ferrero suggests that we stop condemning the Church of Constantine's day long enough to ask why it was so intolerant, so bent on the suppression of heresies. Perhaps, it was only giving expression to the yearning of men everywhere for something fixed to cling to, for something irrevocable and authoritative, even though it were only a system of theology.

But to-day, intellectual, moral, spiritual anarchy are as near to us as political anarchy. Chaos is imminent on every plane. Where is there anywhere a devotion to truth, a reverence for principle strong enough to provide a haven in the storm which is gathering? Students of Theosophy may well ask themselves that question.

S. L.

The Treasure of the Isle of Mist, by W. W. Tarn (Philip Allan, London), is a truly delightful fairy story, charmingly told, of lost treasure, caves, a magic amulet, a real villain, and a detailed description of a fairy gathering for All Hallows E'en. The fairies are real, and so are the heroine (in her early teens) and her younger companion, the Urchin. In fact all the characters, whether human, animal, or fairy, are vividly and realistically portrayed; and the action and reaction of the seen with the unseen world is made so natural as to seem more real than ordinary prosaic limitations.

In addition to being a genuinely entertaining story, refined as few things written today are, the author has succeeded by light luminous touches and a rare suggestiveness, in conveying certain fundamental principles on which all true fairy stories are based. There is a quest, which turns out to bring more than the treasure originally sought. There is evil to be overcome, good to be achieved through sacrifice, and implicit obedience as the sole safeguard and only sesame. Success brings not only personal reward, but the redemption of even rebellious sinners. In other words, this little book is a true fairy story, full of wisdom, an allegory of the soul. That the fairies are described as the creation of past races of men, modelled by the thought-forms of by-gone days, will be of interest to students of Theosophy. The author is to be congratulated, not only for his literary and imaginative achievement, but also for his ability to create so attractive a setting for the deeper messages he has to convey,—such as: "If you don't make mistakes sometimes, you'll never make anything else," or "If you can't get what you want by beginning at the top, you should start again at the bottom." A. G.

Buddhist Legends, Translated from the original Pali text of the Dhammapada Commentary, by E. W. Burlingame (Harvard University Press, 1921. 3 vols, $15).

This appears to the present reviewer to be the most valuable book on Buddhism and the Buddha that has been published in the West. It breathes the very atmosphere and savour of the Buddha's India, the cities and forests, the mountains and the ocean, the hot season and the greater rains, the palm trees and the sunshine and the tinkly temple bells; its pages are packed with stories of disciples and the effort of discipleship, and the authentic person of the Buddha moves through it majestic, a presence that is not to be put by. The spirit of the whole book is summed up in one of the verses of the Dhammapada quoted after the dedication:

> The shunning of all evil, the doing of good,
> The cleansing of the heart: this is the Religion of the Buddhas.

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The Dhammapada consists of 423 Sayings of the Buddha in verse. The Commentary, compiled by an unknown disciple, perhaps a thousand years after the Buddha's death, undertakes to tell under what circumstances, to whom, when and why each of these Sayings was uttered. It thus carries with it a great body of personal tradition and atmosphere, handed down by loving hearts and the singularly retentive memories of the East, and brings to life again the scenes and persons and incidents in the midst of which the Buddha lived and taught.

Of the 299 stories here admirably translated, there is room in this review for three only, and only for a summary of these. The first, like many of the stories, shows the Buddha possessing a keen sense of humour. It relates a former incarnation of one of the Buddha's elder disciples:

Once upon a time, says the Buddha, there was a merchant who used to travel about Northern India with a donkey cart, selling pottery. While engaged in disposing of his wares, he allowed the donkey to run loose. On such an occasion, the donkey made the acquaintance of a lady donkey, who put discontent into his heart, so that, when the time came to go, the donkey refused to move, saying, "I will plant my fore feet, let fly with my hind feet, and knock out your teeth." The merchant, using persuasion, promised the donkey a consort with face like mother-of-pearl, whereupon the donkey went happily forward. When they reached home, the donkey claimed fulfilment of the promise. "Yes," said the merchant, "I will bring you home a mate. But I will provide food only for you. You will increase and multiply, but there will be food for one only. Decide for yourself." Desire thereupon departed from the heart of the donkey.

Then comes the moral: "At that time, monks, the female donkey was Janapada-Kalyani, the male donkey was the Elder Nanda, and I myself was the merchant. In former times, too, Nanda was won to obedience by the lure of the female sex."

Here is a second story. Certain novices and others yet unconverted, on seeing the Elder Lakuntaka Bhaddiya, used to pull his hair and tweak his ears and nose, saying, "Uncle, you tire not of Religion? You take delight in it?" But the Elder showed no resentment, took no offence. The monks discussed the matter in the hearing of the Buddha, who said, "Yes, monks, they that have rid themselves of the Depravities show no anger or resentment, but are unmoved, unshaken, like a solid rock."

Those who seek more of solemnity in the tradition of discipleship will find it in such a story as the following.

As the Teacher walked side by side with the novice, he asked the novice the names of various places previously pointed out to him by the lay disciple, and the novice told him their names. When they had reached the place where the novice resided, the Teacher climbed to the top of a mountain. From the top of this mountain the Great Ocean is visible. The Teacher asked the novice, "Tissa, as you stand on the top of the mountain and look this way and that, what do you see?" "The Great Ocean, Reverend Sir." "What thought comes into your mind as you look upon the Great Ocean?" "Reverend Sir, this is the thought that comes into my mind, 'At times when I have wept over my sufferings, I must have shed tears more abundant than the waters contained in the four great oceans.'" Again he asked him, "Tissa, where do you reside?" "In this mountain cave, Reverend Sir." "What thought comes into your mind as you reside here?" "Reverend Sir, this is the thought that comes into my mind, 'There is no limit to the number of times I have died and my body been laid upon this ground.'" "Well said, well said, Tissa! It is even so. There is no spot where living beings we know have not lain down on the earth and died. Where truth is, and righteousness, where no injury is done to living beings, where self-restraint and self-command exist, thither resort holy men, there death is not." C. J.

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QUESTION No. 266.—*A young man of my acquaintance, who is a Church member (Episcopalian), has asked me how a friend of his, who died recently, and who was neither very good nor very bad, can possibly go either to heaven or to hell. Should I tell him about Reincarnation?*

ANSWER.—It depends upon the character, education, and real 'age' of the young man. To upset the faith of another is a grievous sin, as the *Bhagavad Gita* tells us. The need of a child of four is to regard its parents as final and infallible. Nothing is worse for a child of that age than to begin to doubt the wisdom and authority of its parents. It must have a fixed centre to which to look,—a centre from which knowledge and power proceed. The majority of grown-up people are about four years old. They need, and really need, a fixed and visible centre of authority to look to and to rely upon. To deprive them of it is cruel, and stunts their spiritual development. Further, because the need to rely upon a centre of authority is a real need, and because it is impossible for people of that 'age' to rely upon an unseen Master,—if they lose faith in the wisdom and (comparative) infallibility of their Church, they are certain to transfer their faith to some other external centre, possibly to Karl Marx, or to Lenine, or to Mrs. Eddy, or to some spiritualistic medium. Almost any Church would be better than that! It would be very unwise, therefore, to suggest to such people that there are truths of which their Church knows nothing, or of which it disapproves. If they were to accept the truth of Reincarnation from you, they would necessarily think themselves wiser than their Church, at least in that respect; and if they were to transfer their faith from their Church to you, in what way would they be any better off? You will die. What would they do then?

The young man referred to by the questioner, shows that he does not know the teaching of his Church, and the best way to help him, at least to begin with, is to reinforce his faith in his Church, by telling him what his Church teaches in regard to the future life. The principle to insist upon is that of endless opportunity for growth, for progress. This, after all, is the principle which underlies the truth of Reincarnation, and to give him the principle is of much greater importance than to give him a particular method by which the principle is worked out. For Reincarnation is not the sole means of growth. There is opportunity for progress during the interval between two lives on earth, in the after-death state. And it is to this opportunity that the church calls attention in its standard treatises on Theology. Thus, in the course of reading which is obligatory for those who would be admitted to the Diaconate in the Episcopal Diocese of New York, first place is given to Dr. Martensen's *Christian Dogmatics,* and to Dr. Darwell Stone's *Outlines of Christian Dogma.* Martensen, who is a Danish Bishop, devotes several pages to "The Intermediate State in the Realm of the Dead." He says (p. 457): "Neither in Holy Scripture nor in the conception of an intermediate state is there any foundation for the notion of a sleep of the soul from the moment of death until the last day. As no soul leaves this present existence in a fully complete and prepared state, we must suppose that there is an intermediate state, a realm of progressive development, in which souls are prepared and matured for the final judgment. Though the Romish doctrine of Purgatory is repudiated because it is

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mixed up with so many crude and false positions, it nevertheless contains the truth that the intermediate state must in a purely spiritual sense be a purgatory designed for the purifying of the soul. If we inquire what hints Scripture gives regarding the nature of this Kingdom, we find that the New Testament calls it Hades (Luke XVI. 23), thus reminding us of the Old Testament representation of Sheol, or the kingdom of shades."

Dr. Stone (p. 272) favors the opinion "that the condition of the faithful departed is one of training for the Beatific Vision, and of perfecting the movements towards goodness which have begun in this life." He also favours the opinion "that the extirpation of evil and the development of good will involve suffering" in the intermediate state.

There is nothing in this which does not harmonize perfectly with the teachings of Theosophy. It is not all of the truth, as we see it. But it provides for the development of the soul hereafter, and, once that principle has been assimilated, there is only one step from Martensen's "realm of progressive development," to the realization, with Dante, that this "realm," consisting of Hell, Purgatory, Paradise, exists on earth as well as hereafter, and that every one of us, whether living or "dead," dwells always in one of the subdivisions of one of those three states, depending upon where our consciousness is centred at any given moment.

Reincarnation is a fact. In Palestine, in the time of Christ, it was believed in and taught by the sect of Pharisees and by the Scribes. But the Christian Master seems to have kept it as part of his esoteric teaching, saying to his disciples, "it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them (to the multitude) it is not given . . . to others in parables."

"And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal."

The ingenuity of man in perverting truth to his own undoing, is stupendous. The unknown still has some terrors for him, but if he imagines that he "knows all about it," and that the worst that can happen to him is to return to earth and to pay for his misconduct here, in conditions which he thinks he can gauge,—there is grave risk that his wobbly moral backbone will be deprived of the only support which still keeps it, at intervals, perpendicular.

Theosophy *is* for all men; but it should be administered in minute doses, with plenty of water, until the system has learned to accommodate itself to something so startlingly foreign to it, as the truth. E. T. H.

QUESTION No. *267.—When one is having a siege of negativeness, it seems impossible to know even what is the trouble until one is half way out. What are the danger signals of negativeness and how overcome them at the first sign?*

ANSWER.—Negativeness, broadly speaking, is the result of considering ourselves when we ought to be thinking about and doing our next duty. Naturally it has many forms. Perhaps the most common and one of the most harmful is self-pity. Any feeling that we are overburdened, or that we have a hard lot in life or are unappreciated and misunderstood, ought to be watched for and overcome at the first indication. Instead of sorrow for our hard lot, we should insist on expressing gratitude for the training we are receiving and the marvellous opportunity given us to obtain qualities which we need—and, in our souls, ardently desire—and which the right performance of our duties will give us. Our lives are arranged by Infinite Compassion and Infinite Wisdom to give us through our duties exactly those qualities we most need and in the measure that is best for us. This same thought may be used to dispel those other breeders of negativeness,—dis-

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couragement, depression, or the feeling of inadequacy to our work. Nine times out of ten these feelings are due to vanity, to the fear that we cannot do our work as well as we should like to see ourselves—or have others see us—doing it. They are rarely due to any fear on our part that our failure will throw out the divine harmony of the universe. All of these moods yield to action and are cured by the steady effort to do our best with humble and grateful hearts at our opportunity to serve and to learn. J.

QUESTION No. 268.—*If one is conscious of a number of faults all of which seem to need immediate correction, ought one to concentrate on the one that seems to be the most serious, letting the others go for the time being, or ought one to make an effort to overcome every fault that one can see? It does not seem right to let any fault that I can see go on, and yet when I try to work on so many I get nowhere.*

ANSWER.—Is it not best to take up all the faults as they are presented to one's perception and deal with them as they are presented? But really the problem is like that of some disease which presents many local evidences, all proceeding from some more deeply seated focus. No cure unless you get at the focus. In the same way these many faults surely arise from some common root which should be searched for more deeply, and the attention so given will correct and eradicate many of the overlying faults at one time. But the many faults point to and emphasize the need of attention and correction, and that, while searching for the root-cause, none of the evidences should be neglected. K.

ANSWER.—Several are the answers that I have written to this question. Each one has gone into the waste paper basket. The trouble is that this question was for so long a time my own question, that I find it makes me too much like Kipling's "Bemi", which had "too much ego in its cosmos". Is not the real answer to develop a desire for discipleship? "Abstain because it is right to abstain—not that yourself shall be kept clean" is a searching challenge from *Light on the Path*. But, can one be one's own lawyer in "celestial litigation", so-to-speak? Are we not wise to seek counsel—perhaps through the Secretary T. S., or some other spiritual agency with which we may contact. *The Voice of the Silence* helped me to see my own danger in just such a situation. Is there no older student to whom the querent may turn? G. W.

ANSWER.—By all means concentrate. A general desire to do better and to overcome our faults gets us nowhere. This does not mean that we must abandon all effort to do better in any direction other than the one selected, but that our main effort is to be centered on one point. Suppose, for instance, that we realize that we are untidy, unpunctual and irritable. One of these should be chosen, say unpunctuality, for particular attack for a specific period, say a week. Even that is not definite enough. We should next go over our past experience to see the times when we are most likely to be late or those where our lateness causes the most inconvenience to others, and make a specific resolve to be on time for that particular thing every day that week. And then do it. One resolution carried out is of more value than twenty good ones that are not kept. Accomplishment strengthens the will and gives us courage to go on. We shall find that we are also more tidy and less irritable as a result of our more positive attitude toward punctuality. It is not wise to keep too long on any one thing. The mind needs change. The great thing is to carry out our resolve whatever it may be. For this, definiteness is essential. J.

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T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 29, 1922, beginning at 10.30 a. m.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. At 8.30 p. m. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited. On Sunday, April 30th, at 3.30 p. m., there will be a public address, open to all who are interested in Theosophy.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.

P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.
February 15, 1922.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

This Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, whose aims are the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religious and irreligious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a scientific basis for ethics.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the path to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S. A., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

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